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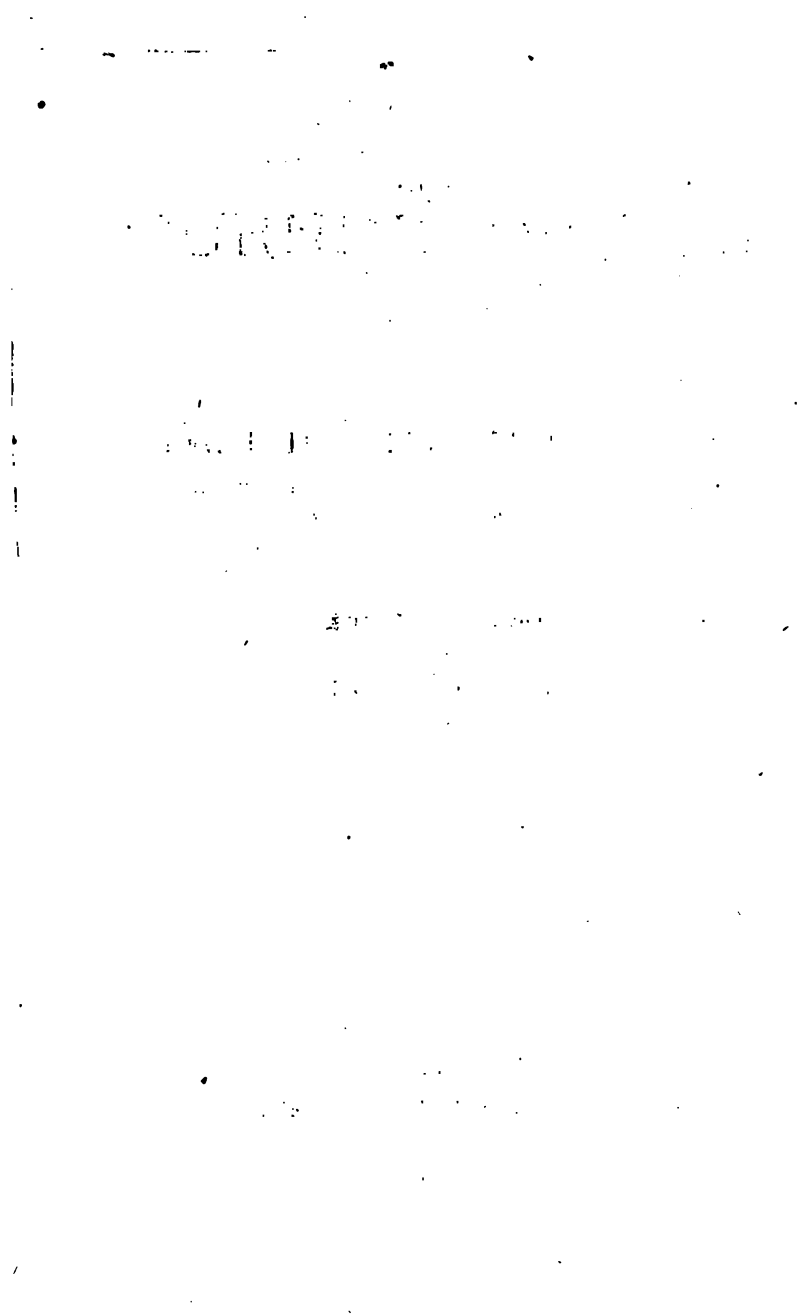








For Mr. Lichman
with regards of
For Mr. Lichman



BURNING WORDS,

BY

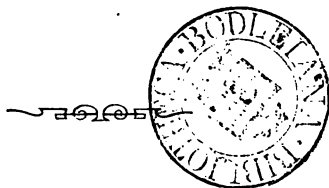
REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "FRESH CRUMBS SWEEPED UP," "FIFTY SERMONS,"
"ABOMINATIONS OF MODERN SOCIETY."

Selected and Arranged

BY

REV. JOHN MORGAN, BARNSBURY.



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PREFACE.

DR. THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE was born at Boundbrook, New Jersey, January 7th, 1832, being the youngest of twelve children. His parents were intelligent and pious, striving to train their children for God; *four* of their sons became ministers of the gospel, Thomas being the most prominent by far. At the important age of eighteen, he consecrated himself to the Saviour and to the Christian ministry: studying at the New York University, and the Theological Seminary, New Jersey.

His first pastoral charge was at Bellville, New Jersey, where he spent three years; he then removed to Syracuse, New York, for three years; then to Philadelphia, where he laboured very successfully for seven years. At the end of that period, he was providentially removed to Brooklyn, to a church of nineteen members only: but evidently this was his right place in the vineyard of the Master. It is in Brooklyn he has surrounded himself with a band of earnest workers who have entered most heartily into some long-cherished schemes of his as to a Free Church—*i. e.*, banishing pew-rents, and depending solely upon the voluntary offerings of the people to carry on the various Church organizations, including his own stipend; also the establishment of a Christian College for the education of laymen, fitting them for Christian work in various ways.

PREFACE.

Dr. Talmage is a man of untiring energy, and this sanctified energy has placed him in the first rank of Christian preachers. The Americans love energy, force, power ; and in Dr. Talmage they have a man of tremendous force. As a preacher he is highly imaginative : and whilst he stands by the Evangelical doctrines of the Gospel, he has managed to preach them in *burning words*—with a loving pathos that has left an abiding impression upon the hearts of thousands.

Unlike many men's words, they are not only hot, fiery, burning, when dropping first from his lips ; but they retain the white heat even when printed.

It is said that he is a man who enjoys life, being a jovial companion ; very accessible to persons seeking advice ; perfectly unassuming in his manners.

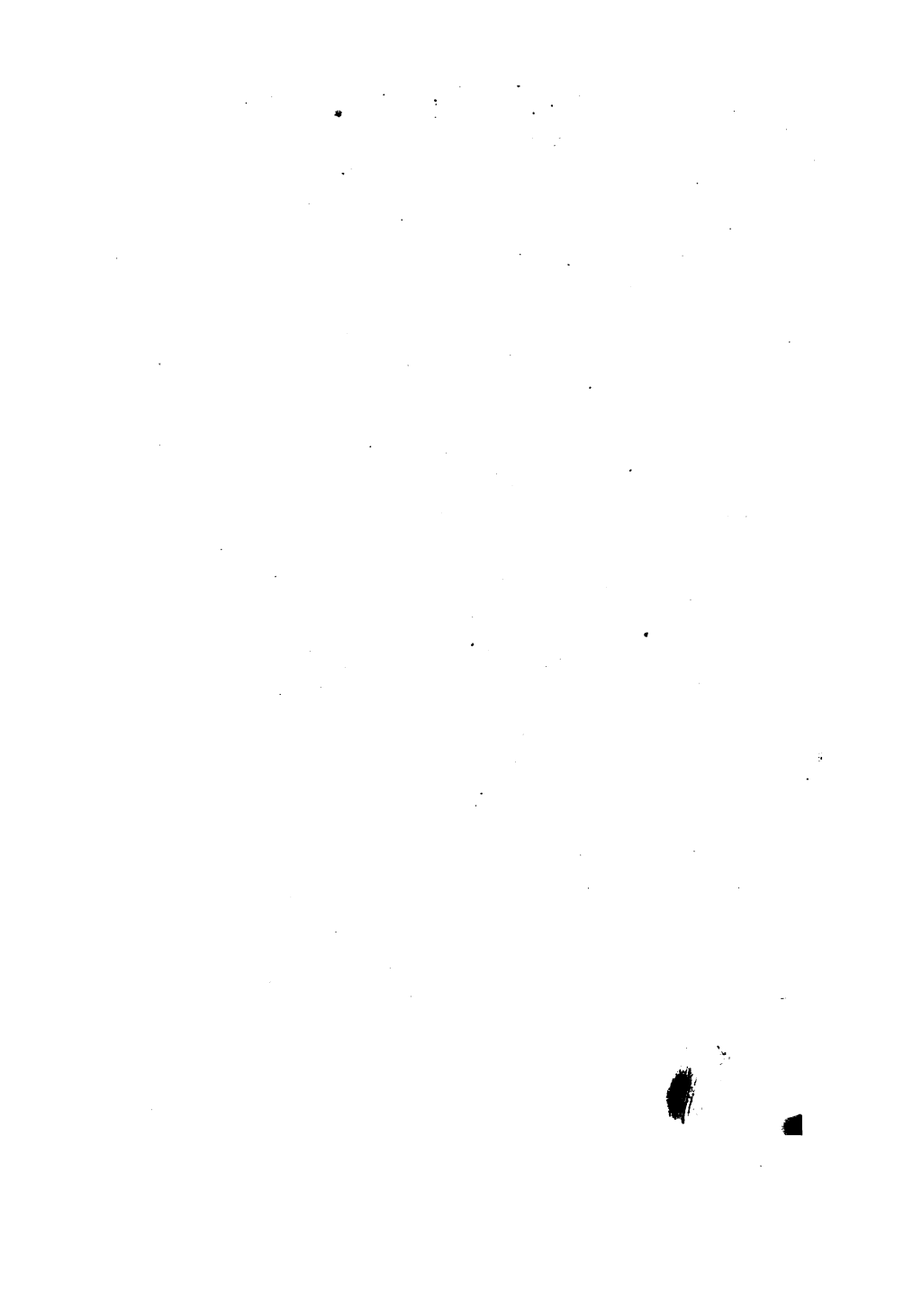
He is one of the most popular preachers of the day, being original, fearless, outspoken, natural. Usefulness is his great aim ; and he rejoices whenever he hears of sinners being converted through him, directly or indirectly.

It is acknowledged with deep gratitude by the Publisher of this volume, that books issued by him from Dr. Talmage's pen, have been useful in the work of salvation. This volume is issued with the earnest wish that many hearts may resolve to work with greater devotedness for the Master, and that the *burning words* may be like fire amongst dry stubble.

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with regards of
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BURNING WORDS

FROM

TALMAGE.



1. BROKEN VOWS.

HISTORY says that long ago it had been announced that the world was coming to an end, and there was great excitement in London. It was said that the world would perish on a certain Friday. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the people were in the cathedral, praying and weeping. It seemed as if the whole English nation was being converted to God, for it was announced as certain by philosophers that on that coming Friday the world would perish. Friday came, and there were no portents, no fires in the air, no earthquakes. The day passed along just like every other day, and when it was past and the night came, it is said that in London there was a scene of riot, and wassail, and drunkenness, and debauchery such as had never been witnessed. They forgot their vow, they forgot their repentance, they forgot their good resolutions. Oh how much human nature in that! While trials and misfortunes come to us, and we are down deep in darkness and trouble, we make vows. We say: "Oh Lord, do so, and I will do so." The darkness passes, the peril goes away. We are as we were before, or worse; for oh how often I have seen men start for the kingdom of God, come up to within arm's reach of it, and then go back farther from God than they ever were before, dropping from the very moment of their privilege into darkness for ever.

2. GOING TO HEAVEN RESPECTABLY.

THERE is another class of persons to whom a free church will appeal, and that is *the middle classes*. And let me say, they are the suffering ones in religious things. The wealthy may purchase religious advantages anywhere; the positively beggared may feel so humiliated, they will be willing to go into a mission chapel; but the middle classes have not money enough to buy positions in the wealthy churches, and they are too proud to go among the beggared. So they stay at home. When I say the middle class, I mean those whose income just about meets their outgo; and you will immediately see that is the condition of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand in this city and in every city. The fact is, God does not trust us with money—I mean the majority of us. Your son is at school. You do not give him a large amount of money at the start. You say to the teacher, "Send in the bills." When the bills come in, you pay for the tuition, you pay for travelling expenses. Now, God treats us very much in that way. He clothes us, pays our travelling expenses, shelters us, but never trusts us with a large amount of money. Hence, the middle classes are in the majority—those men in a community are in the majority who, when they have met the butcher's bill, and the grocer's bill, and the gas bill, and the clothing bill, and paid their house rent, have nothing left. The wife says to her husband, "My dear, I think we ought to go to church somewhere. Why don't we take a pew in Dr. Well-to-do's church?" "Oh," he says, "we can't afford it. I have more now to pay than I can pay. We can't go there. We've got to deny ourselves a little longer. We'll get a little religion perhaps at home. We'll occasionally read the Bible, and once in a while go to a funeral, and that won't cost us anything; and we will pick up a little religion here and there, and after a while we may have good luck, and we will then rent a pew and go to heaven respectably."

3. CHEERFUL OLD AGE.

Do not be fretted because you have to come to spectacles. While glasses look premature on a young man's nose, they are an adornment to an octogenarian's face. Beside that, when your eyesight is poor, you miss seeing a

great many unpleasant things that we youngsters are obliged to look at. Do not be worried because your ear is becoming dull. In that way you escape being bored with many of the foolish things that are said. If the gates of sound keep out some of the music, they also keep out much of the discord. If the hair be getting thin, it takes less time to comb it, and then it is not all the time falling down over your eyes ; or if it be getting white, we think that colour is quite as respectable as any other : that is the colour of the snow, and of the blossoms, and of the clouds, and of angelic habiliments. Do not worry because the time comes on when you must go into the next world. It is only a better room, with finer pictures, brighter society, and sweeter music. Robert McCheyne and John Knox, and Harriett Newell, and Mrs. Hemans, and John Milton, and Martin Luther will be good enough company for the most of us. The corn-stacks standing in the fields to-day will not sigh dismally when the huskers leap over the fence, and throwing their arms around the stack, swing it to the ground. It is only to take the golden ear from the husk. Death to the aged Christian is only husking time, and then the load goes in from the frosts to the garner.

Our congratulations to those who are nearly done with the nuisances of this world. Give your staff to your little grandson to ride horse on. You are going to be young again, and you will have no need of crutches. May the clouds around the setting sun be golden, and such as to lead the "weather-wise" to prophesy a clear morning!

4. INDIGESTIBLE RELIGION.

WE are distressed on account of the unwisdom of our discipline and instruction. It requires a great deal of ingenuity to build a house or fashion a ship ; but more ingenuity to build the temple of a child's character, and launch it on the great ocean of time and eternity. Where there is one parent that seems qualified for the work, there seem to be twenty parents who miserably fail. Here is a father who says : "My child shall know nothing but religion ; he shall hear nothing but religion ; and he shall see nothing but religion." The boy is aroused at six o'clock in the morning to recite the ten commandments. He is awakened off the sofa on Sunday night to see how much he knows of

the Westminster catechism. It is religion morning, noon, and night. Passages of Scripture are plastered on the bedroom wall. He looks for the day of the month in a religious almanac. Every minister that comes to the house is told to take the boy aside and talk to him, and tell him what a great sinner he is. After a while the boy comes to that period in life, when he is too old for chastisement, and too young to know and feel the force of moral principle. Father and mother are sitting up for the boy to come home. It is nine o'clock at night—ten o'clock—it is twelve o'clock—it is half-past twelve o'clock, and they hear the night-key jingle in the door. They say he is coming. George goes very softly through the hall, hoping to get up-stairs before he is accosted. The father says: "George, where have you been?" "Been out!" Yes, he *has* been out, and he has been *down*, and he is on the broad road to destruction for this life and the life to come. Father says: "There is no use in the ten commandments; the catechism seems to me to be an utter failure." Ah, my friend, you make a very great mistake. You stuffed that child with religion until he could not digest it; you made that which is a joy in many households, an abhorrence in yours.

5. LIFE TEACHING.

Do you know that all the instruction you give to your children in a religious direction goes for nothing unless you illustrate it in your own life? The teacher at the school takes a copy-book, writes a specimen of good writing across the top of the page, but he makes a mistake in one letter of the copy. The boy comes along on the next line, copies the top line and makes the mistake, and if there were fifteen lines on that page, they will have the mistake there was in the copy on the top. The father has an error in his life—a very great error. The son comes along and copies it now, tomorrow, next year, copies it to the day of his death. It is what you *are*, not so much what you *teach*.

6. THE FIRST MINUTE IN HEAVEN.

OH, the joy of meeting our brother Joseph—Jesus. After we have talked about Him for ten, or fifty, or seventy years, to talk *with* Him! and to clasp hands with the Hero of the ages, not crouching as underlings in His presence,

but as Jacob and Joseph hug each other. We will want some new term by which to address Him. On earth we call Him Saviour, or Redeemer, or Friend; but when we throw our arms around Him in everlasting embrace we will want some new term of endearment. I can think of what we shall do through the long ages of eternity, but what we shall do the first minute I cannot guess. In the first flash of His countenance, in the first rush of our emotions, what we shall do I cannot imagine. Oh, the overwhelming glory of the first sixty seconds in heaven. Methinks we will just stand and look, and look, and look.

7. FAMILIARITY.

WE all know how difficult it is to think that anybody who was at school with us in boyhood had got to be anything great or famous; and no wonder that those who had been boys with Christ in the streets of Nazareth, and seen Him in after years in the days of His complete obscurity, should have been very slow to acknowledge Christ's wonderful mission.

8. URIA HEEPS.

THERE are a great many churches that have two or three ecclesiastical Uriah Heeps. When the fox begins to pray look out for your chickens. The more genuine religion a man has, the more comfortable he will be; but you may know a religious impostor by the fact that he prides himself on the fact that he is uncomfortable. A man of that kind is of immense damage to the Church of Christ. A ship may outride a hundred storms, and yet a handful of worms in the planks may sink it to the bottom. The Church of God is not so much in danger of the cyclones of trouble and persecution that come upon it, as of the vermin of hypocrisy that infest it. Wolves are of no danger to the fold of God unless they look like sheep.

9. EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

It is very easy to be good in the prayer-meeting, with surroundings kindly and blessed, but not so easy to be a Christian behind the counter, when by one skilful twitch of the goods you can hide a flaw in the silk so that the

customer cannot see it. It is very easy to be a Christian, with a Psalm-book in your hand, and a Bible in your lap ; but not so easy when you go into a shop and falsely tell the merchant you can get these goods at a cheaper rate in another store, so that he will sell them to you cheaper than he can afford to sell them. The fact is, the religion of Christ is all-pervasive. If you rent a house, you expect full possession of it. You say : "Where are the keys of those rooms? If I pay for this whole house, I want possession of those rooms." And the grace of God, when it comes to a soul, takes full possession of a man, or goes away and takes no possession. It will ransack every room in the heart, every room in the life from cellar to attic, touching the very extremities of his nature.

10. HEART'S-EASE.

MANY of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh now when we read his poems ; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities, he confronted a looking-glass, and he saw himself and said : "There, that is true. I look just as I am, done up in body, mind, and purse." So it was with Shenstone. He sat down and said : "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry, and envious, and frantic, and despise everything around me, just as it becomes a madman to do." Oh, ye weary souls, come into Christ's garden to-day, and pluck a little "heart's-ease." Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit.

11. THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE.

You know that the first discoveries in astronomy, and geology, and chronology were used to battle Christianity. Worldly philosophy came out of its laboratory, and out of its observatory, and said : "Now, we will prove by the very structure of the earth, and by the movement of the heavenly bodies, that the Bible is a lie, and that Christianity, as we have it among men, is a positive imposition." Good men trembled. The telescopes, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day

Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these athletic Philistines had been using against the truths, and cried out: "There is none like that; give it me; and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Keppler, and Isaac Newton came forth and told the world that, in their ransacking of the earth and the heavens, they had found the overruling presence of the God whom we worship; and the old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran and Shaster, and Zeuda Vesta with which it had been covered up, and lay on the desk of the scholar, and in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lap of the Christian, unharmed and unanswered; while the tower of the midnight heavens struck a solemn chime in its praise.

12. CHRIST INDESCRIBABLE.

My Lord Jesus hath wrapped Himself in all that is beautiful. See how fair He is! His eye, His brow, His cheek, so radiant that the stars have no gleam, and the morning no brilliancy compared with it. His face reflecting all the joys of the redeemed, His hand having the omnipotent surgery with which He opened blind eyes, and straightened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. There are not enough cups in heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders enough to scale this height of love. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or trumpets to peal forth the praises of this One altogether fair. Oh, Thou flower of eternity, Thy breath is the perfume of heaven! Oh, blissful daybreak, let all the people clap their hands in Thy radiance. Chorus! Come, men, and saints, and cherubim, and seraphim, and archangel—all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll Him through the heaven in a chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosannas, under arches of coronation, along by the great towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory, world without end!"

13. THE BEST CHURCH.

I go out some summer day, and I find that there are two bee-hives quarrelling with each other. I come up toward

them. do not come near enough to get stung, but I come near enough to hear the contest between them. The one cries out, "That field of clover is the sweetest." The other cries out, "*That* field of clover is the sweetest." I say, "Stop this quarrel. If you think that is the sweetest, go there; if you think *that* is the sweetest, go there. I want you to understand that that hive is the best that gets the most honey." I see different denominations of Christians in contest with each other, some preferring this field of evangelical belief, and others that field. I say, Take your choice. If you like that evangelical belief the best, take it; if you like this evangelical belief the best, take it; but understand that Christ thinks most of that church which gets the most of the honey of Christian grace in the heart, and the most of the honey of Christian grace in the life."

14. JESUS.

I HAVE a word of five letters, but no sheet white enough on which to write it, and no pen good enough with which to inscribe it. Give me the fairest leaf from the heavenly records—give me the pencil with which the angel records his victory—and then, with my hand strung to supernatural ecstasy, and my pen dipped in the light of the morning, I will write it out in capitals of love: "J-E-S-U-S." It is this One, infinitely fair, to whom you, O sinner, are to-night invited.

15. THE SABBATH-BREAKER.

THAT man who breaks the Sabbath, robs his own nerve, his own muscle, his own brain, his own bones. He dips up the wine of his own life and throws it away. He who breaks the Lord's-day, gives a mortgage to disease and death upon his entire physical estate, and at the most unexpected moment that mortgage will be foreclosed and the soul ejected from the premises. Every gland, and pore, and cell, and finger-nail demand the seventh day for repose. The respiration of the lungs, the throb of the pulses in the wrist, the motion of the bone in its socket, declare: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

16. SYMPATHY.

WE think Mary of Bethany a little to blame for not helping Martha get the dinner. If women sympathize with

men in the troubles of store and field, let the men also sympathize with the women in troubles of housekeeping. Many a house-wife has died of her annoyances. A bar of soap may become a murderous weapon. The poor cooking-stove has sometimes been the slow fire on which the wife has been roasted.

17. MARY AND MARTHA.

MARY and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha ; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary.

18. SPEAK OUT.

THOUGH you preach like an angel you will not say anything more important than that letter of St. Paul to the Corinthians, or that Psalm of David which you have just now read to the backs of heads of the congregation. Laymen and ministers speak out ! The opening exercises were not instituted to clear your voice but to save souls. If need be, squeeze a lemon and eat "Brown's Troches" for the sake of your voice, before you go to church ; but once there, make your first sentence resonant and mighty for God. An hour and a half is short time anyhow to get five hundred or five thousand people ready for heaven.

19. USE YOUR VOICE.

It is thought classic and elegant to have a delicate utterance, and that loud tones are vulgar. But we never heard of people being converted by anything they could not hear. It is said that on the Mount of Olives Christ OPENED HIS MOUTH and taught them, by which we conclude that He spake out distinctly. God has given most Christians plenty of lungs but they are too lazy to use them. There are in the churches old people hard of hearing who, if the exercises be not clear and emphatic, get no advantage save that of looking at the blessed minister. People say in apology for their inaudible tones : "It is not the thunder that kills, but the lightning." True enough ; but I think that God thinks well of the thunder or he would not use so much of it.

20. SABBATH-BREAKING.

THE man that takes down the shutters of his store on the Sabbath, takes down the curse of Almighty God. That farmer who cultures his ground on the Sabbath-day raises a crop of neuralgia, and of consumption, and of death. A farmer said: "I defy your Christian Sabbath. I will raise a Sunday crop." So he went to work and ploughed the ground on Sunday, and harrowed it on Sunday, and he planted corn on Sunday, and he reaped the corn on Sunday, and he gathered it into the barn on Sunday. "There," he said, "I have proved to you that all this idea about a fatality accompanying Sabbath work is a perfect sham. My crop is gathered, and all is well." But, before many weeks passed, the Lord struck that barn with His lightnings, and away went the Sunday crop.

21. NO PRELIMINARIES.

FIRST of all, make the people hear the prayer and the chapter. If you want to hold up at all, let it be on the sermon and the notices. Let the pulpit and all the pews feel that there are no "preliminaries."

22. GOD'S MEDALS.

IN 1855, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean war to London, the Queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called "Crimean medals." I think of it just now as I recently had a book presented me representing that beautiful "Crimean medal." Galleries were erected for the two Houses of Parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkermann, was pulled in on a wheel chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the Queen of England arose before them in the name of her Government, and uttered words of commendation to the officers and the men, and distributed these medals inscribed with the four great battle-fields: Sebastapol, Inkermann, Balaklava, and Alma. As the queen gave these to the wounded men and the wounded officers, the bands of music

struck up the national air, and the people, with streaming eyes, joined in the song:—

“God save our gracious queen,
Long live our noble queen,
God save the queen!”

And then they shouted “huzza! huzza!” Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors!

But a brighter, better, gladder day will come, when Christ shall gather those who have toiled in his service—good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorified of heaven, He will say: “Well done, good and faithful servants;” and then He will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battle-fields, dear to earth and dear to heaven: *Bethlehem! Nazareth! Gethsemane! Calvary!*

23. RUINED BY GAMBLING.

SIN is a scarification of the soul. Sin comes to the young man. It says: “Take a game of cards—it won’t hurt you. Besides that, it is the way men make their fortunes.” It is only a small stake. See how easy it is. The young man plays and wins a horse and carriage and a house—wins a fortune. “See how easy it is,” says sin; “it don’t cost you anything. Look at those young men who stick to their salaries, away down at the foot of the ladder, while you are in great prosperity.” The young man is encouraged. He goes on and plays larger and larger; the tide turns against him; he loses the horse, loses the carriage, loses the house, loses the fortune. Crack! goes the sheriff’s mallet on the last household valuable. Down lower and lower the man falls, until he pitches pennies for a drink, or clutches for devils that trample him in wild delirium. “The way of transgressors is hard.”

24. GOD’S ARROWS.

HAVE you not noticed what homely and insignificant instrumentality the Spirit of God employs for man’s conversion? There was a man on a Hudson river-boat to whom a tract was offered. With indignation he tore it up and

threw it overboard. But one fragment lodged on his coat-sleeve; and he saw on it the word "eternity;" and he found no peace until he was prepared for that great future. Do you know what passage it was that caused Martin Luther to see the truth? "The just shall live by faith." Do you know there is one—just one—passage that brought Augustine from a life of dissolution? "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." It was just one passage that converted Hedley Vicars, the great soldier, to Christ: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Do you know that the Holy Spirit used one passage of Scripture to save Jonathan Edwards? "Now, unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory."

25. HUMILITY.

THE kingdom of heaven is large enough when you get into it, but the gate is so low that you cannot come in save on your knees.

26. COME ON, BOYS!

WHEN Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, died a few days ago, I lost a good friend. He impressed me mightily with the horrors of war. In the eight hours that it takes to come from Harrisburgh to New York, he recited to me the scenes through which he had passed in the last war. He said that there came one battle upon which everything seemed to pivot. Telegrams from Washington said that the life of the nation depended upon that struggle. He said to me: "I went into that battle, sir, with my son. His mother and I thought everything of him. You know how a father will feel toward his son who is coming up manly, and brave, and good. Well, the battle opened and concentrated, and it was awful! Horses and riders bent and twisted and piled up together: it was awful, sir! We quit firing, and took to the point of the bayonet. Well, sir, I didn't feel like myself that day. I had prayed to God for strength for that particular battle, and I went into it feeling that I had in my right arm the strength of ten giants," and as the Governor brought his arm down on the back of the seat, it fairly made the car tremble. "Well," he said, "the battle was desperate, but

after a while we gained a little, and we marched on a little. I turned around to the troops and shouted, 'Come on, boys!' and I stepped across a dead soldier, and lo! it was my son! I saw at the first glance he was dead, and yet I didn't dare to stop a minute, for the crisis had come in the battle; so I just got down on my knees, and I threw my arms around him, and I gave him one good kiss, and said, 'Good-bye, dear,' and sprang up and shouted, 'Come on, boys!'" So it is in the Christian conflict. It is a fierce fight. Eternal ages seem depending on the strife. Heaven is waiting for the bulletins to announce the tremendous issue. Hail of shot, gash of sabre, fall of battle-axe, groaning on every side. We cannot stop for loss or bereavement, or anything else. With one ardent embrace and one loving kiss we utter our farewells, and then cry, "Come on, boys! There are other heights to be captured, there are other foes to be conquered, there are other crowns to be won."

27. MINISTERING SPIRITS.

OUR planet is in commerce with two worlds—heaven and hell—and all the intercommunication is by angels. Lost spirits are running a long train of darkness down to the dépôt of eternal night; and when a bad man is about to die, they come upon sulphurous wings and they shackle him and push him off the precipice, and with guffaw of hellish jubilation they celebrate his demolition. There is a line of loving, holy, mighty angels reaching to the bright world. I suppose they reach from here to the very gate, and when an audience is assembled for Christian worship, the air is full of them. If each one of you have a guardian angel, how many celestials there are here to-night. They crowd the place, they hover, they flit about, they rejoice, they batter down the evil in your heart, they light up the night. Look, that spirit is just come from the throne. A moment ago it stood before Christ, and heard the doxology of the glorifier. Look! Bright immortal, what news from the golden city? Speak, spirit blest! The response comes melting on the night air: "Come, for all things are ready."

28. TEMPTATION.

SIN comes to a young man and says: "Take this glass—it won't hurt you. It has a very fine flavour. Take a glass

in the morning; it will be an appetizer. Take a glass at noon; it will aid digestion. Take a glass at night; it will make you sleep well." You are in a glow, while others are chilly. How bright it makes the eye—how elastic it makes the step! One day you meet him, and you say: "What are you doing here at noon? I thought you were at business." "Oh! I lost my place." "Lost your place!" God have mercy upon the young man when, through misdemeanor, he loses his place. Every temptation in hell takes after him. Hobbled and handcuffed at thirty years of age by evil habit! Save that young man; he is on the express train that stops not until it tumbles over the embankment of perdition. "The way of transgressors is hard."

29. TREASURE FINDERS.

I REMEMBER that a vessel went to pieces on the Bermudas, a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board. But the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to restore it. After many years had passed, a company of adventurers went out from England, and after a long voyage, they reached the place where the vessel was said to have sunk. They got into a small boat and hovered over the place. Then the divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasures rolled out—what was found afterwards to be, in our money, worth 1,500,000 dollars, and the foundation of a great business house. At that time the whole world rejoiced over what was called the luck of these adventurers. Oh, ye who have been rowing towards the shore, and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you, to-night, that your boat hovers over infinite treasure. All the riches of God are at your feet. Treasures that never fail, and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down, now, and seek them? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will be prepared for life, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? Many who hear my voice hear it for the last time, and I shall meet them not again until the heavens be rolled up as a scroll, and the books be open. Flee the wrath to come! The Lord help you. I am clear of the blood of souls. See two hands of blood, stretched out towards thy dying soul, as Jesus says: "Come unto me all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

30. A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

I FEEL a sympathy with what a woman said to me. I was told to come to her dying couch, and administer the sacrament. I went with an elder. She said: "I want to belong to the Church. I am going up to be a member of the Church in heaven; but I don't want to go until I am a member of the Church on earth." So I gave her the sacrament. And then, she said: "Now, I am in the Church, here is the baby, baptize him; and here are all the children, baptize them all. I want to leave them all in the Church." So I baptized them. Some years after, I was preaching one day in Chicago, and at the close of the services a lad came upon the platform, and said: "Yon don't know me, do you?" "No," said I. "My name is George Parish." "Ah," said I: "I remember, I baptized you by your mother's dying bed, didn't I?" "Yes," he said. "You baptized all of us there, and I came up to tell you that I have given my heart to God. I thought you would like to know it." "I am very glad," I replied; "but I am not surprised. You had a good mother; that is almost sure to make a boy come to God if he has a good mother." They were made members of the Church here to be members of the Church up yonder.

31. QUENCHING THE SPIRIT.

THERE was a man in New York, eighty years of age, who said to a clergyman who came in: "Do you think that a man at eighty years of age can get pardoned?" "Oh, yes," said the clergyman. The old man said: "I can't; when I was twenty years of age—I am now eighty years—the spirit of God came to my soul, and I felt the importance of attending to these things, but I put it off. I rejected God, and since then I have had no feeling." "Well," said the minister, "wouldn't you like to have me pray with you?" "Yes," replied the old man, "but it will do no good. You can pray with me if you like to." The minister knelt down and prayed, and commended the man's soul to God. It seemed to have no effect upon him. After awhile, the last hour of the man's life came, and through his delirium a spark of intelligence seemed to flash, and with his last breath he said: "*I shall never be forgiven.*" "Oh, seek the Lord while He may be found."

32. LOST!

DRIVEN away in our wickedness—banished, exiled for ever! Oh, have you ever imagined what will be the soliloquy of the soul on that day unpardoned, as it looks back upon its past life? “Oh,” says the soul, “I had glorious Sabbaths. There was one Sabbath in the autumn of 1873 when I was invited to Christ. There was a Sabbath morning when Jesus stood and spread out His arms, and invited me to His holy heart. I refused Him. I have destroyed myself. I have no one else to blame. Ruin complete! Darkness unpitiful, deep, eternal! I am lost! Notwithstanding all the opportunities I have had of being saved, I am lost. Oh, Thou long-suffering Lord God Almighty, I am lost! Oh, day of judgment, I am lost! Oh, father, mother, brother, sister, child in glory, I am lost! And then as the tide goes out, your soul goes out with it—farther from God, farther from happiness, and I hear your voice fainter, and fainter, and fainter: “Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost!” Oh, ye dying yet immortal men, “Seek the Lord while He may be found.”

33. SALVATION FOR THE WORST.

SOME ministers say the worst can be saved, because Richard Baxter was saved, and John Newton was saved, and any man can be saved. I do not want to put it in that way. You can be saved. I am certain of it; because I have been saved. Oh, the height and the depth, and the length, and the breadth of the love of God!

34. THE POWER OF SONG.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, the great song writer of this country, once said to me, that his song, “Woodman, Spare that Tree,” was sung in a great concert hall, and the memories of early life were so wrought upon the audience by that song, “Woodman, Spare that Tree,” that, after the song was done, an aged man arose in the audience, overwhelmed with emotion, and said: “Sir, will you please to tell me, whether the woodman really spared the tree?” We never forget the tree under which we played. We never forget the fountain at which we drank. Alas! for the man who has no early memories.

35. CHRISTLESS TEXTS OF NO USE.

A TEXT is of no use to me unless I can find Christ in it ; and unless I can bring a Gospel out of these words that will arouse, and comfort, and bless, I shall wish I had never seen them ; for your time would be wasted, and against my soul the dark record would be made that this day I stood before a great audience of sinning, suffering, dying men, and told them of no rescue. By the cross of the Son of God, by the throne of the eternal judgment, that shall not be. May the Lord Jesus help me to tell you the truth to-day.

36. THE WRECK OF THE WORLD.

GOD launched this world six thousand years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals ; but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and He will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril. But how many shall go down will never be known, until it shall be announced one day in heaven : the shipwreck of a world ! So many millions saved ! So many millions drowned ! Oh, my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls.

37. HOW TO KEEP MINISTERS HUMBLE.

WE would suggest a very economical plan : give your spiritual adviser a smaller income, and make it up by a donation visit. When everything else fails to keep him properly humble, that succeeds. We speak from experience. Fourteen years ago we had one, and it has been a means of grace to us ever since.

38. IMPORTUNATE PRAYER.

WE want more importunate praying for children, such as the father indulged in when he had tried to bring his six sons

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to Christ, and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down in his prayers and said: "O God, take away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ;" and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fled unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal welfare of his children. He rowed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried unto the Lord.

39. TRY AGAIN.

IF a man lose his property at thirty or forty years of age, it is only a sharp discipline generally, by which later he comes to larger success. It is all folly for a man to sit down in mid-life discouraged. The marshals of Napoleon came to their commander and said: "We have lost the battle, and we are being cut to pieces." Napoleon took his watch from his pocket, and said: "It is only two o'clock in the afternoon. You have lost that battle, but we have time enough to win another. Charge upon the foe!" Though the meridian of life has passed with you, and you have been routed in many a conflict, give not up in discouragement. There are victories yet for you to gain.

40. COMPEL THEM TO COME IN.

IF the Church should wait ten millions of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the Church wants now is to lift its feet from damask ottomans, and put them in the stirrups. We want a pulpit on wheels. The Church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddle-bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and kid-gloves, and put on the hunting-shirt. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the Church that the fish know us, and they avoid the hook, and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's Lake, where the first swing of the Gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done.

41. THE ROSE.

THE rose—God's favourite flower, for He has made nearly five hundred varieties of it—flames with Divine beauty. I do not wonder that Nero once paid £30,000 for one wreath of roses, with which to adorn his supper-table. The origin of the rose is suggested by the legend which says, in the East a holy woman was burned at the stake, and when the executioner put the torch to the wood, it kindled into roses instead of fire, and so the world has had plenty of flowers ever since.

42. HOME DUTIES.

AGAIN I remark, that many of our business men are tempted to *neglect their home duties*. How often it is, that the store and the home seem to clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon, when he has half-an-hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half-hour he disciplines the children, and chides them and corrects their faults, and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better, when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation. The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition.

43. DON'T GO ALONE.

You may have noticed, that when the chaffinch, or the stork, or the crane, starts on its annual migration, it calls all those of its kind to come too. The tree-tops are full of chirp and whistle and carol, and the long roll-call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all its kind. Oh, that we might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and you might gather all your families and your friends with you. I would that Hannah might take Samuel by the hand, and Abraham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael.

I ask you if those who sat at your breakfast-table this morning will sit with you in heaven? I ask you what influences you are trying to bring upon them, what example you are setting them? Are you calling them to go with you? Aye, aye, have you started yourself? I say it in all love. I could not stand here in any other spirit and say this. I ask you what the prospects are that you will be united families in heaven?

44. CHEERFULNESS.

I BELIEVE there is such a thing as taking the pitch of Christian devotion in the morning, and keeping it all the day. I think we might take some of the dulllest, heaviest, most disagreeable work of our life and set it to the time of Antioch and Mount Pisgah. It is a good sign when you hear workmen whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin, chorded and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music; and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by Divine glory, that even the rough collisions of life will make heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the Old Hundred Doxology through Wall-street, it would put an end to the panic. I believe that the discords, and sorrows, and the griefs of this world are to be swept out by heaven-born hallelujahs. Some one asked Hadyn, the celebrated musician, why he always composed such cheerful music. "Why," he said, "I cannot do otherwise. When I think of God, my soul is so full of joy, that the notes leap and dance from my pen."

45. THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

I WAS reading of how the ancients sought for the fountain of perpetual youth. They thought that, if they could find and drink out of that well, the old would become young again, the sick well, and everybody would have eternal juvenescence. Of course they could not find it. *Eureka!*—I have found it—"The water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate."

46. PRELIMINARIES.

By common consent the exercises in the churches going before the sermon are called "preliminaries." The dictionary says that a "preliminary" is that which precedes the main business. We do not think the sermon ought to be considered the main business. When a pastor at the beginning of the first prayer says "*O God!*" he has entered upon the most important duty of the service. We would not depreciate the sermon, but we plead for more attention to the "preliminaries." If a minister cannot get the attention of the people for prayer or Bible-reading it is his own fault. Much of the interest of a service depends upon how it is launched.

"The preliminaries" are, for the most part, the time in which people in church examine their neighbour's clothes. Milliners and tailors get the advantage of the first three quarters of an hour. "The preliminaries" are the time to scrutinize the fresco, and look round to see who is there, and get yourself generally fixed.

47. THE GOSPEL AND THE MASSES.

I SAY to all ministers of the Gospel who may have been in the house to-night, if their idea is a large salary and magnificent income, they had better never plead for a Free Church; but if, on the other hand, their idea is to bring the Gospel of Christ to the masses of the people who are without Christ and without God in the world, then it is a very satisfactory idea, and will give them a reward now in their own consciences, and in the joys of heaven. I commit this principle first to God, and then I commit it to the masses of the people. I came out from among them; I know them altogether. I am in sympathy with them. My father and mother toiled with their hands until old age stooped their shoulders and made their eyesight very dim; and they died, leaving us a glorious legacy, not in dollars and cents, but in prayers and Christian example that this world will never rob us of. In the hand of the God that loved them and that I love, I trust this principle. I tell you plainly to-night that I would rather fail in this attempt to give the Gospel to the masses than to succeed in anything else ("Amen"). Living or dying, in prosperity or in sorrow, in good report or in

evil report, in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ, my hope in life, my peace in death, my triumph in eternity, I consecrate to-night body, mind, and soul to this one enterprise.

48. HEAVEN'S EMPLOYMENT.

My subject makes another advancement, and speaks of *the song they sing*. Doctor Dick, in a very learned work, says that among other things in heaven, he thinks they will give a great deal of time to the study of arithmetic and the higher branches of mathematics. I do not believe it. It would upset my idea of heaven if I thought so; I never liked mathematics; and I would rather take the representation of my text, which describes the occupation of heaven as being that of joyful psalmody: "They cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation unto our God."

49. THE INNUMERABLE COMPANY.

I STOOD one day at Williamsport, and saw on the opposite side of the Potomac the forces coming down, regiment after regiment, and battalion after battalion. It seemed as though there were no end to the procession. But now let me take the field-glass of St. John, and look off upon the hosts of heaven—thousands of thousands, ten thousand times ten thousand, one hundred and forty and four thousand, and thousands of thousands, until I put down the field-glass and say: "I cannot estimate it, a great multitude, that no man can number." You may tax your imagination, and torture your ingenuity, and break down your powers of calculation in attempting to express the multitudes of the released from earth, and the enraptured of heaven, and talk of hundreds of hundreds of hundreds; of thousands of thousands of thousands; of millions of millions of millions; of quadrillions of quadrillions of quadrillions; of quintillions of quintillions of quintillions; until your head aches and your heart faints, and exhausted and overburdened you exclaim: "I cannot count them—a great multitude, that no man can number."

50. THE CHURCH WILL TRIUMPH.

I SOMETIMES hear Christian people talk as though the Church of Christ is to be defeated, as though it were to be

like one of those steamers—the “City of Boston” or the “President”—that went out with large cargoes, and with many passengers, and never come to port, and never will come to port. Some of you may have had friends on those steamers, and you waited, and watched, and said: “I wonder on what iceberg they shivered? I wonder in what fire they burned? I wonder where they went down?” and you cry out in your soul: “Oh, treacherous sea, give back that ship! Give her back, though it be with shivered mast, and scarred bulkhead, and pumps all working to keep out the leak, and passengers with faces wan with hunger, and eyes hollow with woe. Give her back, oh treacherous sea!” The ocean answered not. It only moaned to the beach and moaned to the sky. “Ah!” say some, “It will be just like that with the church. She will never come into the harbour.” I deny it. She has had a rough time, and been caught in many a hurricane, and her commanders have been at their wits’ end, and have cried out: “We shall go down!” Christ stands at the helm and she shall outride the gale; and when she drops anchor on the beach of pearl, all heaven will throw out signals of delight, and the standards will wave, and the bells will ring, because the voyage is over; and the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. In that day of triumph, will you be one of the victors?

51. THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

HERE are the *deacons of the church*. They ought to be familiar with the dark lanes, and rotten stairs, and the damp cellars of these cities. There are hundreds of sufferers stretching out their hand for bread. Give it to them. Do you hear the cry of that freezing woman? God give speed to your feet while you buy her coal, and pay her rent, and tell her of that land where they never freeze and never starve. Oh, what a beautiful work that is! A Russian soldier was standing sentinel one cold night; he was almost perishing. A labourer passing along took his coat off, and said: “Wear this coat: you will freeze before morning if you don’t. I am going home, and will be comfortable.” The next morning the Russian soldier was found frozen to death. A few months afterwards, the labourer who had given him his coat was dying. In his dream he thought that Jesus came into the room, and he said: “Jesus, is that you? You have

my coat on." "Yes," said Jesus, "It is the coat you gave the Russian soldier that night he froze to death." "I was naked, and you clothed me." Oh, the reward of those who are faithful to the outcast, and the suffering, and the poor!

52. THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

OH this crucifixion agony. Tears meltings into tears. Blood flowing into blood. Darkness dropping on darkness. Hands of men joined with hands of devils to tear apart the quivering heart of the Son of God! Oh! will He never speak again? Will that crimson face never light up again? He will speak again; while the blood is suffusing His brow, and reddening His cheek, and gathering on nostril and lip, and you that think he is exhausted and cannot speak, He cries out until all the ages hear Him: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" Is there no emphasis in such a scene as that to make your dry eyes weep, and your hard heart break? Will you turn your back upon it, and say by your actions what the Jews said by their words: "His blood be on us, and on our children?" What does it all mean, my brother, my sister? Why, it means that for our lost race there was a Father's kiss. Love brought Him down. Love opened the gate. Love led to the sacrifice. Love sheltered the grave. Love lifted him up in resurrection. Sovereign love. Omnipotent love. Infinite love. Bleeding love. Everlasting love.

53. WILL THEY STAND IT?

THERE has somehow got abroad an impression among our young ministers, that the people will not take the unadulterated gospel. It is thought that instead of the theory that men are corrupt, and unsalvable save through Christ, we must flatter them with the idea that there is good enough in them, if it could only be brought out;—we must flatter them, and tell them what fine fellows they are, and that if they have a little fixing up they will be all right. Hence religion is often presented as a weak sentimentality, rather than an infinite necessity without which they drop down for ever. To please the fastidious taste of the day, we must make our sermon a sort of *cream merange*, light and frothy, and sweet, and almost vanishing at the touch of a spoon.

O vast mistake! The people are hungry for a stout gospel with bones in it. The greatest novelty for an audience now is Repentance and Faith. The people are ready to hear all about heaven and hell if we are not too great cowards to speak it. Do not let us be patting them on the backs, when we ought to be rousing their souls. The gospel is incisive. Husking time has come in the corn-fields, but we cannot bring out the golden ear, save with a sharp peg. Conviction before conversion.

54. TOO LATE.

AGAIN, I remark, in regard to that first crisis, it will be *the ending of the day of grace*. Oh! mark that. One thousandth part of an instant after that and it is too late. Before that, plenty of bright Sabbaths, and golden communion days, and prayers, and sermons and songs; but at that point, a messenger from God will stand with uplifted hand, bidding all opportunities of salvation "Stand back!" In New York glittering life there was one among the gayest and the brightest. She had beauty, she had intelligence, she had wealth, but postponed until the last sickness repentance for sin and preparation for eternity. The last sickness came. The doctor said: "You had better tell Mary—tell her very quietly and gently—that is impossible that she can get well." They brought to her the intelligence, but delirium had come upon her, and she said: "Oh! you are mistaken, I am well—I am perfectly well; I could get up this minute if I wanted to, and walk forth." From that she went into a stupor, and from the stupor to the grave. It would only take three-quarters of an hour to go out where she sleeps to-night. Shall we go out and preach to her of this salvation? Shall we call: "Mary! Mary! fly to Christ!" Ah, it is too late. Her last chance is gone. "As the tree falleth, so it must lie. He that is holy, let him be holy still. He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

55. ARE YOU ON BOARD?

A GENTLEMAN told me that at the battle of Gettysburg he stood upon a height, looking off upon the conflicting armies. He said it was the most exciting moment of his life; now one army seeming to triumph and now the other.

After awhile, the host wheeled in such a way that he knew in five minutes the whole question would be decided. He said the emotion was almost unbearable. There is just such a time to-day with you, O impenitent soul—the forces of light on the one side, and the siege-guns of hell on the other side, and in a few moments the matter will be settled for eternity. There is a time which mercy has set for leaving port. If you are on board before that you will get a passage for heaven. If you are not on board, you miss your passage for heaven. As in law-courts a case is sometimes adjourned from term to term, and from year to year, till the bill of costs eats up the entire estate, so there are men who are adjourning the matter of religion from time to time, and from year to year, until heavenly bliss is the bill of costs the man will have to pay for it.



56. THE BIBLE THE BEST MEDICINE.

WHEN people are anxious about their souls—and there are some such here to-day—there are those who recommend good books. That is all right. But I want to tell you that the Bible is the best book under such circumstances. Baxter wrote “A Call to the Unconverted;” but the Bible is the best call to the unconverted. Philip Doddridge wrote “The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul;” but the Bible is the best rise and progress. John Angell James wrote advice to the anxious sinner; but the Bible is the best advice to the anxious sinner. Search the Scriptures, and if a man asks you about Euripides, ask him about Isaiah. If he confounds you with the Iliad, quote to him from Job. If he stuns you with Demosthenes, question him about Paul. Search the Scriptures. If a man has the Bible in hand, and wants to find his way to heaven, but will not open the Bible, and kneel before it, and ask Divine illumination, he will never get to heaven, and might as well give up the search now as ever. Oh, the Bible is the very book you need, anxious and inquiring soul. A dying soldier said to his mate: “Comrade, give me a drop.” The comrade shook up the canteen, and said; “There isn’t a drop of water in the canteen.” “Oh,” said the dying soldier, “that’s not what I want; feel in my knapsack for my Bible;” and his comrade found the Bible, and read him a few of the gracious promises, and the dying soldier said: “Ah, that’s what I want.

There isn't anything like the Bible for a dying soldier, is there, my comrade?" Oh, blessed book while we live. Blessed book when we die.

57. OUR NATIONAL WANTS.

LIFT up thine eyes, O nation of God's right hand, at the glorious prospects. Build larger your barns for the harvests. Dig deeper the vats for the spoil of the vineyards. Enlarge the warehouses for the merchandise. Multiply galleries of art for the pictures and statues. Advance, O nation of God's right hand; but, remember that national wealth if unsanctified, is sumptuous waste, is ruin, is debauchery, is magnificent woe, is splendid rottenness, is gilded death. Woe to us, for the wine vats, if drunkenness wallows in them. Woe to us for the harvests, if greed sickles them. Woe to us for the merchandise, if avarice swallows it. Woe to us for the cities, if misrule walks there. Woe to the land, if God-defying crime debauches it. Our only safety is in more Bibles, more churches, more free schools, more consecrated men, more enlightening printing presses, more of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, that corrects all wrongs and is the source of blessedness.

58. FREE CHURCHES.

I PROPOSE to-night to argue on behalf of a free church. There are a great many who do not quite understand the plans and policies of such a church. In the first place, I believe in such a church, because it seems to me to be *the scriptural idea*. The apostle James says: "If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring and goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and you have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him: 'Sit thou here in a good place,' and say to the other: 'Stand thou there, or sit thou here under my footstool;' are ye not then partial in yourselves and are become judges of evil thoughts?" In other words, the Apostle James draws a picture. It is a meeting of Christian people; the usher stands at the door; two people come to the door and ask for seats. The usher looks at the one man, examines him from head to foot, sees that his garments are dictated by the recent fashion, and says: "Come here,

sir, I'll give you an excellent seat ;" takes him far up in front, gives him a seat, and says : " I hope you will be very comfortable." Then the usher goes back, sees the other man, scrutinizes him very thoroughly, and says : " Poor coat, worn shoes, old hat. I think you will find a very good place to stand, in that corner." Now, the lightnings of that passage strike such an usher : in other words you have no right to arrange a man's position in the house of God according to his financial qualifications. Do you suppose that the seats in the tabernacle of olden time, the temple, and the synagogue, were ever rented by worshippers ? Oh, no ; you tell me those were miraculous times. You say in our times churches are such expensive institutions. We want all this costly machinery. Let me tell you no church of the day cost half so much as did the old temple, and yet that temple in olden times was supported by voluntary contributions. When the farmer brought his harvest in he said : " These sheaves are for the Lord." When the flocks were drawn up, he said : " These lambs are for God." When the birds were caught, he said : " These pigeons, and these doves, are for sacrifice." The temple, the tabernacle, all supported by voluntary contributions. But you say men were more generous in those times. No, no ; the world has been advancing all the time ; there has never been so much generosity on earth as now. Do you suppose it would have been possible for the Christian and sanitary commissions that we had during the last war to have prospered in those ancient times ? No, they could not have been supported two thousand, one thousand, or five hundred years ago. They are projected in this Christian age. Now, I say, if in those dark times, and in that wicked city of Jerusalem, the temple could be supported by voluntary contributions, can we not, in this Christian age, and in the full blaze of the Gospel light, and when the doctrine of Christian beneficence is so much inculcated, support a plain church ?

59. THE PASSION-PLANT.

I HAVE to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the passion plant of the cross ! Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud ; the rocks shook at its bursting ; and the

dead got up in their winding-sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its touch is life. Its breath is heaven. Come, O winds, from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet-smelling savour of Christ my Lord.

60. THE TWO MOUNTAINS.

WE like new things brisk and breezy; but the story of Christ is as old as Calvary, and the Law is as old as Sinai, and the system of Theology is a sham, which has not in it the two mountains.

61. PLANTS IN CHRIST'S GARDEN.

THESE Christians in Christ's garden are not like the sunflower, gaudy in the light; but whenever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, loveliness within—men with sharp points of character. They wound almost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them, notwithstanding all their sharpness. Many a man has had very hard ground to culture, and it has only been through severe toil he has raised even the smallest crop of grace. A very harsh minister was talking with a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." It is harder for some men to do right than for others to do right.

62. GOD CANNOT BE CHEATED.

THOSE whose princely robes are woven out of heart-strings; those whose fine houses are built of skulls; those whose springing fountains are the tears of oppressed nations—have they successfully cheated God? The last day will demonstrate. It will be found out on that day that God

vindicated not only His goodness and His mercy, but His power to take care of His own rights, and the rights of His Church, and the rights of His oppressed children. Come, ye martyred dead ! awake, and come up from the dungeons, where folded darkness hearsed you, and the chains like cankers peeled loose the skin, and wore off the flesh, and rattled on the marrowless bones ! Come, ye martyred dead, from the stakes where you were burned, where the arm uplifted for mercy fell into ashes, and the cry of pain was drowned in the snapping of the flame and the howling of the mob ; from the valleys of Piedmont, and Smithfield Square, and London Tower, and the Highlands of Scotland. Gather in great procession, and together clap your bony hands, and together stamp your mouldy feet ; and let the chains that bound you to dungeons all clank at once ; and gather all the flames that burned you in one uplifted arm of fire, and plead for a judgment. Gather all the tears ye ever wept into a lake, and gather all the sighs ye ever breathed into a tempest, until the heaven-piercing chain clank, and the tempest sigh, and the thunder groans, announce to earth, and hell, and heaven, a judgment !—a judgment ! Oh, on that day God will vindicate His own cause, and vindicate the cause of the troubled and the oppressed. It will be seen in that day, that though we may have robbed our fellows, we never have successfully robbed God.

63. THE SABBATH.

EVERY man who has been a breaker of the Lord's-day for the last twenty years has lost either his intellect, or his money, or his morals. Show me the man who is an exception to that. I say if he has been perpetually breaking the Lord's-day for twenty years, he has either lost his intellect, his money, or his morals ; and in the whole universe there is not one exception. The fact is, that God gives us six days, and if we try to take the seventh for our own use, He upsets the work of the other six. I was riding some years ago in the White Mountains on horseback, and I remember, when we came to a very dangerous place, a very steep ascent or descent, the guide would stop us, and then tighten the girdle and straighten the saddle, and then we would pass on. It was as much as to say : "There are perils ahead, and I must look after this harness." So there are in life a great

many steep and precipitous places, and God wants us to stop every seventh day to refit the harness, and get re-equipped for the great journey of life. I think God has been very generous with you and me. He has given us six days to His one; and when I see a man breaking the Lord's-day it makes me think of a father who has seven oranges, and who proposes to give six of them to his greedy boy, keeping one himself, and the greedy boy is not satisfied, and grabs for the seventh, and loses them all.

64. FOOLISH WAITING.

I COME, again, to-day with no hair-spun theories of religion, with no nice distinctions, with no elaborate disquisition; but with a plain talk on the matters of personal religion. I feel that the sermon I preach this morning will be the savour of life unto life, or of death unto death. In other words: the Gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine; it either kills or cures. There are those who say: "I would like to become a Christian. I have been waiting a good while for the right kind of influences to come;" and still you are waiting. You are wiser in wordly things than you are in religious things. If you want to get to Albany, you go to the Grand Central Depôt, or to the steamboat wharf, and having got your ticket you do not sit down on the wharf or sit in the depôt; you get aboard the boat or train. And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to heaven—waiting, waiting, but not with intelligent waiting, or they would get on board the line of Christian influences that would bear them into the kingdom of God. My text sets forth the idea that men are not idly to wait for their salvation. There is something to do: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

65. WELCOME HOME.

IN my boyhood, for some time, we lived three miles from church, and on stormy days the children stayed at home, but father and mother always went to church. That was a habit they had. On those stormy Sabbaths when we stayed at home, the absence of our parents seemed very much protracted, for the roads were very bad, and they could not get on very fast. So we would go to the window

at twelve o'clock to see if they were coming ; and then we would go at half-past twelve to see if they were coming ; and at a quarter to one ; and then at one o'clock. After awhile, Mary, or Daniel, or De Witt would shout : " The waggon's coming ; " and then we would see it winding out of the woods, and over the brook, and through the lane, and up in the front of the old farm-house ; and then we would rush out, leaving the doors wide open, with many things to tell them, asking them many questions. Well, my dear brethren, I think we are many of us in the King's waggons, and we are on the way home. The road is very bad, and we get on slowly ; but after awhile we will come winding out of the woods, and through the brook of death, and up in front of the old heavenly homestead ; and our departed kindred who have been waiting and watching for us will rush out through the doors, and over the lawn, crying : " The waggons are coming ! the King's waggons are coming ! " Hark ! the bell of the city hall strikes twelve. Twelve o'clock on earth ; and likewise it is high noon in heaven.



66. PLAIN PREACHING.

IF there was ever a time when the minister of the Gospel and the philanthropist should speak out, this is the time. King David must feel the rebuke of Nathan ; Felix must be made to tremble ; sin must be denounced ; God must be honoured ; the nation must be saved. We may hold back the truth on these subjects, and walk with muffled feet lest we wake up some big sinner. But what will we answer in the day when men who have stood in the high places of the earth, warring against God, shall fall like lightning from heaven ; or, as John Milton has it—

" Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition."



67. INFLUENCE.

THAT woman who, this afternoon, in the Sabbath-class, teaches six boys how to be Christians does more for our future than all the fine essays that were ever written about constitution, or the arrangement of the American Senate for the stock of the Credit Mobilier.

68. MATTER NOT ETERNAL.

WORLDLY philosophy said : "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks, and finds that the world was gradually made, and, if gradually made, there must have been some point at which the process started. Then, who started it? And so that objection was overcome, and in the three first words of the Bible, we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said : "*In the beginning.*" Worldly philosophy said : "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book ; all that story in the Old Testament again and again told about the army of the locusts : it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks ; locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession ; locusts without order." Wait, said, Christian philosophy ; and in 1868, in the south-western part of this country, Christian men went out to examine the march of the locusts. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of this army of locusts. And it was found that all the newspapers unwittingly spoke of "the army of locusts." Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went in straighter flight than the locusts come—not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises, the locusts drop, and then rise up again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible is right every time, when it speaks of locusts coming like an army ; worldly philosophy wrong.



69. UNFINISHED PICTURES.

I WAS looking a few days ago at some of the paintings of the late artist, Mr. Kensett. I saw some pictures that were just faint outlines ; in some places you would see only the branches of a tree and no trunk, and, in another case, the trunk and no branches. He had not finished the work. It would have taken him days, and months, perhaps, to have completed it. Well, my friends, in this world we get only the faintest outlines of what Christ is. It will take all eternity to fill up the picture : so loving, so kind, so merciful, so great ! Paul does not in this chapter say of Christ, He

is good, or He is loving, or He is patient, or He is kind; but in his exclamation of the text he embraces everything when he says: "Christ is all and in all!"

70. THE VAIN BOASTER.

You see, I am not talking about the evils that are in the city so much as about the awful peril of going to look at them. "Oh!" says some one in the house, "no danger for me. I know a great many people have gone overboard, but no danger for me. I can't be cheated. My neighbours in the country have heard of the 'circular swindle.' They have been deceived. I never was. I read how the swindlers heard I was an acute business-man, and if I will send them money, not by mail, but by express, charges prepaid, they will send me something which will make my fortune in four months. I am not deceived by them; but my neighbours have been. Besides that, no man ever took my money. I carry my money in a secret pocket in the inside of my vest. I never lost it. I am not afraid of the far-table. I know all about the 'cue-box' and the 'dealer's-box,' and the sanded cards stuck together to look like one, and when to 'hand in' my 'checks.' I know all about that. Others are ruined, but not I." O stranger! while you may have escaped in some directions, I want to tell you that you succumb to the worst of all Satanic deceptions when you go to look. If men go through the slums of the city on a Christian errand, to reform vice or to comfort wretchedness, as did John Howard, or Elizabeth Fry, or Van Meter of New York, then they will come out of those slums better men than when they went in, because they went in the name of Christ. But show me a man who has gone in merely to satisfy a base curiosity, and I will now take ten per cent. off his moral character.

71. PEW RENTS.

WHAT becomes of the great multitude who once were influential in the Church of God, who having lost their property, cannot meet the pew-rents in the churches? They have gone—some to infidelity, some into lives of dissipation: God only knows where they have gone. Will men of any self-respect go to church under such a state of circum-

stances? I tell you, nay. If it were my case, I would stay at home, and gather my children about me, and read to them of Christ and a free heaven, out of which a man is never pitched because he cannot pay his pew-rent! At the very time a man most needs the consolation of religion—when his earthly fortunes have failed,—at the very time that he needs most to be told about treasures that never fail, in banks that never break—the Church of God turns its back upon that man; and the work of breaking down that the Wall-street gamblers began, the Church of God finishes. It seems as if Christ, in the infinity of His foreknowledge, could not think of a church pretending to love Him that would unanimously bar out the destitute. He said: “The poor ye have always with you.” He made it not merely as a statement, but as a prophecy and a promise; and yet it does really *seem* as if, in this respect, the Lord God had been thwarted.

72. HUSBAND AND WIFE.

SIR JAMES M'INTOSH, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars: “My wife made me.” The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she *has* a right to know everything. If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with; but if he *dare* not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture.

73. THE CROOK IN THE TREE.

I STOOD in a house in one of the Long Island villages, not long ago, and I saw a beautiful tree, and I said to the owner: “That is a very fine tree; but what a curious crook there is in it.” “Yes,” said he; “I planted that tree, and when it was a year old I went to New York, and worked as a mechanic for a year or two, and when I came back I found they had allowed something to stand against the tree, and so it has always had that crook.” And so I thought it was

with the influence upon children. If you allow anything to stand in the way of moral influence against a child on this side or that side, to the latest day of its life on earth and through all eternity it will show the pressure. No wonder Lord Byron was bad. Do you know his mother said to him, when she saw him one day limping across the floor with his unsound foot: "Get out of my way, you lame brat!" What chance for a boy like that?

74. THANKSGIVING.

I STAND on the highest ground when I review our *religious advantages*, the glorious Sabbaths, the Holy communions. Oh, that manger in which our Saviour was born! Oh, that cross on which Jesus died! Oh, that throne on which Jesus reigns! Here you have had before you pardon for all sin, hope for all discouragement, comfort for all trouble, life for all the dead. I cannot even let Thanksgiving Day go by without reminding you of your obligations to the Lord. Oh, that His goodness to you personally when you were sick and when you were well, His goodness to your family, and His goodness to you, all your life long, might this day lead you to repentance, and that you might surrender your hearts this morning—this beautiful, bright Thanksgiving morning—to the Lord Jesus Christ who died to redeem your souls!

75. BIGOTRY.

IN the far East there is an obelisk, I have been told. One side of it is white, another side of it is blue, and another side of it is green. The story says that once some travellers went to look at that obelisk. They did not take the trouble to walk around it, but each looked at one side and came back. The travellers met, and they got into a fierce contest—one saying that that obelisk was white, another that it was blue, and another that it was green. "Stop this contest," said someone, coming in. "I walked all around that obelisk, and find you are all right and all wrong." Look out for a man who sees but one side of a question, and takes but one view of everything. Better a man who, by his intelligence and Christian faith, can walk all around the religious subject, and know all sides. If there is any man to be pitied, it is the

man who has just one idea in his head—no more, no less. Better an entire blank, as we sometimes find it, overthrowing the philosophic theory that an entire vacuum is impossible; better vacuity than just one idea in the head. It wanders up and down, seeking rest but finding none, in perpetual loneliness and bachelorhood, waiting through the desert of the man's intellect. Let a man give his life to the discussion of the doctrine of election, or the doctrine of free agency, or the subject of baptism; or the perseverance of the saints, and he will be imbecile in body and in mind. Bigotry puts its hand on a man's head and flattens his skull, and makes him lean and cadaverous, and exhausts him. Run up your colleges and your schools and universities. Bigotry cannot live under these influences. You may kill it with sunshine.

76. FIRE! FIRE!

SOME weeks ago, you remember that terrible scene in this very building because of a slide of snow from the roof, and a cry of "fire" on the part of some villain in your gallery. There was an outcry of horror through the building, and wringing of hands, and some became as dead men, and it was all an imaginary peril—no danger at all. We will never forget that scene—those of us who were here that night. If you were so alarmed when the peril was only imaginary, what will be the condition of those who are unprepared for eternity, when it shall not be a slide of snow, but an avalanche of rocks—Himalaya, Alps, and Andes crushing into demolition; and the conflagration of the last day shall be kindled, and a thousand million voices on earth will cry: "Fire!" and myriads of voices in the sky respond: "Fire!" and on the land and on the sea, and above, and beneath, and everywhere, it shall be: "Fire! fire! fire!" Oh, that Christ would to-night lay hold of that man! Speak, Son of God—speak with that voice that wakes the dead! However calm and placid we may now be, my dear brothers and sisters out of Christ, I must tell you that you are in grinding need, in appalling peril. "Except a man be born again, he cannot—he *cannot* see the kingdom of God."

77. THE SABBATH AND THE BIBLE.

THERE are two things which Protestants ought never to give up: the one is the Bible, the other is the Sabbath.

Take one and you take both. Take either and farewell to Christianity in this country; farewell to our civil and religious liberties.

78. CONTINENTAL SABBATHS.

He who has ever spent Sunday in Paris, or Antwerp, or Rome, if he be an intelligent Christian, will pray God that the day will never come when the Sabbath of Continental Europe shall put its foot on our shores. I had a friend in Syracuse who lived to be one hundred years of age. He said to me in his ninety-ninth year: "I went across the mountains in the early history of this country. Sabbath morning came. We were beyond the reach of civilization. My comrades were all going out for an excursion. I said: "No, I won't go; it is Sunday!" Why, they laughed. They said: "We haven't any Sunday here." "Oh, yes," I said, "you have; *I brought it with me over the mountains.*"

79. THE JUDGMENT.

OH! the judgment! the judgment! There are many in this house, to-night, ready for it. They have put their case in the best of hands. They have gone into a strong ark, and the storm cannot hurt them. Their grave-door will open as gently as a mother opens the door of a nursery where the children are sleeping. The trumpet that awakes the dead will be to them a burst of infinite music. The thunders that roll through the sky will be the open diapason of an organ, the pipes of whirlwind and tempest sounding the oratorio of the redeemed. If they stand at the foot of Mount Washington, in the last earthquake, the tumbling rocks will not hurt them. "Oh!" they will say, "I am so glad the judgment has come. God is vindicated. I have gotten back my body from the dust. Oh! wedding hour of body and soul! Oh! resurrection day! Let heaven pour its richest vintage into the chalices, and the redeemed together keep jubilee for ten thousand times ten thousand years."

But there are others in this house, to-night, who are not ready. They have not chosen Christ, and going into eternity as they are, what chance, O immortal man? On that day, if all your unforgiven sins are against you; if death-bed warnings are against you; if sick-room voices are against

you ; if the slighted ministering angels of God are against you ; if Jesus Christ, wounded and driven back, is against you ; if the Holy Ghost is against you, with whom you have striven ; if the offended Lord God Almighty is against you, ah ! coming as you are, into that day, you must perish ! You do not, my dear brother, want to pray now—it will be too late to pray then. Even the granite cliffs will fall the other way as you pray to them : “Rocks and mountains fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb ; for the great day of His wrath to come, who shall be able to stand it ?” Will you, without Jesus Christ, be able to stand firm when the Alps and Himalayas prostrate themselves before the advancing Jehovah ? Will you be calm while the birds of the air, touched of the flame, shall drop into the ashes ; and the flocks, and the cattle, and horse, and buffalo, in wild avalanche, plunge over a precipice to die ; and the valleys cry to the mountains, and the mountains cry to the seas, and the seas cry to the air, and all the voices above, and all the voices beneath, clamour and clamour : “The judgment ! the judgment !”

80. HOW TO SECURE POOR PREACHING.

To secure poor preaching, keep the minister on the trot. Scold him when he comes to see you, because he did not come before, and tell him how often you were visited by the former pastor. Oh, that blessed predecessor ! Strange they did not hold on to the angel when they had him. Keep your minister going. Expect him to respond to every whistle. Have him at all the tea-parties and “the raisings.” Stand him in the draught of the door at the funeral—a frequent way of declaring a pulpit vacant. Keep him busy all the week in out-door miscellaneous work ; and if, at the end of that time he cannot preach a weak discourse, send for us and we will show him how to do it. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, but if the plan of treatment we have proposed be carried out, we do not see that any Church in city or country need long be in want of poor preaching.

81. THE BIBLE AND GREAT MEN.

PEOPLE said : “Religion is very good for women, it is very good for children, but not for men.” But we have in

the roll of Christ's host, Mozart and Handel, in music; Canova and Angelo, in sculpture; Raphael and Reynolds, in painting; Harvey and Baerhier, in medicine; Cowper and Scott, in poetry; Grotius and Burke, in statesmanship; Boyle and Leibnitz, in philosophy; Thomas Chalmers and John Mason, in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with Scriptural allusions. Through senatorial speech, and through essayist's discourse, Sinai thunders, and Calvary pleads, and Siloam sparkles.

82. THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

I HAVE stood on cliffs, and I have pushed a rock off, and it has gone tumbling down, and after awhile I have heard, when it struck beneath, the echo come to my ear. At other times, I have stood on a precipice so great, that throwing over a stone, I have listened, but there came back no sound. I could not hear when it struck. So I take these words of which I have just spoken, and I throw them over this precipice, and I listen to hear when they strike the bottom. No echo! No echo! Bottomless! Bottomless! Oh, the remorse and chagrin of one who has had ten thousand opportunities of being saved, and yet feels he is lost! Oh, the weariness of one who has been ten million years in anguish, and yet feels it is only just begun! Agony, with its face scarred with ages of suffering, lifting up both hands towards the fiery horizon, crying: "The wrath to come! to come! to come!" After millions of ages, some soul says: "Isn't it most gone? Isn't it nearly ended? I can't longer endure it. The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved. When will it end?" And a finger of lightning will write on the sky: "For ever!" and the following thunder peal echo among the crags of death: "For ever!" Oh, those fire bells will never stop ringing, because the conflagration will never be done! "They shall be punished with *everlasting* destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power" (2 Thess. i. 9). Put it down in your memorandum books, so that you will see that it is not I, but God, that says it.

83. THE THREE JOHNS.

JESUS throws upon the soul the fragrance of a summer garden, as He comes in, saying: "I am the rose of Sharon;"

and He submerges it with the glory of a spring morning as He says : " I am the light." Oh ! how much that grace did for the three Johns ! It took John Bunyan, the foul-mouthed, and made him John Bunyan the immortal dreamer. It took John Newton, the infidel sailor, and in the midst of the hurricane made him cry out : " My mother's God, have mercy upon me ! " It took John Summerfield from a life of sin, and by the hand of a Christian edged-tool maker, led him into the pulpit that burns still with the light of that Christian eloquence which charmed thousands to Jesus whom he once despised. Ah ! you may search all the earth over for anything so beautiful or beautifying as the grace of God.

84. WORTHLESS RELIGIONS.

THE religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson is the philosophy of icicles ; the religion of Theodore Parker was a sirocco of the desert covering up the soul with dry sand ; the religion of Rénan is the romance of believing nothing ; the religion of Thomas Carlyle is only a condensed London fog ; the religion of the Huxleys and the Spensers is merely a pedestal on which human philosophy sits shivering in the night of the soul, looking up to the stars, offering no help to the nations that crouch and groan at the base. Tell me where there is one man who has rejected that Gospel for another, who is thoroughly satisfied, and helped, and contented in his scepticism, and I will take the car to-morrow and ride five hundred miles to see him.

85. BOUNDLESS MERCY.

IN Solomon's temple there were ten lavers and one molten sea : the great reservoir, in the midst of the temple, filled with water ; these lavers and this molten sea adorned with figures of palm branch, and oxen, and cows, and cherubim. This fountain of God's mercy is a vaster molten sea than that. It is adorned, not with palm branches, but with the wood of the cross ; not with cherubim, but with the wings of the Holy Ghost ; and around its great rim all the race may come and wash in the molten sea. I was reading the other day of Alexander the Great, who, when he was very thirsty, and standing at the head of his army, had brought to him a cup of water. He looked off upon his host, and said : " I cannot drink this—my men are all thirsty ; " and he dashed it to the

ground. Blessed be God there is enough water for all the lost—enough for captains and host. “Whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely ;” a laver broad as the earth, high as the heaven, and deep as hell.

86. EVANGELIZATION.

THE Church has tried scores of ways. We have gone out with tracts, and with our Bibles and religious books among the people in the destitute parts of the city. Some have refused to take them. Some have burned them up. Some have read them and tried to reform ; but as long as we leave them down amid the evil influences by which they are surrounded, and do not bring them in to some Christian church—if you reform them fifty times, fifty times they will be unreformed. In other words, here is a man down by the marshes with chills and fever. The physician comes and gives him quinine and stops the chills ; but just as long as that man continues to live down by the swamps, he will be subjected to the same ailment. Bring him out on the hill-top, where the atmosphere is clear, if you want him to be permanently restored. Now, I say of those people who live in the slums of city destitution, as long as you leave them there they will fall into their old sins ; but if you bring them into the healthy atmosphere of a Christian church, then you may hope for their permanent reformation. If you can say to them : “There is a free church, there is a free Bible, there is a free cross, and yonder is a free heaven,” they will accept the invitation and come with you.

87. SCEPTICS WRONG.

THE Bible said there was a city called Nineveh, and that it was three days’ journey around it, and that it should be destroyed by fire and by water. “Absurd,” cried out hundreds of voices for many years ; “no such a city was ever built that it would take you three days’ journey to go around. Beside, it could not be destroyed by fire and water : they are antagonistic elements.” But Layard, Botta, Bonomi, and Keith go out, and by their explorations they find that city of Nineveh, and they tell us that by their own experiment, it is three days’ journey around (according to the old estimate of a day’s journey), and that it was literally destroyed by fire

and by water—two antagonistic elements—a part of the city having been inundated by the river Tigris (the brick material in those times being dried clay not dissolved); while in other parts, they find the remains of the fire in heaps of charcoal that have been excavated, and in the calcined slabs of gypsum. Who was right—the Bible or infidelity?

88. THE BIBLE.

I AM fascinated with the conciseness of that book. Every word is packed full of truth. Every sentence is double-barrelled. Every paragraph is like an old banyan-tree, with a hundred roots and a hundred branches. The Bible was not merely made to sell; it was not presented merely for a trifling and temporary effect. It is a great arch; pull out one stone and it all comes down. There has never been a pearl-diver who could gather up one half of the treasures in any verse. John Halsebach, of Vienna, for twenty-one years, every Sabbath expounded to his congregation the first chapter of the book of Isaiah, and yet did not get through with it. Nine-tenths of all the good literature of this age is merely the Bible diluted.

89. THE BIBLE IN DEATH.

AFTER the battle before Richmond had been over several days, a man was found dead with his hand on the open Bible. The summer insects had taken the flesh from the hand, and there was nothing but the skeleton left; but the skeleton fingers laid on the open page, and on this passage: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Well, the time will come, when all the fine novels we have on our bed-room shelf will not interest us; and all the good histories, and all the exquisite essays, will do us no good. There will be one Book, perhaps its cover worn out, and its leaf yellow with age, under whose flash we shall behold the opening gates of heaven.

90. LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

STAND off from all political office unless your own principles are thoroughly settled. Do not go into the blaze of

temptation unless you are fire-proof. Common Council, Water Board, Legislative Hall, and Congressional Assemblage have been the damnation of a great many respectable people. But if you go into political life without your principles thoroughly settled, before you get through with it you will drink, and you will swear, and you will lie, and you will take bribes. "Ah," you say, "that is not complimentary." Well, I always was clumsy at compliments.



91. THE BIBLE IN SCHOOL.

PUT that Bible in the common schools. Palsied be the hand that shall try to take the Bible from the common schools. An educated mind without religion is like a ship without a helm—it is a rushing rail-train without breaks or reversing rod to control the speed. Educate only a man's head, and you make him an infidel. Educate only a man's heart, and you make him a fanatic. Educate them both together, and you have the noblest work of God.



92. NAMES.

THE name of Cæsar means power; the name of Herod means cruelty; the name of Alexander means conquest; the name of Demosthenes means eloquence; the name of Milton means poetry; the name of Benjamin West means painting; the name of Phidias means sculpture; the name of Beethoven means music; the name of Howard means reform; but the name of Christ means *love*!



93. DEATH.

DEATH will be to us, not a comma, not a semi-colon, not a dash, but a period. If our work at that time be rounded, it will stay rounded. If it be incomplete, it will stay incomplete, like the national monument on Calton-hill, Edinburgh—a row of pillars showing what the building was meant to be, but is not. How many there are drawing out a diagram of their life, but they never fill it up. They remind us of Coleridge, of whom Charles Lamb said: "He had at his death forty thousand unfinished manuscripts." At the door of the future world, the architect puts down his plane, and the carpenter his adze, and the mason his

trowel, and the merchant his bank-book, and the minister his sermon. Not one bargain after that, though a million voices were bidding. Not one sermon after that, though nations were dying. Done! Done, for ever!

94. DON'T GO IN.

Two young men come to the door of sin. They consult whether they will go in. The one young man goes in, and the other retreats. Oh! you say, the last had better resolution. No, that was not it. The first young man had no early good influences; the last had been piously trained, and when he stood at the door of sin discussing the matter, he looked around as if to see some one, and he felt an invisible hand on his shoulder, saying: "Don't go in! don't go in!" Whose hand was it? A mother's hand, fifteen years ago gone to dust.

95. CITIES.

MARK this, my friends; that when you save the cities, you save the world. When Pekin comes to Christ, all China will come. When Paris surrenders to God, all France will surrender. When London prays, England will pray with her. When New York bows at the feet of Christ, the United States will bow with her. Save the cities and you save the world.

96. PRAYER.

IN childhood we begin with: "Now I lay me down to sleep," and we learn the Lord's Prayer, and then in after life we get a few formulas of prayer, and go on with the same thing year by year, as though we did not have every day new sins to confess, and new blessings for which to thank God. We want more earnestness in our prayers. What is prayer? A doctor in the army said he was going over a battle-field after a great conflict. He had but few medicines, and there were enough men there wounded to occupy twenty or thirty surgeons. He could only attend to a small part of the wounded. It was doleful, he said, to hear the cries of the wounded men. One cried out: "This artery is bleeding me to death, doctor; won't you bind it up?" And some

one else cried : " Doctor, can't you give me an anodyne to soothe this pain ? " Hundreds of voices crying out all over the battle-field. Ah, that was prayer ! We are wounded from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—hurt with wounds that will be our death unless we have the Divine surgeon come to our relief. Are we holding up these gashes of soul before Christ, our Divine physician ? Are we anxious for Him to come ? This is prayer, and anything short of it is no prayer at all.

97. LIBERTY IN RELIGION.

I wish to advocate the very largest liberty in matters of religious belief and discussion. In all questions of art, and social life, and politics, and religion, let there be no intolerance, no moving of the previous question, no gag law, no persecution. You know that the air and the sea keep pure by constant circulation, and there is a tendency in religious discussion towards purification and moral health. Between the fourth and sixteenth century, the Church of God proposed to keep down all error by prohibiting free discussion, and by the strict censorship of the press, and by rack and gibbet, and hot lead down men's throats, to keep them orthodox ; but the world has found out that you cannot change men's beliefs by twisting off their head, or make them see things differently by putting an awl through their eyes. There is in every man a conscience which will upheave the mountain with which you try to crush it, and, unsinged of the fire, it will make red wings out of the flame on which John Huss mounts to glory. We must let men have differences of theological belief.

98. DOMESTIC BRAWLS.

You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband and sometimes of the wife to yield ; but both stand punctiliously on your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at nightfall to decide the conflict. Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this : that *once having* unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he

himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said: "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologise for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points—what are the weak points, if I may call them so—of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband comes home from the store with his patience all exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper; but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the war-whoop.



99. WORLDLY PHILOSOPHY.

WORLDLY philosophy said: "All that story about the light turned as clay to the seal is simply an absurdity—the light comes straight." Christian philosophy says wait a little; and it goes on, and makes discoveries, and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the earth, literally "as the clay to the seal." The Bible is right again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Oh," says worldly philosophy, "all that allusion in Job about the foundation of the earth is simply an absurdity." "Where wast thou," says God, "when I set the foundations of the earth?" The earth has no foundations! Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated "foundations" may be better translated "sockets." So now, see how it will read if it is translated right. "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still. If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christian philosophy, "not

quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis, and the other around the sun. It was not necessary, in making them to stand still, that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and deranged the whole universe.

100. OUTSIDE THE FOLD.

TRUMAN OSBORNE, one of the evangelists who went through this country some years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the room, he said: "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said: "Yes, all but De Witt." Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fire-place, and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold: but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the eye, I should have been angered when he told that story; but he looked into the fire-place, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was sure I was inside the fold, where the other sheep are.

101. SECT v. SECT.

WHO cares now which of the doctors of divinity got the victory in that thirty years' war about a participle? Suppose there were a common enemy riding up the Narrows to-morrow morning, and our batteries here around New York were to fire into each other, you would cry out, "National suicide!" And yet that very thing is often done in the Church of Christ. While all the navies of darkness have been riding up the bay, sect has been warring with sect, and theological belief with theological belief, and there has been suicide instead of conquest.

102. CHRIST AND POVERTY.

BETTER a barn, with Christ in the manger, than a cathedral with arches like those of St. Michael's, in Lucca, and traceries like those of Bayeux—magnificent harmonies rolling through long-drawn aisles, and an angel from heaven

proclaiming from the pulpit, if there be no Christ in the chancel, and no Christ in the robes. That religion is a poor, mean, starveling thing which is made up by bookbinders and upholsterers. The religion of Christ oftener sits on the kerbstone with Lazarus than in the palace with Dives, and helps Naboth cultivate his vineyard oftener than Ahab rule his kingdom. Men often do the opposite to what people suppose. They sometimes go *up* to hell and *down* to heaven. Dives went up, and Lazarus went down. Do you know where they came out? Transpose the positions.

103. DEFALCATION.

WALKING lately through Wall Street, we saw men there under the greatest excitement, and going on like a pack of hyenas. What is the matter? Stocks are down, defalcations have been suffered. Trust Companies have exploded! We bethought ourselves why there was not a panic in another direction. So many failures every day for eternity, so many heavenly treasures lost, the government bonds of heaven thrown away on the street. We wonder that men do not get excited about their eternal possessions, and that they do not make a "run" on the bank of heaven.

Oh! men immortal! What is the matter with you? Is time so long, and eternity so short, and celestial life so tame, and your soul so cheap, that you can afford these fearful hazards? What will become of you when you are dead? Whose sign will then be run up on your store; who will drive your fine horses? Thou fool! this night thy soul may be required of thee. Better settle up with God. If you cannot pay your debts, Christ, the surety, will pay them for you. Merchants, bankers, artisans, and farmers, look out that you do not lose heaven! That will be worse than the loss of Northern Pacific bonds. That will be a defalcation for eternity!

104. SAVE MY CHILD!

THERE was a steamer on one of the Western lakes heavily laden with passengers, and there was a little child who stood on the side of the taffrail, leaning over and watching the water, when she lost her balance and dropped into the waves. The lake was very rough. The mother

cried: "Save my child! save my child!" There seemed none disposed to leap into the water. There was a Newfoundland dog on deck. He looked up in his master's face, as if for orders. His master said: "Tray, overboard, catch 'em!" The dog sprang into the water, caught the child by the garments, and swam back to the steamer. The child was picked up by loving hands, the dog was lifted on deck, and the mother, ere she fainted away, in utter thanksgiving to that dog, threw her arms around its neck and kissed it; but the dog shook himself off from her embrace, and went and laid down as though he had accomplished nothing. Shall a mother be grateful to a dog that saves her child, and we ungrateful to the Son of God, who, from the heights of heaven, plunged into the depths of darkness, and suffering, and woe, that He might lift us up out of our sin and place us on the rock of ages? Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the infinity, the horror of our ingratitude!

105. GOING TO THE FRONT.

GENERAL FISK came into the hospital after the battle, and there were many seriously wounded, and there was one man dying, and the general said: "Ah, my dear fellow, you seem very much wounded. I am afraid you are not going to get well." "No," said the soldier, "I am not going to get well, but I feel very happy." And then he looked up into the general's face, and said: "*I am going to the front!*"

106. DYING EASY.

SOME one said to a dying Christian: "Isn't it hard for you to get out of this world?" "Oh, no," he says; "it is easy dying, it is blessed dying, it is glorious dying," and then he pointed to a clock on the wall, and he said: "the last two hours in which I have been dying, I have had more joy than all the years of my life."

107. ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

FAR on in the ages one lost soul shall cry out to another lost soul: "How long have you been here?" and the soul will reply: "The years of my ruin are countless. I esti-

mated the time for thousands of years ; but what is the use of estimating when all these rolling cycles bring us no nearer the terminus." Ages ! Ages ! Ages ! Eternity ! Eternity ! Eternity ! The wrath to come ! The wrath to come ! The wrath to come ! No medicine to cure that marasmus of the soul. No hammer to strike off the handcuff of that incarceration. No burglar's key to pick the locks which the Lord hath fastened. Sir Francis Newport, in his last moment, caught just one glimpse of that world. He had lived a sinful life. Before he went into the eternal world, he looked into it. The last words he ever uttered were, as he gathered himself up on his elbows in the bed : " Oh, the insufferable pangs of hell ! " The lost soul will cry out : " I cannot stand this ! I cannot stand this ! Is there no way out ? " and the echo will answer : " No way out. " And the soul will cry : " Is this for ever ? " and the echo will answer : " For ever ! " The City Hall bell taps three, meaning the third district ; taps four, the fourth district ; taps five, the fifth district ; but there will be no end to the ringing of the bells of the eternal conflagration. Fire ! Fire ! Fire !

108. UNEXPECTED DEATH.

A MAN's going out of this world is never in the way he expects—it is never at the time he expects. The moment of leaving this world is always a surprise. If you expect to go in the winter, it may be in the summer ; if in the summer, it may be in the winter ; if in the night, it may be in the day-time ; if you think to go in the day-time, it may be in the night. Suddenly the event will rush upon you, and you will be gone. Where ? If a Christian—into joy. If not a Christian—into suffering. The Gospel call stops outside the door of the sepulchre. The sleeper within cannot hear it. If that call should be sounded out with clarion voice louder than ever rang through the air, that sleeper could not hear it. I suppose every hour of the day, and now, while I am speaking, there are souls rushing into eternity unprepared. They slide from the pillow, or they slip from the pavement, and in an eye-twinkling they are gone. Elegant and eloquent funeral oration will not do them any good. Epitaph, cut on polished Scotch granite, will not do them any good. Wailing of beloved kindred cannot call them back.

109. STOLIDITY.

Do not stand there taking up the time, telling us what a sinner you are : we all know that long ago ; but tell us of some victory gained, of some glimpse of the pinnacles that you caught from the mountain-top. Hide not that one tear of emotion in promiscuous use of pocket-handkerchief, as if you merely had a cold in your head, and could not be betrayed into any emotion at all. We need more brightness and elasticity in our Christian work. If holiness be "on the bells of the horses," we care not how much they prance. The more speed, and the more spring, the more music. Let not professed profundity be any excuse for dullness in religion. Because a subject is deep, there is no reason why it should be obscure ; you can see the bottom of Lake Winnepiseogee thirty feet down. Mists about a religious theme are no evidence of learnedness. We cannot worship a London fog. The most damaging attack upon Christianity to-day is the stolidity and half-heartedness of many who profess to accept it.



110. LET HIM ALONE.

BEWARE lest you grieve the Holy Ghost, and He be gone, and never return. Next Wednesday, at two or three o'clock, a Cunard steamer will put out from Jersey City wharf, for Liverpool. After it has gone one hour, and the vessel is down by the "Narrows," or beyond, go out on the Jersey City wharf, and wave your hand, and shout, and ask that steamer to come back to the wharf. Will it? Yes, sooner than the Holy Ghost will come back when once He has taken His final flight from thy soul. With that Holy Spirit some of you have been in treaty, my dear friend, for the last ten or fifteen days. The Holy Spirit said : "Come, come to Christ," You said : "No, I won't." The Spirit said, more importunately : "Come to Christ." You said : "Well, I will after a while, when I get my business fixed up ; when my friends consent to my coming ; when they won't laugh at me ; then I'll come." But the Holy Spirit more emphatically said : "Come now." You said : "No, I can't. I can't come now." And that Holy Spirit stands in your heart, to-night, with His hand on the door of your soul, ready to go out. Will you let Him depart? If so,

then with a pen of light, dipped in ink of eternal blackness, the sentence may be now writing: "Ephraim is joined to his idols. Let him alone! Let him alone!" When that fatal record is made, you might as well brace yourselves up against the sorrows of the last day; against the anguish of an unforgiven death-bed, against the flame and the overthrow of an undone eternity; for though you might live thirty years after that in the world, your fate would be as certain as though you had already entered the gates of darkness. That is the dead line. Look out how you cross it!

111. DULLNESS IN PREACHING.

It is the indifference and the dullness on the part of those who profess Christianity that do the worst damage. When, in pulpit, or prayer-meeting, or religious newspaper, a man speaks of God and the soul, with eyes half shut, and a manner in which there is no thrill, he practically denies the tremendous truth of the Gospel. If there be a heaven and a hell; if there be a living and a radiant Jesus; if this moment be the last in which some soul will have opportunity of escaping eternal disaster, how can a man be stolid while talking or writing on religious themes? If one ought ever to sparkle and flame, it is when he touches the questions of the soul.

112. DULLNESS REBUKED.

THERE can be no good apology for a dull prayer-meeting talk. If, therefore, a man have a heavy article on some Christian theme, let him first carefully correct the spelling, then punctuate it, then page it, then fold it up; then burn it. How dare you stand up there in meeting with somnolent manner, slandering our religion. Sit down! Let some man with a soul on fire take the time. How many religious meetings have two or three exhorters who act like icicles, and only get enough thawed out during the service, to drip, drip, drip in cold talk.

113. NO ESCAPE.

BUT, says some one: "I'll keep out of peril, I will not go on the sea, I will not go into battle, I'll keep out of a

danger." That is no defence. Thousands of people, last night, on their couches, with the front door locked, and no armed assassin anywhere around, surrounded by all defended circumstances, slipped out of this life into the next. If time had been on one side of the shuttle and eternity on the other side of the shuttle, they could not have shot quicker across it.

114. SALVATION AND WORK.

IF we want the Lord Jesus mightily to enter this church, we must cast aside our spirit of indolence. Oh, there is a great work to do—never so much as now. Look all around you! Was the field ever so white with the harvest as now? Were there ever so many men waiting just to be invited into the kingdom of God, ready to come at the first calling? The tendency is for us to come in on board the ship Zion, wrap ourselves in a rug and sit down by the smoke-stack, expecting to be voyaged across without any effort on our part. We have got to work our passage. We must lay hold of a rope, or turn a wheel, or scour a deck. While I recognise the truth that nothing but the almighty grace of God can save our souls, I remember there is something for us to do, just as certainly as the Bible declares: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

115. A FIELD FOR EVERY ONE.

ARE we ready? I don't say what your field is, but there is some one field for you to cultivate—a field which no one else can take. Helmet on head, girdle on waist, hand on sword, strike for your Lord.

116. BE NOT SWIFT TO JUDGE.

WHEN you hear evil of any one, suspend judgment. Do not decide till you have heard the man's defence. Do not run out to meet every heated whelp of malice that runs with its head down and its tongue out. The probability is that it is mad, and will only bite those who attempt to entertain it.

117. DIFFERENT TEMPTATIONS.

BE lenient with the fallen. You see a brother fall, and say, "I never could have done that!" Perhaps you could

not, because your temptation does not happen to be in that direction, but you have done things in the course of your life that these fallen men could never have done, because their temptation was not in that direction.

118. BOASTING.

Do not say in boasting, "I never could have done such a thing as that!" You don't know what you would do if sufficiently tempted. You have an infinite soul-force. If grace direct it, a force for the right; if evil influences seize upon it, a terrific force for the wrong. There are passions within your soul that have never been unchained. Look out if once they slip their cables.

119. CRITICISMS OF OTHERS.

IN our criticisms of others, let us remember that we have faults which our friends have excused. How much would be left of us if all those who see inconsistencies in us should clip away from our character and reputation! It is an invariable rule that those who make the roughest work with the names of others are those who have themselves the most imperfections.

120. JUDGMENT AND MERCY.

WE ought to be induced away from all harshness by the fact that we ourselves are to be brought into high tribunal at the last, and that he shall have judgment without mercy that has shown no mercy. You are accustomed with rough grip violently to shake men for their misdeeds, waiting for no palliations, and listening to no appeals. What will become of you when, at last, with all your imperfections you appear at the bar of your Maker?

121. CHRIST IN SYMPATHY WITH US.

THE Divine nature is so fast, and the human so small, that we are apt to think that they do not touch each other at any point. We might have never so many mishaps, the government of Washington would not hear of them; and there are multitudes in Britain whose troubles Victoria never knows, but there is a throne against which strike our most

insignificant perplexities. What touches us, touches Christ. What annoys us, annoys Christ. What robs us, robs Christ. He is the great nerve-centre to which thrill all sensations which touch us who are His members.

122. CHRIST NEAREST THE WEAK.

It is comforting to know that it is not the great and the learned and the eloquent that Christ seems to stand closest by.

123. PRAYING AND WORKING.

I HAD a man in my congregation once who used to pray for me by the-half-hour that I might be blest in my basket and store, and in my store and basket, and he never gave a cent of salary. I knew a man twenty-five years ago that gave three cents to the Foreign Missionary Society, and he has sat in blank astonishment ever since that the world has not been converted.

124. THOUGHTS WANDERING IN PRAYER.

NOTHING bothers the Christian more than the imperfections of his prayers. His getting down on his knees seems to be the signal for his thoughts to fly every whither. While praying about one thing he is thinking about another. Could you keep your mind ten minutes on one supplication? I never could. While you are praying, your store comes in, your kitchen comes, your losses and gains come in. The minister spreads his hands for prayer, and you put your head on the back of the pew in front, and travel round the world in five minutes. A brother rises in prayer-meeting to lead in supplication. After he has begun the door slams, and you peep through your fingers to see who is coming in. You say to yourself, "What a finely expressed prayer," or "What a blundering specimen! But how long he keeps on! Wish he would stop! He prays for the world's conversion. I wonder how much he gives for it? There! I don't think I turned the gas down in the parlour. Wonder if Bridget has got home yet? Wonder if they have thought to take the cake out of the oven?" or, "What a fool I was to put my name on the back of that note! Ought to have sold those goods for cash, and not on credit!" And so you go

on, thinking over one thing after another until the gentleman says "Amen!" and you lift up your head saying, "There! I haven't prayed a bit. I am not a Christian." Yes you are, if you have resisted the tendency. Christ knows how much you have resisted, and how thoroughly we are descended of sin, and he will pick out the one earnest petition from the rubbish and answer it. To the very depths of his nature he sympathizes with the infirmity of our prayers.

125. EARNESTNESS AND WORK.

OUR work does not amount to much. We teach a class, or distribute a bundle of tracts, or preach a sermon, and say, "Oh, if I had done it some other way!" Christ will make no record of our bungling way if we did the best we could. He will make record of our intention and the earnestness of our attempt. We cannot get the attention of our class, or we break down in our exhortation, or our sermon falls dead, and we go home disgusted and sorry; we try to speak, and feel Christ is afar off. Why he is nearer than if we had succeeded, for he knows that we need sympathy, and is touched with our infirmity.

126. MINISTERS HUMAN.

CONGREGATIONS sometimes mourn over dull preaching when themselves are to blame. Give your minister more beef-steak, and he will have more fire. Next to the divine unction, the minister needs blood, and he cannot make that out of tough leather. One reason why the apostles preached so powerfully was that they had healthy food. Fish was cheap along Galilee, and this, with unbolted bread, gave them plenty of phosphorus for brain food. These early ministers were not invited out to late suppers, with chicken salad and dough-nuts. Nobody ever embroidered slippers for the big feet of Simon Peter, the fisherman preacher. Tea parties, with hot waffles, at ten o'clock at night, make namby-pamby ministers; but good hours and substantial diet, that furnish nitrates for the muscle, and phosphates for the brain, and carbonates for the whole frame, prepare a man for effective work. When the water is low the mill-wheel goes slow; but a full race, and how fast the grits are

ground. In a man the arteries are the mill-race, and the brain the wheel; and the practical work of life is the grist ground. The reason our soldiers failed in some of the battles was because their stomachs had been innocent for several days of everything but "hard tack." See that your minister has a full havresack. Feed him on gruel during the week, and on Sunday he will give you gruel. What is called the "parson's nose" in a turkey or fowl is an allegory setting forth that in many communities the minister comes out behind.

127. GOD'S SHADOW.

As a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child, the shadow of his body falls upon it, and so many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but our heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of his infinite and everlasting love.

128. GOD NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

THANK God there is mercy for the poor! The great Dr. John Mason preached over a hundred times the same sermon, and the text was, "To the poor the Gospel is preached." Lazarus went up while Dives went down; and there are candidates for imperial splendours in the back alley and by the peat fire of the Irish shanty. King Jesus set up his throne in a manger and made a resurrection day for the poor widow of Nain, and sprang the gate of heaven wide open, so that all the beggars and thieves and scoundrels of the universe may come in if they only repent.

129. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

CHRIST is the only refuge. If you were very sick, and there was only one medicine that would cure you, how anxious you would be to get that medicine. If you were in a storm at sea, and you found that the ship could not weather it, and there was only one harbour, how anxious you would be to get into that harbour. O sin-sick soul, Christ is the only medicine; O storm-tossed soul, Christ is the only harbour.

130. WRONG TO CHEAT.

A YOUNG man goes into a store where there are sharpers. He is told by the head man in the store that it is very wrong to cheat unless you can do it well ; that a lie is very wicked unless it is smart ; that all you want to make goods French is to put on a French label. Well, the honest young man from the country stands at the counter and points out all the good qualities of the goods and becomes an excellent salesman. He says : "There is nothing like those goods in the city ;" but he has better on the next shelf. "Those goods," he continues, "we are now selling less than cost, although we do not like to do it, and they will wash." Yes, they will wash out. The customer takes the goods and thinks he has got a good bargain ; while the clerk goes into the counting-room and says : "We have got rid of those goods at last ; I really thought we should never sell them." The managing man says, "Splendid ! splendid ! Go up and be first clerk." One day the members of the firm come to the store, and find that the safe is robbed, and ask, "Where is the head clerk ?" The reply is, "He has not been here this morning." And he never will be there. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. He has fleeced customers five years, and he has now turned his hand upon his employer. "It is always wrong to cheat, unless you can do it well !" was the motto of that firm.

131. WARNING.

I STAND before a company of imperilled men. No flock of sheep was ever so threatened, or endangered of a pack of wolves ; no ship was ever so beaten of a storm ; no company of men was ever so environed of a band of savages. A refuge you must have or fall before an all-devouring destruction. There are not so many serpents in Africa ; there are not so many hyenas in Asia ; there are not so many panthers in the forest, as there are transgressions attacking thy soul.

132. GRACE.

CHRIST is on a throne of grace. Our case is brought before Him. The question is asked : "Is there any good about this man ?" The law says, "None." Justice says,

"None." Nevertheless Christ hands over our pardon, and ask us to take it. Oh! the height and depth, the length and breath, of His mercy.

133. THE HOT AXLE.

MEN make the mistake of working according to their opportunities, and not according to their capacity of endurance. "Can I run this train from Springfield to Boston at the rate of fifty miles an hour?" Yes! "Then I will run it, reckless of consequences," says an engineer. Can I be a merchant, and the president of a bank, and a director in a life insurance company, and a school commissioner, and help edit a paper, and supervise the politics of our ward, and run for Congress? "I can!" the man says to himself. The store drives him. He takes all the scoldings and frets and exasperations of each position. Some day, at the height of the business season, he does not come to the store; from the most important meeting of the bank directors he is absent. In the excitement of the political canvass he fails to be at the place appointed. What is the matter? His health has broken down. The train halts long before it gets to the station. A hot axle!

134. FIVE, INSTEAD OF THIRTY.

OUR earthly life is a treasure to be guarded. It is an outrageous thing to die when we ought to live. There is no use in firing up a Cunarder to such a speed that the boiler bursts mid-Atlantic, when at more moderate rate it might have reached the docks of Liverpool. It is a sin to try to do the work of thirty years in five.

135. TRYING TO DO TOO MUCH.

SOME of our young people have read till they are crazed of learned blacksmiths who, at the forge, conquered thirty languages, and of shoemakers who, pounding sole-leather, got to be philosophers; and milliners who, while their customers were at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is, no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages; and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus of philosophers into shoemakers; and the

supply of poetry is so much greater than the demand, that we wish milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance may do as much harm as good. Because Napoleon slept only three hours a night, hundreds of students have tried the experiment; but instead of Austerlitz and Saragossa, there came of it only a sick headache and a botch of recitation. We are told of how many books a man can read in the five spare minutes before breakfast, and the ten minutes at noon; but I wish someone could tell us how much rest a man can get in fifteen minutes after dinner, or how much health in an hour's horseback ride, or how much fun in a Saturday afternoon of cricket. He who has such an idea of the value of time that he takes none of it for rest, wastes all his time.

136. CHRIST AND YOUR FRIEND.

IF we want Christ to come mightily in our presence, we need clear away all our preconceived notions as to how he shall come. If we invite a friend to our house we don't criticize the way he opens the door. We don't care how he bows when he enters the room. We are glad to welcome him in whatever door he may come and in whatever way he may come. I don't know, my brothers and sisters in Christ, in what way Jesus wants to come to us. I don't know whether it is through the praying circle, or through the Sabbath-school class, or through the exhortation of some brother in Christ who has never been here before, or through some song of Zion, or through the heart of some man of the world who may be in this room for the first time, anxious about his soul's salvation. I don't care how he comes, but, Lord Jesus, come quickly!

137. RELIGION A FORCE.

OUR religion has often been misrepresented as a principle of tears, and mildness, and fastidiousness; afraid of crossing people's prejudices; afraid of making somebody mad; with silken gloves lifting the people up from the church-pew into glory, as though they were Bohemian glass, so very delicate that with one touch it may be demolished for ever! Men speak of religion as though it were a refined imbecility; as though it were a spiritual chloroform that the people were to

take until the sharp cutting of life were over. The Bible, so far from this, represents the religion of Christ as robust and brawny—ransacking and upsetting ten thousand things that now seem to be settled on firm foundations. I hear some man in the house say: "I thought Religion was *Peace*." That is the final result. A man's arm is out of place. Two men come, and with great effort put it back to the socket. It goes back with great pain. Then it gets well. Our world is horribly disordered and out of joint. It must come under an omnipotent surgery, beneath which there will be pain and anguish before there can come perfect health and quiet.

138. ON WAITING FOR THE LAST TRAIN.

Never take the last train when you can help it. Much of the trouble in life is caused by the fact that people, in their engagements, wait till the last minute. The seven o'clock train will take them to the right place if everything goes straight, but in this world things are very apt to go crooked. So you had better take the train that starts an hour earlier. In everything we undertake let us leave a little margin. Do not calculate too closely on possibilities. Better have room and time to spare. Do not take the last train. Not heeding this counsel makes bad work for this world and the next. There are many lines of communication between earth and heaven. Men say they can start any time. After a while, in great excitement, they rush into the depôt of mercy, and find that the final opportunity has left, and, behold! it is the last train!

139. THE PRIDE OF THE CHURCH.

THE pride of the Church must come down! The exclusiveness of the Church must come down! The financial boastings of the Church must come down! If monetary success were the chief idea in the Church, then I say that the present modes of conducting finances were the best. If it is to see how many dollars you can gain, then the present mode is the best. But if it is the saving of souls from sin and death, and bringing the mighty populations of our cities to the knowledge of God, then I cry, *Revolution!*

140. THE MISSION LIFE-BOAT.

THE sea is covered with wrecks, and multitudes are drowning. We come out with the Church life-boat, and the people begin to clamber in, and we shout: "Stop! stop! You must think it costs nothing to keep a life-boat. Those seats at the prow are one dollar apiece, these in the middle fifty cents, and those seats in the stern two shillings. Please to pay up, or else flounder on a little longer, till the mission-boat, whose work it is to save you penniless wretches shall come along and pick you up. We save only first-class sinners in this boat."

141. A CHURCH FOR THE NEEDY.

RATHER than be priding myself on a church in front of which there shall halt fifty splendid equipages on the Sabbath day, I would have a church up to whose gates there should come a long procession of the suffering, and the stricken, and the dying, begging for admittance.

142. JESUS THE SYMPATHETIC.

JESUS of the white locks is sympathetic with all those who have white locks. If you get weary in life, here is an arm to lean upon. If your eyes get dim, He will pick out the way for you. He will never leave you. He will never forsake those who put their trust in Him.

143. JESUS, AND PERPETUAL YOUTH.

MYTHOLOGY tells us of one who got aged, and they tried to make him young again. And so they took herbs, and they took fragments of owls and wolves, and put them in a caldron and stirred them up, and gave some to the man, and instantly his hair was blackened, his eyes brightened, his forehead smoothed, and his foot bounded like the roe. But the Gospel intimates that if a man knows Jesus Christ in his soul, he shall never get old, or having got old before he came to Jesus, he shall be made young again.

144. TELL GOD WHAT YOU WANT,

WITH the feeling that He is ready to give it, and believe that you will receive, and you shall have it. Shed that old prayer you have been making these ten years. It is high

time that you outgrew it. Throw it aside with your old ledgers, and your old hats, and your old shoes. Take a review of your present wants, of your present sins, and of your present blessings.

145. ON MEASURING THE GRACE OF GOD.

MEN talk of the grace of God as though it were so many yards long and so many yards deep. People point to the dying thief as an encouragement to the sinner. How much better it would be to point to our own case, and say: "If God saved us, He can save anybody."

146. IT IS EASY TO GO WHEN THE TIME COMES.

THERE are no ropes thrown out to pull us ashore; there are no ladders let down to pull us up. Christ comes, and takes us by the hand, and says: "You have had enough of this; come up higher." Do you hurt a lily when you pluck it? Is there any rudeness when Jesus touches the cheek, and the red rose of health whitens into the lily of immortal purity and gladness?

147. NO SHORE TO GOD'S MERCY.

O THIS mercy of God! I am told it is an ocean. Then I place on it four swift-sailing craft, with compass, and charts, and choice rigging, and skilful navigators, and I tell them to launch away, and discover for me the extent of this ocean. That craft puts out in one direction, and sails to the north; this to the south; this to the east; this to the west. They crowd on all their canvas, and sail ten thousand years, and one day come up the harbour of heaven, and I shout to them from the beach, "Have you found the shore?" and they answer, "No shore to God's mercy!" Swift angels attempt to go across it. For a million years they fly and fly, and then come back and fold their wings at the foot of the throne, and cry, "No shore! no shore to God's mercy!"

148. DO NOT SAIL COAST-WISE ALONG YOUR OLD HABITS AND OLD SINS.

KEEP clear of the shore. Go out where the water is deepest. "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that

through this man is preached unto you forgiveness of sins." I preach it with as much confidence to that eighty-year-old transgressor as to this maiden. Though your sins were blood-red, they shall be snow-white. The more ragged the prodigal, the more compassionate the father. Do you say that you are too bad? The high-water mark of God's pardon is higher than all your transgressions. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins." Do you say that your heart is hard? Suppose it were ten times harder. Do you say that your iniquity is long-continued? Suppose it were ten times longer. Do you say that your crimes are black? Suppose that they were ten times blacker. Is there any lion that this Samson cannot slay? Is there any fortress that this Conqueror cannot take? Is there any sin this Redeemer cannot pardon?

149. THE CHRISTIAN OLD MAN.

I THINK the most beautiful object on earth is an old Christian—the hair white, not with the frosts of winter, but with the blossoms of the tree of life. I never feel sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the glories of the eternal world are about to burst?

150. HOW EASY.

It is astonishing how easy it is for a good soul to enter heaven. A prominent business man in Philadelphia went home one afternoon, lay down on the lounge, and said, "It is time for me to go." He was very aged. His daughter said to him, "Are you sick?" He said, "No; but it is time for me to go. Have John put it in two of the morning papers, that my friends may know that I am gone. Good-bye;" and as quick as that, God had taken him.

151. THE DOOM OF DISHONESTY.

You have an old photograph of the signs on your street. Why have those signs nearly all changed within the last twenty years? Does the passing away of a generation account for it? Oh! no. Does the fact that there are hundreds of honest men who go down every year account for it? Oh! no. This is the secret: The Lord God has

been walking through Wall Street, Broadway, Water Street, Fulton Street, Atlantic Street ; and he has been adjusting things according to the principles of eternal rectitude. The time will come when, through the revolutionary power of this Gospel, a falsehood, instead of being called exaggeration, equivocation, or evasion, will be branded a lie ! And stealings, that now sometimes go under the head of percentages, and commissions, and bonuses, will be put into the catalogue of State-prison offences. Society will be turned inside-out and upside-down, and ransacked of God's truth, until business dishonesties shall come to an end, and all double-dealing ; and God will overturn, and overturn, and overturn ; and commercial men in all circles will throw up their hands, crying out, "These that have turned the world upside-down are come hither."

152. THE BIBLE THE ONLY STANDARD OF RIGHT.

FIND me fifty merchants, and you find that they have fifty standards of what is right and wrong. You say to some one about a merchant, "Is he honest?" "Oh ! yes," the man says, "he is honest ; but he grinds the faces of his clerks. He is honest ; but he exaggerates the value of his goods. He is honest ; but he loans money on bond and mortgage with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for ten years, but as soon as he gets the mortgage, he records it and begins a foreclosure suit, and the sheriff's writ comes down, and the day of sale arrives, and away goes the homestead, and the creditor buys it in at half-price." Honest ? when he loaned the money, he knew he would get the homestead at half-price. Honest ? but he goes to the insurance office to get a policy on his life, and tells the doctor that he is well, when he knows that for ten years he has had but one lung. Honest ? though he sells property by the map, forgetting to tell the purchaser that the ground is all under water ; but it is generous in him to do that, for he throws the water into the bargain. Ah ! my friends, there is but one standard of the everlastingly right and of the everlastingly wrong, and that is the Bible ; and when that principle shall get its pry under our commercial houses, I believe that one-half of them will go over.

153. THE GRANDEUR OF OLD AGE.

BLESSED old age, if you let it come naturally. The grandest things in all the universe are old. Old mountains; old rivers; old seas; old stars; and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old, unless you are older than the mountains, and older than the stars.

154. GLORIOUS OLD AGE.

IF found in the way of righteousness! How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; of John Quincy Adams, falling with the harness on; of Washington Irving, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of John Angell James, to the last proclaiming the Gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God!

155. ANTICIPATION OF THE END OF EVIL.

I WANT to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed; I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last sabre wound has stopped hurting; I want to see William Penn when the last Indian has been civilized; I want to see John Huss when the last flame of persecution has been extinguished; I want to see John Bunyan after the last pilgrim has come to the gate of the celestial city; above all, I want to see Jesus after the last saint has his throne, and has begun to sing *Hallelujah!*

156. THE EVENING OF THE WORLD.

YOU have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The labourers have come from the field. The heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swim in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water; heaven above, and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling, or a bee humming, or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadow; silence in the orchard; silence among the hills. Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of

earthly conflict are cooled. The glory of heaven fills all the scene with love, and joy, and peace. I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness.

157. A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE OF DEATH.

I SAW a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young. She touched the poor, and they became rich. I said: "Who is this beautiful being, wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again! When the blind Christian begins to see again! When the deaf Christian begins to hear again! When the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement, and joins in such company, and has a free seat in such a great temple! Hungry men no more to hunger; thirsty men no more to thirst; weeping men no more to weep; dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations; bring them to me, and I will pour them upon this stupendous theme of the soul's disenfranchisement! Oh! the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting *Free! FREE!*

158. SOWING WILD OATS.

It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop.

159. PASSWORD AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

A GREAT multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says: "The password." They say: "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers: "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says: "The password." They say: "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges, and took care of the poor." The voice from within says: "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says: "The password." They

answer: "We were wanderers from God, and deserve to die; but we heard the voice of Jesus——" "Aye! aye!" says the gatekeeper, "that is the password!"

160. THE DYING GIRL.

I WENT through the heaviest snowstorm I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large, round eye had not lost any of its lustre. Loved ones stood all around the bed trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up; her father could not give her up; and one nearer to her than either father or mother was frantic with grief. I said: "Fanny, how do you feel?" "Oh!" she says, "happy! happy! Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy." As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of grief I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl: "Good night; we shall meet again on the other side of the river." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the coffin. There was in all that crowded church but *one* really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny.

161. OH! IT IS HARD TO BE WITHOUT RELIGION.

To feel this world going away, and nothing better coming.

162. CHRIST'S CROWN JEWELS.

THE Lord Jesus Christ, our King, has been gathering up His treasures for a good while, and on the great coronation-day of the judgment he will, in the presence of the assembled universe, show that the good of all ages are his crown jewels.

163. CHRIST THE STAY OF THE AGED.

You have found this a tough world for old people. Alas! to have aches and pains, and no Christ to soothe them! I want to give you a cane better than that you lean on. It is the cane that the Bible speaks of when it says: "Thy rod

and Thy staff, they comfort me." I want to give you better spectacles than those you now look through: It is the spiritual eyesight of divine grace. Does your head tremble with the palsy of old age? Lay it on Christ's bosom. Do you feel lonely now that your companions and children are gone? I think that Christ has them. They are safe in His keeping. Very soon He will take you where they are.

164. PEARLS FROM GREAT DEPTHS.

I HAVE been told that the deeper the water the larger the pearl. I don't know how that is, but I do know that from the greatest depths of sin the Lord Jesus Christ sometimes gathers up his brightest jewels. Paul was a persecutor, Bunyan was a blasphemer, John Newton was a libertine, the Earl of Rochester was an infidel; and yet the grace of God went plunging down through the fathoms of their abomination, until it found them and brought them up to the light.

165. JEWELS OF GOD'S GRACE.

THE geologist tells you that the brightest diamond is only crystallised carbon, or, as I might call it, charcoal glorified; and so it is with souls that were coal black in the defilements of sin—by the power of God's grace they are made God's jewels for ever.

166. DON'T WORRY.

DON'T worry because God made you different from others. Don't worry because you don't have the faith of that man, or the praying qualities of this, or the singing qualities of another. It were as unwise as for a cornelian to blush deeper because it is not a diamond, or a japonica to fret all the colour out of its cheek because it is not a rose. God intended you to be different.

167. THE BIBLE IN THE LAST HOUR.

IN that last hour take from me my pillow, take away all soothing draughts, take away the faces of family and kindred, take away every helping hand and every consoling voice alone let me die on the mountain on a bed of rock,

covered only by a sheet of embroidered frost, under the slap of the night-wind, and breathing out my life on the bosom of the wild, wintry blast, rather than in that last hour take from me my Bible.

168. THE TWO BROTHERS AND THEIR BIBLE.

I CAN think of only one right way in which the Bible may be divided. A minister went into a house, and saw a Bible on the stand, and said, "What a pity that this Bible should be so torn! You do not seem to take much care of it: half the leaves are gone." Said the man, "This was my mother's Bible, and my brother John wanted it, and I wanted it, and we could not agree about the matter, and so we each took a half. My half has been blessed to my soul, and his half has been blessed to his soul." That is the only way that I can think of in which the Word of God may be rightfully cut.

169. THE LIGHT OF NATURE NOT SUFFICIENT.

MEN strike their knife through this Book because they say that *the light of nature is sufficient*. Indeed! Have the fire-worshippers of India, cutting themselves with lancets until the blood spurts at every pore, found the light of nature sufficient? Has the Bornesian cannibal, gnawing the roasted flesh from human bones, found the light of nature sufficient? Has the Chinese woman, with her foot cramped and deformed into a cow's hoof, found the light of nature sufficient? Could the ancients see heaven from the heights of Ida or Olympus? No! I call upon the pagodas of superstition, the Brahminic tortures, the infanticide of the Ganges, the bloody wheels of the Juggernaut, to prove that the light of nature is *not* sufficient.

170. THE BEAUTY OF GOD'S CARE FOR US.

MORE beautiful than any flower I ever saw are the hues of a bird's plumage. Did you ever examine it? The black-bird, floating like a flake of darkness through the sunlight; the meadow-lark, with head of fawn, and throat of velvet, and breast of gold; the red flamingo flying over the Southern swamps, like sparks from the forge of the setting sun:

the pelican white and black—morning and night tangled in its wings—give but a very faint idea of the beauty that comes down over the soul when on it drop the feathers of the Almighty.

171. HE IS THE LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

A TRUTH that is sad or glad, just according to the position you occupy—just as the castle is grand or terrible, according as you are inside or outside of it. If you are inside of it, it is your defence. If you are outside of it, it is your destruction.

172. OUR ENEMIES MAY BE STRONG.

OUR sorrows may be violent. Our sins may be great. But quicker than an eagle ever hurled down from the crags a hawk or a raven, will the Lord God strike back our sins and our temptations, if they assault us when we are once seated on the eternal rock of His salvation.

173. UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES.

WHAT! will you not believe anything you cannot explain? Have you finger-nails? You say, "Yes." Explain why, on the tip of your finger, there comes a nail. You cannot tell me. You believe in the law of gravitation; explain it, if you can. I can ask you a hundred questions about your eyes, about your ears, about your face, about your feet, that you cannot answer, and yet you find fault that I cannot answer all the questions you may ask about this Bible.

174. LIGHT IN THE EVENING

AH! do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory?

175. HOW THE FARMER DISPOSED OF THE MYSTERY.

A PLAIN farmer said to a sceptic, "The mysteries of the Bible do not bother me. I read the Bible as I eat fish.

In eating fish, when I come across a bone, I do not try to swallow it, but I lay it one side. When, in reading the prophecies, I come across that which is inexplicable, I say, 'There is a bone,' and I lay it one side. When I find something in a doctrine that staggers my reason, I say, 'That is a bone,' and I lay it one side." Alas! that men should choke themselves to death with bones of mystery, when there is so much meat in this Bible on which the soul may get strong for eternity.

176. THIS BOOK TO-DAY IS FOREMOST.

In philosophy, it is honoured above the works of Descartes, Bacon, Aristotle, and Socrates. In history, it wins more respect than Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon. In poetry, it outshines the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the *Inferno*, the *Divina Commedia*, and *Paradise Lost*.

177. YOU SHALL NOT ROB ME OF A SINGLE WORD,

Of a single verse, of a single chapter of a single book of my Bible. When life, like an ocean, billows up with trouble, and death comes, and our bark is sea-smitten, with halyards cracked and white sails flying in shreds, like a maniac's grey locks in the wind, then we will want God's Word to steer us off the rocks, and shine like light-houses through the dark channels of death, and with hands of light beckon our storm-tossed souls into the harbour.

178. THE BIBLE ABOVE ALL NATURE'S JOYS.

A STAR is beautiful, but it pours no light into the midnight of a sinful soul. The flower is sweet, but it exudes no balm for the heart's wound. All the odours that ever floated from the royal conservatory, or princely hanging-gardens, give not so much sweetness as is found in one waft from this Scripture mountain of myrrh and frankincense. All the waters that ever leaped in torrent, or foamed in cascade, or fell in summer shower, or hung in morning dew, gave no such coolness to the fevered soul as the smallest drop that ever flashed out from the showering fountains of this Divine Book.

179. ALL THE BIBLE OR NONE.

A MAN dies, having made a will. The people who expect a part of the inheritance assemble to hear the will read. The attorney reads it until he comes to a certain passage of the will, when one of the heirs cries out, "I reject that passage." The attorney reads on, and some one else says, "I reject that passage, while I accept all of the rest of the will." The heirs go before the surrogate, and the judge decides: "You must take this will as a whole, or not at all. You cannot break a part of it, and leave the rest intact." Now I say in regard to this Will of my Father, in respect to this last Will and Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, that if we break any part of the Will we break it all, and we lose our inheritance and go beggared through eternity.

180. GOD'S INVITATION.

WHY will the prodigal craunch the husks of the swine when the father's robe and ring and banquet are all ready? Why wander along the great Sahara of sin when all the gardens of God invite you to the trees of life and the fountains of living water? Why be orphan, houseless and homeless for ever, when the Lord Almighty asks you to come into His family and be His sons and His daughters for ever?

181. PUT YOUR BIBLE DOWN ON YOUR COUNTERS.

WHEN you seem to be losing ground, and loss treads upon the heels of loss, turn over the good Book and read what unfading riches God has in reserve for the righteous. When your business friends fail you and you are betrayed, turn over and read about the friendship of Him who sticketh closer than a brother. When looking over your ledger and your bank account and your list of uncanceled mortgages, do the best you can, and then turn to your Bible again and read the full-hearted promises in the text, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

182. GOD IS IN SYMPATHY WITH YOU.

Don't you think He knows how heavy the hod of bricks is that the workman carried up the ladder on the wall? Don't you think He hears the ring of the pickaxe of the

miner down in the gold shaft? Don't you think He knows how hard the tempest strikes the sailor at the mast head? Don't you think He sees the factory girl amid flying spindles, and knows how her arms ache? Don't you think He sees the sewing-woman in the fourth story, and knows how few pence she gets for making one garment? Aye, aye; I tell you that louder than the roar of the wheels and the din of the great cities, the sigh of the over-tasked working man rises into the ear of God.



183. THE RIGHTEOUS WHO HAVE BEEN SCORNE.

You are in good company, if you have been scorned and caricatured—in the company of Christ, and Oberlin, and John Jay, and Josiah Quincy.



184. BE STEADFAST IN DUTY.

BUDGE not in the discharge of your duty though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance, and you become the target for devils to shoot at. Don't think you will have to bear the burden of scorn alone. Was not Christ called a wine-bibber? Was He not called a blasphemer?



185. JESUS SUFFERED.

You cannot tell Jesus anything new about suffering. He felt it all—felt it in His feet, in His brow, and in His heart.



186. THE AMMUNITION TRAIN.

I HAD a friend who stood by the rail-track at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, when the ammunition had given out at Antietam; and he saw the train from Harrisburgh, freighted with shot and shell, as it went thundering down toward the battle-field. He said that it stopped not for any crossing. They put down the brakes for no grade. They held up for no peril. The wheels were on fire with the speed as they dashed past. If the train did not come up in time with the ammunition, it might as well not come at all! So, my friends, there are times in our lives when we must have help *immediately or perish*. The grace that comes too late is no

grace at all. What you and I want is a God—*now*. Oh! is it not blessed to think that God is always in such quick pursuit of His dear children?

187. THE WINGS OF GOD ARE BROAD WINGS.

THEY cover up all our wants, all our sorrows, all our sufferings. He puts one wing over our cradle, and He puts the other over our grave. Yes, my dear friends, it is not a desert in which we are placed ; it is a nest.

188. SWIFT ARE THE WINGS OF THE
ALMIGHTY.

WHEN a sinner seeks pardon, or a baffled soul needs help, swifter than thrush's wing, swifter than swallow's wing, swifter than ptarmigan's wing, swifter than flamingo's wing, swifter than eagle's wing, are *the wings of the Almighty*.

189. MERCY! MERCY! MERCY!

THERE is no depth it cannot fathom ; there is no height it cannot scale ; there is no infinity it cannot compass.

190. THE HOMELINESS OF CHRIST'S
PREACHING.

SUPPOSE you that any woman who ever mixed bread was ignorant of what He meant when He compared the kingdom of heaven with leaven or yeast ? Suppose you that the sun-burned fishermen, with the fish-scales upon their hands, were listless when He spoke of the kingdom of heaven as a net ?

191. OTHERS TO TAKE THEIR PLACES.

Do not be disturbed as you see good and great men die. People worry when some important personage passes off the stage, and say, "His place will never be taken." But neither the Church nor the State will suffer for it. There will be others to take their places. When God takes one man away, He has another right back of him.

192. ONE FALLING LEAF.

HOWEVER prominent the place we fill, our death will not jar the world. One falling leaf does not shake the Adirondacks.

193. WE DIE IN CONCERT.

THE clock that strikes the hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand.

194. THE YOUNG TO TAKE OUR PLACES.

As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted.

195. THE BLITHEST AND GAYEST.

I LOOK back to my childhood days, and remember when, in winter nights, in the sitting-room, the children played, the blithest and the gayest of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore years of age, they never got old.

196. THE GRAVE, THE GREAT CITY.

LONDON and Pekin are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darknesses. City of kings and paupers! It has swallowed up in its immigrations—Thebes and Tyre and Babylon, and will swallow all our cities. Yet, City of *Silence*. No voice. No hoof. No wheel. No clash. No smiting of hammer. No clack of flying loom. No jar. No whisper. Great City of Silence! Of all its million million hands, not one of them is lifted. Of all its million million eyes, not one of them sparkles. Of all its million million hearts, not one pulsates.

197. WE FALL TO RISE.

As the leaves fade and fall *only to rise, so do we*. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice and sap and life of the tree the leaves

will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again.

198. THE BLACK FROST.

IN early autumn the frosts come, but do not seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you look out of the window and say, "There was a *black* frost last night," and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men seem to get along without religion, amid the annoyances and vexations of life that nip them slightly here and nip them there. But after a while, death comes. It is a *black* frost, and all is ended.

199. A WASTE OF STRENGTH.

THE habit of borrowing misfortune is wrong, because it unfits us for it when it actually does come. They who fight imaginary woes will come out of breath into conflict with the armed disasters of the future. Their ammunition will have been wasted long before they come under the guns of real misfortune.

200. CHRIST'S WONDERFUL MAGNETISM.

HEAR me while I tell you of a poor young man who came up from Nazareth to produce a thrill such as has never been excited by any other. Napoleon had around him the memories of Austerlitz, and Jena, and Badajos; but here was a man who had fought no battles, who wore no epaulettes, who brandished no sword. He is no titled man of the schools, for He never went to school. He had probably never seen a prince, or shaken hands with a nobleman. The only extraordinary person we know of as being in His company was His own mother, and she was so poor that in the most delicate and solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul she was obliged to lie down amid camel-drivers grooming the beasts of burden. I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside Him and says, "My father was a merchant prince; he had a castle on the beach at Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers, "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there un-

rolling his parchment of graduation, and says to Christ, "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers, "I never graduated." Aha! the idea of such an unheralded young man attempting to command the attention of the world! Yet no sooner does He set His foot in the towns or cities of Judea than everything is in commotion.

201. BORROWING TROUBLE IS UNBELIEF.

THE habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because it is *unbelief*. God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances.

202. MAN'S WICKED DISCONTENT.

To slake man's thirst, the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger, the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuberance of blessing, man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance.

203. HOW POORLY PREPARED

FOR religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune. If he pray, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he give, he says, "I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to his children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father.

204. DON'T WATCH FOR EVIL.

You will have nothing but misfortunes in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line and hook and bait to catch lizards and water serpents?

205. COURAGE, MY BROTHER!

THE father does not give to his son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills of tuition, and board, and clothing, and books come in, pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come.

206. MRS. CUNARD'S PRAYERS.

PEOPLE ascribe the success of the Cunard line of steamers to business skill, and know not the fact that when that line of steamers first started, Mrs. Cunard, the wife of the proprietor, passed the whole of each day when a steamer sailed in prayer to God for its safety and the success of the line.

207. THE PULPIT A BARRIER.

THERE has been too great a distance between pulpit and pew—a great gulf fixed. The heart of the preacher and the heart of the hearer have not struck each other in pulsation. The distance has been so great that our arms are not long enough. Nothing could be more preposterous than for a preacher to stand at an elevation of five or six feet, and behind a barricade four feet through, crying, "*Give me thy hand!*" Daniel Webster said that one of the best evidences of the divinity of our holy religion was the fact that it had lived, notwithstanding the clumsy architecture of the pulpit.

208. "COME!" "COME!"

AY, that is the most familiar word in the Bible! It seems to be a favourite word. The word "come" occurs six hundred and forty-two times in the Bible. It is—"Come to the supper;" "Come to the waters;" "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;" through all sorrows, through all trials, through all nights of darkness, through all calamities, through all temptations, it rings out—"Come! Come! COME!"

209. THE GOSPEL BELL.

I REMEMBER, when I was a boy in the country, of being envious of the old sexton, who used to lay hold of the bell-

rope and start the bell that shook the meeting-house, calling the people for miles around to prayer. The poorest man, trudging along the turnpike-road, knew that the bell called him, just as much as it called the rich farmer behind his prancing, capering span. And so this Gospel bell calls to palaces and to huts, to robes and to rags, saying, "Who-soever will, let him come !"

210. WOE FOR THE UNREGENERATE.

I ACCOUNT it as infinite cowardice and hypocrisy for a man who believes in the Bible to hide from the people that there are appalling disasters coming to those who finally reject God. We can plaster the matter over; we can philosophize about it; we can explain it away; but the Bible states it, reiterates it, makes as plain as that two and two make four, that there is utter discomfiture for the finally unregenerate.

211. THE FALSE FLAG.

You know that a white flag along a rail track means safety, and that a red flag means danger. Now here is coming the Chicago express. Here is a bridge swept down by the freshet. A man goes out with a red flag to stop the approaching train. I go out with a white flag and wave it. The engineer takes my signal, and not that of the other man. The engine rushes on. In another moment a hundred and fifty souls are in eternity. Who is responsible? A man standing by my side says, "*You are*. What did you wave that white flag for?" In the great day of eternity it will be found who of us, standing in the pulpits, were the kindest and wisest flag-men. He will be responsible who lets men go down toward death without giving the warning, waving the white flag of safety when he ought to have shaken the red flag of peril.

212. ALAS FOR THE RATIONALIST!

My object is not to argue the truthfulness of the Bible, but to make you, who believe in it, willing to be laughed at. Surrender nothing! Compromise nothing! Trim off nothing to please the sceptics. If you cannot stand the jeer of your business friends, you are not worthy to be one.

of Christ's disciples. You can afford to wait. The tide will turn ; God's word will be vindicated ; and though it may seem to be against the laws of nature and the rules of reason, to-morrow a measure of fine flour will be sold for a shekel ; and then, as the people rush out of the gates to get bread, alas for the rationalist !

213. NO EXCEPTIONS.

GOD makes no special regulation for the graduates of Harvard or Princeton. Rejecting the Bible, they will go down to be companions with the most abandoned wretches of the universe, and more miserable than they, because of the superior intelligence given. One rule for all—for great brain and little brain,—for high-foreheaded Greek professor, and for flat-skulled Esquimaux : “ He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; and he that believeth not shall be damned.” By this announcement of God's Word I stand or fall.

214. “WHOMSOEVER.”

WORD came to the superintendent of a Sabbath-school in New York that he was wanted in a garret, in one of the lowest streets. He went there, and found a boy dying in the straw. He said, “ Why have you sent for me ? ” The boy said, “ I attended your Sunday-school.” The superintendent asked, “ Why do you look so happy ? ” The boy answered, “ I heard you, one Sunday, say that *whomsoever* a fellow cometh to God, He will in no wise cast him out ; and I believed it, and Christ has pardoned my sins ; and I am on the way to heaven, and I want to bid you good-bye.”

215. LOVE TO JESUS.

WHAT fine flour was in that day to Samaria, Jesus Christ is to all who will take Him in. Dear Jesus ! Loving Jesus ! Faithful Jesus ! No wonder the little child, having been told that her playmate was dying, asked to be lifted up to see her. They lifted her up, and she kissed her dying playmate, and said, “ Clara, *give my love to Jesus.* ” If Christ were fully known, the whole world would throw its arms around His neck.

216. ARE YOU READY TO-DAY TO ACCEPT HIM ?

INSTEAD of floundering about in darkness, trying this, that, and the other thing, now taking the gospel of Theodore Parker, and now the gospel of Darwin, and now the gospel of Herbert Spencer, and now the gospel of Comte, and now the gospel of Huxley, take the gospel of two old people who had more religious peace and happiness in one hour than all these scientists have in a lifetime—the two old people who sat at either end of the table in your childhood : I mean the old people by whose side you would like to be buried when your work is done. I place the religion of your father's house against the dreaming of all the universities in the world.

217. OUR RELIGION.

No elaborate thinking is necessary to understand our religion. You have only to put two ideas together—the one is the saddest idea in the universe, and the other the gladdest : *I am a sinner, but Jesus died to save me.*

218. HAS GOD BEEN HARD WITH THEE,

THAT thou shouldst be foreboding ? Has he stinted thy board ? Has He covered thee with rags ? Has He spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a life full of calamity ?

219. BEWARE,

LEST because there are some things about this religion you cannot understand, therefore you disbelieve, and the fate of the Samaritan rationalist be yours ! “ Behold thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof ; and so it fell out unto him, for the people trode upon him in the gate, and he died.”

220. THE SIN OF BORROWING TROUBLE.

THE habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because the present is sufficiently taxed with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount of trouble, and so He apportion it.

for all the days and years of our life. Alas for the policy of gathering it all up for one day or year! Cruel thing to put upon the back of one camel all the cargo that is intended for the caravan. I never look at my memorandum-book to see what engagements and duties are far ahead. Let every week bear its own burdens.

221. GLOOMY CHRISTIANS.

MANY Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self-examination is a hewing down of their brighter experiences. Like a boy with a new jack-knife, hacking everything he comes across, so their self-examination is a religious cutting to pieces of the greenest things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble.

222. BE THANKFUL.

IT is high time you began to thank God for the present blessings. Thank Him for your children, happy, bouyant, and bounding. Praise Him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore Him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise Him for fresh, cool water, bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock, and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love Him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank Him for a Bible to read and a cross to gaze upon, and a Saviour to deliver.

223. SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY.

Go to-morrow and write on your day-book, on your ledger, on your money safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting-desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years.

224. NO RIGHT TO BE GLOOMY.

Melancholy is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul. It is an unclean bird, and needs to be driven away:

A man whose sins are pardoned, and who is on the road to heaven, has no right to be gloomy. He says: "I have so many doubts." That is because "you are lazy." Go actively to work in Christ's cause, and your doubts will vanish. You say: "I have lost my property;" but I reply: "You have infinite treasures laid up in heaven." You say: "I am weak and sickly, and going to die." Then be congratulated that you are so near eternal health and perpetual gladness.

225. CHEERFULNESS.

As a little girl was eating, the sun dashed upon her spoon; and she cried: "Oh, mamma, I have swallowed a spoonful of sunshine!" Would God that we might all indulge in the same beverage? Cheerfulness: it makes the homeliest face handsome; it makes the hardest mattress soft; it runs the loom that weaves buttercups and rainbows and auroras. God made the grass black? No; that would be too sombre. God made the grass red? No; that would be too gaudy. God made the grass *green*, that by this parable all the world might be led to a subdued cheerfulness.

226. TREATING GOD WITH SUSPICION.

SOME men treat God, not as a father, but a stranger, and act suspiciously toward him, as though they were afraid he would steal something.

227. READ YOUR BIBLE IN THE SUNSHINE.

REMEMBER that your physical health is closely allied to your spiritual. The heart and the liver are only a few inches apart, and what affects the one affects the other. A historian records that by the sound of great laughter in Rome, Hannibal's assaulting army was frightened away in retreat. And there is in the great outbursting joy of a Christian's soul that which can drive back any infernal besiegement. Rats love dark closets, and Satan loves to burrow in a gloomy soul.

228. THE VULTURE IN THE SOUL.

THERE are many professed Christians who have a vulture in their soul. They prey upon the character and feelings of

others. A doubtful reputation is a banquet for them: Some rival in trade or profession falls, and the vulture puts out its head. These people revel in the details of a man's ruin.

229. A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

An infidel was called to the bedside of his daughter. The daughter said: "Father, which shall I believe, you or mother? Mother took the religion of Christ, and died in its embrace. You say that religion is a humbug. Now, I am going to die, and I am very much perplexed; shall I believe you, or take the belief of my mother?" The father said: "Choose for yourself." She said: "No; I am too weak to choose for myself; I want you to choose for me." "Well," said the father, after much hesitation and embarrassment, "Mary, I think you had better take the religion of your mother."

230. FALSE PRUDENCE.

WE have apotheosized Prudence and Caution long enough. Prudence is a beautiful grace, but of all the family of Christian graces I like her the least, for she has been married so often to Laziness, Sloth, and Stupidity. We have a million idlers in the Lord's vineyard who pride themselves on their prudence. "Be prudent," said the disciples to Christ, "and stay away from Jerusalem;" but he went on. "Be prudent," said Paul's friends, "and look out for what you say to Felix;" but he thundered away until the ruler's knees knocked together. In the eyes of the world, the most imprudent men that ever lived were Martin Luther, and John Oldcastle, and Bunyan, and Wesley, and Knox. My opinion is that the most imprudent and reckless thing is to stand still.

231. OUR PERIL.

WE are passing on, heedless of the most astounding considerations. In a moment the ground may break through and let you fall into the grave. The pulses of life, now so regularly drumming in the march, any moment may cry *Halt!* On a hair-hung bridge we walk over bottomless chasms.

232. DIVINE CARE FOR EACH PERSON.

THE life of every man, woman, and child, is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman, or child.

233. THE GOSPEL CHIMES.

I TARRIED two or three days near the town of Antwerp. Every fifteen minutes the bells of that tower chime—so sweetly that it seems as if the angels of God flying past have alighted in the tower. But when the full hour comes, then the clock, with heavy tongue, strikes the hour, adding impressiveness and solemnity to the chime of bells. So this great Gospel tower chimes every fifteen minutes—nay, every moment. Tones of mercy. Tones of love. Tones of compassion. Tones of pardon. And, occasionally, to let you know that the weights are running down, and that the time is going past, the heavy tongue of this bell comes down with an emphasis, saying, “How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?” “Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation.”

234. WHEN SATAN GOES A-FISHING,

HE does not care what school the fish belongs to, whether it is a Presbyterian mackerel or an Episcopalian salmon.

235. THE GLORY OF THE LEAF.

THERE is to-day more glory in one branch of sumach than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

236. GRADUALLY WE PASS AWAY.

FROM day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of over-fatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little.

Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not so clear. Ear not so alert. After a while we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into the vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the battle of life ; but a *fading away—slowly—gradually—as the leaf!*

237. THE PICTURE OF CHRIST.

IN most houses there is a picture of Christ. Sometimes it represents him with face effeminate ; sometimes with a face despotic. I have seen West's grand sketch of the rejection of Christ ; I have seen the face of Christ as cut on an emerald, said to be by the command of Julius Cæsar ; and yet I am convinced that I shall never know how Jesus looked until, on that sweet Sabbath morning, I shall wash the last sleep from my eyes in the cool rivers of heaven.

238. YOUR ORTHODOXY WON'T SAVE YOU.

MEN have gone to hell with a catechism in each pocket. The forms of religion are only the scaffolding for putting up the spiritual house. Alas ! if you have mistaken the scaffolding for the temple itself.

239. GOD'S BALANCES.

THERE is only one pair of balances absolutely perfect, and that is suspended from the throne of God Almighty. Other balances get out of order. The chain breaks, or the metal is clipped, or the equipoise in some other way is broken ; and a pound does not always mean a pound ; and you pay for one thing and get another. But the balances of God never lose their adjustment. With them a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity.

240. MAN'S MEASURES TESTED.

GOD has a bushel measure, a peck measure, and a gallon measure. Whenever a merchant measures a bushel of wheat, or salt, or corn, God weighs it immediately after him. The merchant's measure may be wrong, but God's measure is

just right. If a merchant measures a gallon of oil and does not give the proper quantity, God measures it and says, "So many drops too few!"

241. OUR MEASURES TO BE ADJUDGED.

WE may cheat ourselves and we may cheat our neighbours; but in the last day we shall find that what we learned at school, in our boyhood, is true; and that twelve ounces make a pound, and twenty hundredweight make one ton, and one hundred and twenty-eight solid feet make one cord of wood. No more, no less.

242. THE FORM OF GODLINESS.

"BUT I cross myself ever so many times," you say. That will not save you. "But I give liberally to the poor." That will not save you. "But I read a chapter every night before I go to bed." That will not save you. "But I sit at the communion table." That will not save you. "But my name is down on the Church book." That will not save you. "But I have been a professor of religion for thirty years." That will not save you. I place on your side of the balances all the edicts, all the religious counsels, all the communion-tables that were ever built, and on the opposite side of the balance I put this hundred-pound weight: "*Having the FORM of godliness, but denying the power thereof. From such turn away.*"

243. SCIENTIFIC PREACHING.

WE spend three years in college studying ancient mythology, and three years in the theological seminary learning how to make a sermon, and then we go out to save the world; and if we cannot do it according to Claude's *Sermonizing*, or Blair's *Rhetoric*, or Kames's *Criticism*, we will let the world go to perdition. If we save nothing else, we will save Claude and Blair. We see a wreck in sight. We must go out and save the crew and passengers. We wait until we get on our fine cap and coat, and find our shining oars, and then we push out methodically and scientifically, while some plain shoresman, in rough fishing-smack, and with broken oar-lock, goes out and gets the crew and passengers, and brings them ashore in safety. We throw down

our delicate oars and say, "What a ridiculous thing to save men in that way! You ought to have done it scientifically and beautifully." "Ah!" says the shoresman, "if those sufferers had waited until you got out your fine boat, they would have gone to the bottom."

244. NATURE CHRIST'S SERVANT.

NATURE is His servant. The flowers—He twisted them into His sermons; the winds—they were His lullaby when He slept in the boat; the rain—it hung glittering on the thick foliage of the parables; the star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over His birth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at His death.

245. THE WORK.

THE work of a religious teacher is to save men; and though every law of grammar should be snapped in the undertaking, and there be nothing but awkwardness and blundering in the mode, all hail to the man who saves a soul from death!

246. WE CANNOT DRAGOON MEN INTO HEAVEN.

WE cannot drive them in with the butt-end of a catechism.

247. EXPECTANCY OF REPULSE

Is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has upturned many a fine business, and sent the man dodging among the note-shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long-beaked vultures of scorn and backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

248. ICY CONVENTIONALITIES.

OH! the conventionalities of the Church are imposing and beautiful, but it is the magnificence of ice. The world, in its want and agony, hangs on to them and cries out for help, but no rescue comes, and they drop off and die while

this ceremonial frigidity stands between the mountain of the law and the mountain of the cross—an *ecclesiastical Mer de Glace*.

249. THE BEST WORK.

IN your last hours there will be no work that will yield you such high satisfaction as that which you do for God.

250. THE HEAVENLY PANORAMA.

WHEN a panorama is to pass before an audience, the artist darkens the room in which they sit, so that the picture may be more fully seen ; so God darkens our place on earth, puts out this light and that light and the other light, that then He may pass before our souls the splendours and glories of the better land. The darkness here augments the light there.

251. AWAY ALL OF YOU DRONES.

ONE half of our churches are stuck in the mud because of three or four professors of religion who are dead, and whose carcasses are laid in the way of all good enterprises. My way is every once in a while to preach a sermon so hot and heavy that they cannot stand it, and then they go out to bore somebody else.

252. GOD DOES ANSWER PRAYER.

You say, "I don't believe the Bible ; I think that those things were merely coincidences which are often brought as answers to prayer." Do you say that? Was it mere happen-so that Elijah prayed for rain just as the rain was going to come anyhow? Did Daniel pray in the wild beasts' den just at the time when all the lions happened to have the lockjaw? Did Jesus pray at the grave of Lazarus just at the time when Lazarus was going to dress himself and come out anyhow? Did Jesus lose His place in his sermon, and make a mistake when He said, "Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you?" And, "For every one that asketh, receiveth ; and he that seeketh, findeth ; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."

253. LET GOD BE PRAISED FOR SUCH A GOSPEL.

WEARY of sin, the World said to me—"You are not as bad as you might be:" but it was no comfort! Standing with both my feet in the wet gravel of the grave, Human Philosophy took my arm, and mumbled in my ear its inanities. But Religion spoke to me, and my sins perished like tow in the flame, and the grave became only the ploughed ground for an eternal harvest. World without end, let God be praised for such a Gospel! It is fit to live for; and if days of persecution should ever again come, shall we not be willing to die for it?

254. PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

I HAVE had, in my own experience, and I have had, in the history of my own family, the evidence that God answers prayer. My mother, with three Christian women, assembled week after week, and prayed for their children; they kept up that prayer-meeting of four persons year after year. The world knew nothing of it. God answered all those prayers. All the group came in: the eleven sons and daughters of my mother came in, myself the last.

255. A WONDERFUL RECOVERY.

SICKNESS came to my household—hopeless sickness, as it seemed to many. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon the invalid was carried to the steamer for Savannah. At eleven o'clock the next day, being Sunday, standing in this very place, a man of God prayed for the recovery of the sick one. At that time, eleven o'clock, she who had been prostrated three weeks, with some help, walked up on deck. The occurrence is as near to being miraculous as I can imagine.

256. PREACHING IN THE ABSTRACT.

I HAVE heard persons say that ministers ought to deal with things in the abstract, and not to be personal. What success would a hunter have if he went out to shoot deer in the abstract? What if a physician, called into your house, should treat your ailments in the abstract? How long.

before the inflammation would heal or the pain be assuaged? What folly to talk about sin in the abstract, when you and I have in our souls a malady that must be cured, or it will kill us miserably and for ever!

257. EVERY DAY IS A DAY OF JUDGMENT.

WE are this moment being canvassed, inspected, weighed.

258. GOD IS EVERY DAY ESTIMATING CHURCHES.

HE puts a great church into the scales. He puts the minister, and the choir, and the grand structure that costs hundreds of thousands of dollars, on the same side. On the other side of the scales he puts the idea of spiritual life that the Church ought to possess, or brotherly love, or faith, or sympathy for the poor. Up goes the grand meeting-house, with its minister and choir.

259. THE WORLD TO BE TESTED.

GOD will at last see what opportunities the world had, and what opportunities it neglected; and He will sit down on the white throne to see the old world weighed, and will see it rise in the balance lighter than a feather.

260. THE TEST OF THE CHURCH.

GOD says that a Church is of much worth only as it saves souls; and if, with all your magnificent machinery, you save but a handful of men when you might save a multitude, he will spew you out of his mouth.

261. WHAT MINISTERS KNOW.

THERE are a great many people who now say of ministers, "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us!" Ah! my friends, it is *not* necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and

certain kinds of behaviour that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction.

262. THREE LETTERS.

INGENIOUS little children sometimes tell you how, with a few letters, they can spell a very large word. With three letters I can spell *bereavement*. With three letters I can spell *disappointment*. With three letters I can spell *suffering*. With three letters I can spell *death*. With three letters I can spell *perdition*. S-i-n—Sin. That is the cause of all our trouble now. That is the cause of our trouble for the future.

263. A PLAGUE.

TO-NIGHT I mark the circle of a plague. The circle begins back of this pulpit, goes along the wall to the right, along the wall in front, along the wall at the left, coming back to the same point behind the pulpit, thus including all within this house. That circle is marked with these words: "*All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good—no not one. By one man sin entered the world, and death by sin.*"

264. CHOOSE!

SOMETIMES a regiment will get in between the two opposing hosts and be cut to pieces by both sides. Will you stand half way between the right side and the wrong side, and take the shot of both hosts, or will you come under our standard? You will finally wish you had, for we shall gain this war. As a recruiting officer of the great army of banners, I blow this blast, Choose this day whom ye will serve.

265. DANGEROUS TEMPTATIONS.

THERE is no need of your trying to face certain temptations. You are foolhardy to try it. Your only safety is in flight. It is as fifty against five thousand. If you be given to appetite, escape the presence of decanter and demijohn. If you are given to pride, go not amidst things that flatter it. If your proclivity be toward uncleanness, like Job make a covenant with your eyes, that you look not upon a maid.

266. "MY THEOLOGY."

SOME theologians take four or five volumes in which to state their religious belief; I tell you all of my theology in one sentence: *Jesus Christ—take him, and live; refuse him, and die.*

267. THE SABBATH HOUR

SEEMS to you like all other Sabbath hours; but to some of you it may be the most stupendous hour in all your life of twenty, forty, or sixty years, because now you may refuse your last call of mercy.

268. NOW!

THERE may be some soul in this house to-night that will fatally refuse Christ; and it will be known in heaven that the hour of their shipwreck was ten minutes of nine o'clock—the moment at which I speak.

269. THE MINISTRY OF CHRIST

HAS fewer trials, larger spiritual emoluments and rewards, brighter inducements, higher development, grander joys, than any other occupation in all the earth.

270. YOUNG MEN

WHO hear me, if you enter the holy office with the right spirit, loving God and desiring usefulness, you will find this Christian work of the ministry always a satisfaction, often a joy, and sometimes a rapture.

271. THE BRIGHT SIDE.

To stand before a company of immortal men and women importuning them to such belief and behaviour as shall lead them to high happiness on earth and open for them the grandeurs of eternity; *that* is life for the body, *that* is inspiration for the mind, *that* is rapture for the soul.

272. SLEEP.

MANY think that sleep is lost time. But the style of your work will be mightily affected by the style of your

slumber. Sound Asleep is sister to Wide Awake. Adam was the only man who ever lost a rib by napping too soundly; but when he woke up he found that, instead of the twelve ribs with which he started, he really had nigh two dozen. By this I prove that sleep is not subtraction, but addition.

273. BESETTING SINS.

EVERY man and woman has a lion to fight. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where ten thousand gladiators fought, and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in my soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul.

274. OUR KING ENCOURAGING US.

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheatre, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberious, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first DIVINE GALLERY, as I shall call it, sits *our King, one Jesus*. The Roman Emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsmen or the lion beat; but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard-of condescension! I see Him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us to fight, shouting, till all up and down His voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee!"

275. SATAN HAS GOT THOUSANDS OF MEN INTO TROUBLE.

BUT he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods, or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb; but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his money in riotous living, they let him go to the swine-pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new-comer.

276. THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

DURING my vacation, one summer, I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was sacramental day; and with grateful heart I received the holy communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist church, and sat at a love-feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Episcopal church, and knelt at the altar and received the consecrated bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. *"I believe in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting."*

277. DELIVERANCE IN THE LAST HOUR.

DEATH to many—nay, to all—is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is, it is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its falling fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counselled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle; but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered.

278. HOW SHALL YOU LEARN TO PREACH?

JUST as the carpenter learns how to be a carpenter. Does he sit down and study books about tools, about hammers and axes? Oh, no! He goes to boring with the bit, and smoothing with the plane, and smiting with the hammer, and striking with the adze; and in this way he gets to be a carpenter. So, the way to learn how to preach the Gospel is to preach it.

279. YONDER IS A MAN

Who ought to be preaching the Gospel. He has not been ordained, and never will be. He could not be, perhaps. It may be that he has not brains enough, or time enough, or money enough. But he is ordained of God. Let him preach. Here is another. He may not, perhaps, be able to round his sentences, or make elegant allusions or fine quotations; and yet he may be able to save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

280. THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.

I BELIEVE in theological seminaries ; but they are to the Church just what West Point is to the State. What would you have done in the last war if you had had no soldiers except those who had been at West Point? The men who came from that institution controlled and marshalled the troops all over the land. The use of a theological seminary in this or in any other country is to send out men more thoroughly drilled, who are able to organize and marshal the great mass of Christian soldiery. Have you been so long under the delusion, and are you now under the delusion, that the few men who are ministers of the Gospel are going to take this world for Christ? That the ten or fifteen men who every year come out of New Brunswick Seminary, or the twenty or thirty that every year come out of Princeton, or Andover, or Yale, will do all the work? No! No! You might as well have expected a few quartermasters in the Northern army to conquer the Southern Confederacy.

281. PEOPLE WHO OUGHT NOT TO BE THERE.

"OH!" but some say, "they get some people in that ought not to be there." I suppose that they do. I know that they do. But suppose that you went out to fish, and you swung the net around, and, when pulling it into the boat, you found that there were a few lamper-eels and a few snapping-turtles, while the great bulk of the draught that you had made were first-rate shad, would you throw everything overboard? No, you would not. You would throw the bad away, and you would keep the good. And yet I hear men talking as though, because there were some coming into the Church of God during revivals who are not fit to be members, they would for this reason throw over the million of souls that have come in, who have been faithful to the last, and hundreds of thousands of whom are already before the throne of God, shouting the praises of Jesus Christ.

282. THE HISTORY OF HYMNS.

PEOPLE have been trying to write the histories of the tunes and of the hymns. They cannot do it. The history of "Ariel," of "Colchester," of "Dundee," of "Duke Street," of "Coronation"—why, it would be the history of the

Church of God, with all its joys, and sorrows, and triumphs ! They have been the rounds of the ladder on which souls have mounted into heaven. They have been the chariots that halted not until they stopped at the gate of the eternal King !

283. THE BEST CONVERTS.

I HAVE more faith in men who are brought to God during revivals than during a frigid state of the Church.

284. THE WELCOME SONG.

AMONG the mountains of Switzerland they have a very beautiful custom. At eventide, when the fathers and the brothers and the sons are coming home from the fields, having completed the day's work, the wives and mothers and daughters come out upon the opposite hill, and hail them with song ; and the women sing on one hill-top, and the men sing on the other hill-top, responding to each other. Oh ! may God grant that when the eventime of our life has come, we may hear such a song greeting us into the better country.

285. RESPONSIBILITY FOR CHILDREN.

RESPONSIBLE as you are for their temporal existence, you are also responsible for their eternity. Which way will you take them ?

286. I AM IN NO HASTE TO BE GONE.

I HAVE no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with this world is that it treats me too well. But when the time comes to go, I want to be ready—my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want then to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled by sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward.

287. WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT HAPPINESS ?

WE are told that heaven is a place of happiness ; but what do we know about happiness ? Happiness in this

world is only a half-fledged thing; a flowery path with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher, from which the water has dropped before we could drink it; a thrill of exhilaration, followed by disastrous reactions:

288. WORK FOR EACH DENOMINATION.

THE reconstruction of this world for Christ is to be at the hand of all denominations of Christians, each one doing its particular work. It is the business of the Arminians to stir the blaze. It is the business of the Calvinists to hammer the rivets. It is the business of the Episcopalians to make the exquisite case. It is the business of the Baptists to wash off the works—until, after a while, this world, which was disordered, will become a perfect timepiece, ticking away the minutes and hours of one long day of millennial brightness and joy.

289. THE LESSER JEWELS AROUND THE GREATER.

If a lapidary has an especial gem whose colour he wishes especially to set forth, he takes the minor gems—those of less value and beauty—garnets, rubies, and so on—and sets them around the great central wealth of beauty. And so it will be on the last day: Christ surrounded by the redeemed—the lesser jewels of earth surrounding the pearl, the Pearl of great price.

290. AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

SKILLED sportsmen do not like to shoot a bird standing on a sprig near by. If they are skilled, they pride themselves on taking it on the wing; and they wait till it starts. Death is an old sportsman; and he loves to take men flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing.

291. THE FULCRUM AND THE LEVER.

ARCHIMEDES wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said that he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the cross of Christ is the lever; and by that power all nations shall yet be lifted.

292. SIN MAY OPEN

BRIGHT as the morning. It ends dark as the night!

293. OH, WHAT A GRAND OLD DOOR.

So wide, so easily swung both ways, and with such sure fastenings! No burglar's key can pick that lock. No swarthy arm of hell can shove back that bolt. I rejoice that I do not ask you to come aboard a crazy craft with leaking hulk and broken helm and unfastened door, but an ark fifty cubits wide, and three hundred cubits long, and a door so large that the round earth, without grazing the posts, might be bowled in!

294. CHRIST IS STRENGTH.

THE dark cloud may hover over us, but the cross of Christ will be the lightning-rod that will take the bolt out of it. You have seen people invalids, and after awhile, under some tremendous stroke of disease, their entire temperament seemed to be 'changed, and they came out of that sudden sickness strong men. So it is with many of those who are going along invalids in the Christian life—very weak in the service of God. After they have passed through some great disaster, that disaster having been sanctified to their souls, they become strong men in Christ Jesus.

295. SWARTHY CHRISTIANS.

THESE Christians, who are swarthy now—do you know how they got their swarthinness? It was by sweltering at the forge of affliction.

296. CRYSTALLIZED TEARS.

NEARLY all of God's jewels are crystallized tears. You ask me, "Why is it that yonder man does not have trouble—he gets along without any misfortunes." For the same reason that the lapidary does not put the delicate instrument upon a common pebble. It does seem as if God thought some men were not worth a process of tribulation. The Dutch call diamonds that are not fit to be cloven, *divel-stene*—that is, devil stones.

297. THE TEST OF GOD'S JEWEL.

THERE is a way in which the lapidary tells whether a diamond is genuine or not. He breathes on it, and if the breath linger there, it is a false diamond ; if the breath immediately vanish, it is a real diamond. Then he has the grinding process afterward, if the first fail. So you can tell God's jewel. If the breath of temptation comes on it, and soon vanishes, it is a real diamond ; if that breath lingers, and continues to blur it, it is a false diamond. But better than all is the grinding machine of affliction. If a soul can go through that and keep bright, it is one of God's jewels.

298. ENDURING BRIGHTNESS.

EGYPTIAN topaz, brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, shows the same inextinguishable colour to-day, after it has been buried hundreds and hundreds of years. And so God's children come up out of the ruins of misfortune and disaster as bright as when they went down.

299. I AM NO ALARMIST.

WHEN, on the twentieth of September, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the north-east, you prophecy that the equinoctial storm is coming, you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that a storm is coming, compared with which Noah's deluge was but an April shower ; and that it is wisest and safest for you and for me to get safely housed for eternity.

300. THE DOOR INTO THE MERCY OF GOD

Is a large door. We go in, not two and two, but by hundreds, and by thousands, and by millions. Yea, all the nations of the earth may go in, ten millions abreast.

301. THE DOOR OF THE ANCIENT ARK

WAS in the side. So now it is through the side of Christ—the pierced side, the wide-open side, the heart side that we enter.

302. THE DIVINE BANQUET.

If a man is about to give an entertainment, he issues one or two hundred invitations, carefully put up and directed to the particular persons whom he wishes to entertain. But God our Father makes a banquet, and goes out to the front door of heaven, and stretches out his hands over land and sea, and with a voice that penetrates the Hindoo jungle, and the Greenland ice-castle, and Brazilian grove, and English factory, and American home, cries out, "Come! for all things are now ready!"

303. THE FEAR OF DERISION.

THERE are hundreds kept out by the fear of derision. The young man asks himself, "What would they say at the store to-morrow morning if I should become a Christian?" Is it not the fear of being laughed at that keeps you out of the kingdom of God? Which of these scorners will help you at the last? When you lie down on a dying pillow, which of them will be there? In the day of eternity will they bail you out? Ah! they can keep you out of heaven; but can they keep you out of hell?

304. DRAW YOUR CHILDREN TO CHRIST.

"COME thou and all thy house." That means your wife and your children. You cannot drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the pigeons and the doves into the ark, he would only have scattered them. Some parents are not wise about these things. They make iron rules about Sabbaths, and they force the catechism down the throat, as they would hold the child's nose and force down a dose of rhubarb and calomel. You cannot drive your children into the ark. You can draw your children to Christ, but you cannot coerce them. The Cross was lifted, not to drive, but to draw. "If I be lifted up, I will *draw* all men unto me." As the sun draws up the drops of morning dew, so the Sun of Righteousness exhales the tears of repentance.

305. HUSBAND AND WIFE.

BE sure that you bring your husband and wife with you. How would Noah have felt if, when he heard the rain patter-

ing on the roof of the ark, he knew that his wife was outside in the storm? No; she went with him. And yet some of you are on the ship "outward-bound" for heaven; but your companion is unsheltered!

306. SEE TO IT.

PRAY God that you who have been married on earth may be together in heaven. Oh! by the quiet bliss of your earthly home; by the babe's cradle; by all the vows of that day when you started life together, I beg you to see to it that you both get into the ark.

307. NOT BY FRETTING.

COME in, and bring your wife or your husband with you—not by fretting about religion, or ding-donging them about religion, but by a consistent life, and by a compelling prayer that shall bring the throne of God down into your bedroom.

308. YE WHO HAVE TAUGHT YOUR CHILDREN
HOW TO LIVE,

HAVE you also taught them how to die? Life here is not so important as the great hereafter. It is not so much the few furlongs this side the grave as it is the unending leagues beyond.

309. HOW TO GET THEM IN.

Go in yourself! If Noah had stayed out, do you not suppose that his sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet—would have stayed out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself, and the probability is that your children will reject him.

310. BRING THE CHILDREN TOO.

YOU are expecting your children to grow up in this world. Is it not a question, then, that rings through all the corridors and windings and heights and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and for eternity? "Oh!" you say, "I mean to see that they have

good manners." Very well. "I mean to dress them well, if I have myself to go shabby." Very good. "I shall give them an education, and I shall leave them a fortune." Very well. But is that all? Don't you mean to take them into the ark?

311. A WHISPERING-GALLERY.

IN St. Paul's, London, there is a whispering-gallery. A voice uttered most feebly at one side of the gallery is heard distinctly at the opposite side, a great distance off. So every word of earnest prayer goes all around the earth, and makes heaven a whispering-gallery.

312. HOWEVER MANY CHILDREN

WE may have, we have none to give up. Which of our families can we afford to spare out of heaven? Will it be the oldest? Will it be the youngest? Will it be that one that was sick some time ago? Will it be the husband? Will it be the wife? No! No! We must have them all in. Let us take the children's hands, and start now. Leave not one behind! Come, father! Come, mother! Come, son! Come, daughter! Come, brother! Come, sister! Only one step, and we are in. Christ, the door, swings out to admit us; and it is not the hoarseness of a stormy blast that you hear, but the voice of a loving and patient God that addresses you, saying, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

313. READ IT AS IT IS.

WHEN God writes anything on the wall, a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that the people like, or the people choose.

314. THE MESSAGE.

IF there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "*Repent! Accept of Christ, and be saved!*" I might talk of a great many other things; but that is the message, and so I declare it.

315. THE STRUGGLES OF GOOD MEN.

GOD allows good people sometimes to get into terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man ; but he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit ; for Daniel, a wild-beast den ; for David, dethronement and exile ; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's axe ; for Peter, a prison ; for Paul, shipwreck ; for John, desolate Patmos ; for Vashti, most insulting cruelty ; for Josephine, banishment ; for Mrs. Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife ; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob ; for Catharine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea ; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace ; for John Brown, of Edinburgh, the pistol-shot of Lord Claverhouse ; for Hugh M'Kail, the scaffold ; for Latimer, the stake ; for CHRIST, the cross. For whom the racks, the gibbets, the guillotines, the thumb-screws ? For the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Someone said to a Christian Reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "*I am against the world.*"

316. THE BANQUET OF SIN.

SIN has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting-hall the spoils of all kingdoms, and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn, from its wealth, the tables, and floors, and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up ; and how horrible is its end ! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet.

317. WRESTLING WITH THE GIANT HABIT.

FROM a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolution, they have come into the struggle ; and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit. But that habit rallied again its infernal power, and lifted the soul from its standing, and, with a force borrowed

from the pit, hurled it into outer darkness. But thank God, I have often seen a better termination than that. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into the combat. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But at last, in the midnight, alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell, and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

318. "CROSS-PRAYERS."

SOME one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said, "I do it by what I call 'cross-prayers.' When I had my rent to pay, and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy, and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to the corner of the street, I say, 'The Lord help me.' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'The Lord help me.' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing; and since I have got into the habit of saying these 'cross-prayers,' I have been able to keep up my courage."

319. USE OF TRIALS.

MANY a man, at the close of his trial, has found out that he has been trying to throw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history, and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of scourging, imprisonment and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was.

320. PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD IT THEIR OWN WAY.

LOOK at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless; and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire.

321. THE MARK OF THE CONFLICT.

You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did. Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble-touched. We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night, and by the brook Jabbok, we were trouble-touched.

322. IT IS NOT HARDSHIP,

Or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply.

323. THE HALLELUJAH OF HEAVEN.

You know that in a song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and overwhelming part of the hallelujah of heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places, and gave sumptuous entertainments; but pauper children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed hod-carriers will sing it, those who were once the off-scouring of earth will sing it. The hallelujah will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies.

324. THE MULTITUDES OF THE SAVED.

INFIDELS say, "Your heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the lost: for, according to your teaching, the majority of men will be destroyed." I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. For we are to remember that we are living in only the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this whole world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. If this be so, the multitudes of the saved will be in vast majority.

325. OUR CHURCHES NEED TO UNLIMBER.

We are putting too much stress upon questions of taste. We are depending too much upon non-essentials. In some

churches we act as though we had rather hear a Pharisee pray than a publican, because his grammar is better. Now, my friends, the saving of this world is rough work, and men cannot do it in a splendid way.

326. A MAN IN THE DITCH.

HERE is a man fallen down into the ditch of sin and crime? How are we going to get him out? We come up elegantly apparelled, and we look at him, and we say, "What a pity it is to see a man so deep in the mud! We wish we could get him out. Is it not awful to see that man suffering there? Get a pry, somebody, and help now! I wish I had on my other clothes!" While we stand there, looking at the poor man, the Methodist comes along, and says, "Brother, give me your hand;" pulls him up, and sets him on the Rock of Ages.

327. LAY HOLD OF THE WORK.

IT is high time that we stopped trying to be so poetic about our religion. There is no poetry in saving this world. Sin is filth; Satan is an arch-villain; death is rottenness; and if you are going to try to help save this world, you had better lay hold of the work, forgetting everything but the judgment-day. Ah! my friends, it is high time that we stopped putting so much stress on little things, and standing on the proprieties. If we cannot save the world in one way, then let us save it in another.

328. BULLETS, NOT RAISINS.

WHEN the Scotch covenanters were at one time in battle, their ammunition gave out, and they were waiting for bullets. They expected a barrel of bullets. A barrel came down, but it was the wrong one, sent by mistake. It was a barrel of raisins. They knocked out the head of the barrel, and sat down in defeat. Oh! sirs, in the Church of God at this day, we want less confectionery, and more of the strength and the thrust and the power of the omnipotent Gospel.

329. DYING OF GREAT SERMONS.

I THINK that our churches are dying of great sermons and splendid rhetoric.

330. BY STORM.

Now, my friends, if this world is ever to be saved for God, it will not be taken by siege. It will be taken by storm. All the time that we have been delaying in this matter the forces of darkness have been strengthening.

331. THE GLADDEST, BRIGHTEST, HAPPIEST

THING in all the universe is the Christian religion. There is so much trouble in the world ; business men have so many anxieties ; toiling men have so many fatigues ; orphans have so many desolations—for God's sake if there be any bright place on earth, show it to them. Let the Church of Jesus Christ be the most cheerful spot on earth.

332. THE HAPPIEST CHRISTIANS

ARE persons from sixty to eighty years of age. By that time people get over the shams and pretences of society. O Christian ! how dare you be gloomy ? Is not God your Father ? and Jesus Christ your Saviour ? and life strewn with mercies ? Do not glories await you ?—doxologies of celestial worship, eternal chorals, tearless eyes, songs, and hosannas that clap their hands at the foot of the throne ? Is it nothing to you that all the hills of heaven are radiant with faces who are waiting to keep with you eternal holiday ? Is there nothing in hearts that never ache, in splendours that never die ?

333. HOW GOD HELPS.

A MAN, on Saturday, in New York, stands in his store, and says, "How shall I meet these obligations ? How can I endure this new disaster ?" He goes home. Sabbath finds him in the house of God. Through the song, the sermon, and prayer, Jesus says to that man, "O man ! I have watched thee ; seen all thy struggles. It is enough : I will see thee through ; I will stand between thee and thy creditors. I will make up in heavenly treasures what you have lost in earthly treasures. Courage, man ! courage ! Angels of God, I command you to clear the track for that man ; put your wings over his head ; with your golden sceptres strike for his defence ; throw around him all the defences of eternity !"

334. A POOR OLD WOMAN

Is in the church hearing the Gospel. Oh ! how shrunken she is ! She wears the same dress she wore five years ago. How faded and out of date ! Her eyes are so dim ; her ear so imperfect ! Some one sitting next to her gives her a book and finds the place for her. She says, "Thank you, Miss, thank you !" She holds the book close up to her eyes, and with a voice all full of tremors, sings. Jesus says, "Mother, are you weary ?" And she says, "Yes, I am very tired." Jesus says, "Mother, are you poor ?" And she says, "Yes, I am very poor. I cannot sew or knit any more." Jesus says, "Would you like to rest ?" She says, "Yes, Lord, that is what I want—*rest*." "Courage, mother," says Jesus, "I will see thee through." The next morning, some one dwelling on another floor comes to her room and knocks. No answer. The door is opened. She is dead ! The night before, the chariots of God halted at that pillow of straw, and took her to rest.

335. THE CHURCH

OUGHT to be the leader, the interpreter, the inspirer of the age. It is all folly for us to be discussing old issues—arraigning Nero, hanging Absalom, striking the Philistines with Shamgar's ox-goad—when all around about us are iniquities to be slain—a corrupt Legislature, a rotten judiciary, and a whiskey ring !

336. A ROBUST RELIGION.

WE keep our religion too much indoors ; it ought to be climbing rocks, or hewing forests—a stalwart religion, a robust religion, a religion able to digest the strong meat of the Word, instead of being kept on the pap and gruel of spiritual invalidism. It is high time that we threw off the Sunday clothes of sickly sentimentality, and put on the work-day dress of an active, earnest Christianity.

337. CRY, COME !

A BOY sees a fine house beautifully lighted up and hears music, and he says, "I wish I was in there, but I have not been invited." Here is the church lighted up with festivity

and holy mirth, and the world passes outside, hears the music, and sometimes wishes it was inside, but says that it is not invited. Oh! invite the world to come in! Send a ticket of invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready."

338. TWO HUNDRED MEN

WERE buried in the Hartley colliery of England. The Queen of England, from her throne, telegraphed, "Is there any hope for the men?" Answer: "*No hope.*" Here is a whole race buried in sin, and darkness, and woe. The question that thrills up to the throne of God to-day is, "*Is there any hope?*" Answer comes back from the throne of God, thrilling through the world's darkness and woe: "*Yes; hope for all!*"

339. OUR CHURCH PRINCIPLES.

THE father and the mother die (a case occurs to my mind); where shall the children go? No money to pay. The trustees have said, as they have said in all other similar cases, "Keep the seat just as though father and mother were living. It is yours; it is yours always." A man largely prospered in business gave largely to this Tabernacle. Fortunes failed. Gives nothing. No ban put upon him. Just as welcome now as when he gave largely. We like the principle. We mean to stand by it.

340. A RICH KING.

FRANCE thought itself rich in palaces—"St. Cloud," "Tuileries," "Versailles," "Palais Royal," and the "Luxembourg;" our King has the *Universe* for his palace—the mountains its picture-gallery; the ocean its fountain; the sun its chandelier; the heavens its candelabra; illimitable forests its park; the glories of the sunrise and sunset, the tapestry about the windows; the storms, the lightning-hoofed coursers dashing up and down the heavens; all the glories of the land and sea and sky His wardrobe; all the flowers His conservatory; all the fish His aquarium. All the birds His orchestra. But better than all, the hearts of His people on earth, and in heaven, are the palaces in which He *delights to reign*.

341. PROVIDENCE OR FATE.

At the door of the grave lies a whole sheaf of sceptres. Death sits in the palace of the sepulchre, and the potentates of earth are his cup-bearers ; and, as the old blind monarch staggers around his palace, ever and anon he trips on some new-fallen coronet. They set up Charlemagne in his grave, and put a crown on his pulseless temples, and a sceptre in his lifeless hand ; yet that could not bring back his kingdom. *Our King is Immortal.*

342. CHRIST'S ARMY AND NAVY.

FIGHTING on His side are the hurricanes—as in the breaking up of the Spanish Armada ; the volcanoes—as in the burial of infamous Herculaneum ; the fire—as when Sodom was burned ; the rocks—as when they crashed their terrors about the crucifixion. The Psalmist counted His flaming artillery, as it came rushing down the sky. “The chariots of God are twenty thousand.” Elijah’s servant saw in the mountains a cavalcade of flame : the horses had necks of fire, and flaunting manes of fire, and eyes of fire, and nostrils of fire, and feet of fire ; and were driven by reins of fire, and horsemen of fire. The cherubim, the seraphim, and the archangels are His.

343. THE CONTRAST.

If a man go into some financial operation by which he loses a hundred thousand dollars, and his estate drops out of his possession, and his failure upset the next man, and his the next and the next, until the whole land quails under the panic, the disaster is insignificant compared with the ruin of that man who loses his own soul, and by example takes down another and another, until heaven and earth and hell feel the effects of the eternal defalcation.

344. WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

PULLED down forty-six of the churches of God in order that he might enlarge his park for game. So men sweep away spiritual things, that they may advance their amusements and worldly gains.

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345. WORK OF COMFORT.

IF it is not done speedily, it never will be done. Yonder is a heart breaking. Now is the time to say the healing word. Go next week with your balsam, and it will not touch the case. A man yonder came under your influence, and you might have captured him for God. You will never have another chance at him. To-morrow another man will be under your influence. You will have but one opportunity of saving him. He will be lost, unless you save him.

346. BETTER TOO EARLY THAN TOO LATE.

IN the city of Basle, Switzerland, it was the custom to have all the clocks of the city an hour ahead of time, for the following reason: once an enemy was moving upon the city, and their stratagem was to take the city at twelve o'clock; but the cathedral clock, by mistake, struck one instead of twelve; and so the enemy thought that they were too late to carry out the stratagem, and gave up the assault, and the city was saved; and therefore it was arranged that for many years the clock struck one when it was twelve. We meditate about how to save the world. Meanwhile, six millions of people will die this year. You might start the millenium next year; but it would do them no good. What you do for them you will have to do within a twelvemonth—this month!—this week!—this day!

347. CONSEQUENCES OF DELAY.

CAUSES in court are adjourned, sometimes because the witnesses are not ready, or because the plaintiff is not ready, or because the defendant is not ready, and sometimes because the judge is not ready, until the bill of costs is ruinous—so there are men and women who have adjourned the cause of the soul's salvation from youth to middle life, from health to sickness, from prosperity to adversity, until *death eternal will be the bill of costs to pay.*

348. NOW OR NEVER.

THERE is a sea-flower called the "opelet" which spreads abroad its petals beautifully; but it is very poisonous; and

the little fish that touches it struggles but a moment and then dies, and other petals of the same flower, floating in the water, wrap around the fish and pull it down into the deadly bosom of the flower. That is what is the matter with some of you. Sin is an attractive flower, and it glows and waves beautifully before the soul ; but no sooner do you touch it than you are poisoned, and must be swallowed up, unless we may sweep you away and sweep you up in this net of the Gospel.

349. STUDYING PHILOSOPHY.

PYTHAGORAS, studying philosophy, was so anxious to keep awake and improve all his time, that with a string he tied the hair of his head to a beam above, so that the very moment he nodded in sleep, the pain would awake him.

350. BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THERE is hardly a beast, or bird, or insect, which has not been called to illustrate divine truth : the ox's patience, the ant's industry, the spider's skill, the hind's sure-footedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, and even the sparrow's meanness and insignificance.

351. THREE CIRCLES OF FRIENDS.

THOSE on the outer circle wishing him well ; those in the next circle willing to help him ; while close up to his heart are a few who would die for him.

352. A CHRISTIAN DOWN IS UP.

IN eternity, when you come to reckon up your mercies, you will point to that affliction as one of your greatest blessings. God has a strange way with us. Joseph found his way to the prime minister's chair by being pushed into a pit. The wheat must be flailed ; the quarry must be blasted ; the diamond must be ground ; the Christian must be afflicted ; and that single event, which you supposed stood alone, was a connecting link between two great chains, one chain reaching through eternity past, the other through eternity future—so small an event fastening two eternities together.

353. A FINITE LOOK

Is like a boy at school with a long sum. He has been working at it for hours, making figures here and rubbing out figures there, until it is all mixed up, and the teacher, looking over the boy's shoulder, knows that he cannot get out of it, and, cleaning the slate, says, "Begin again." Just so God does when our affairs get entangled.

354. A MISSIONARY,

COMING from India, stopped at St. Helena. He had his little child with him. They walked along by an embankment, and a rock at that moment falling, instantly killed the child. Was it an accident? Was it a surprise to God? Had he allowed his servant, after a life of consecration, to come to such a trial without any divine meaning? No.

355. GOD APPOINTS.

THIS summer I started for the Adirondacks, but landed in Liverpool. I studied law, and I got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and I stayed in the United States. I thought I would like to be in the East; and I went to the West. All the circumstances of my life, all my work, different from that which I expected.

356. JESUS IN OLD AGE.

It is dismal to get old, without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we step on the down-grade of life, and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across. When the sight loses its power, we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the *clear tones* of the divine voice. When the axe-men of death hew down whole forests of strength and beauty around us, and we are left in solitude, we need the dove to sing in our branches.

357. YOU MAY HANG

THE couch with gorgeous tapestry; what does Death care for bed-curtains? You may hang the room with the

finest works of art; what does Death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of widowhood and orphanage; does Death mind weeping?

358. WATER AN EMBLEM.

A GENTLEMAN walked over one of the battle-fields on a hot summer night after a day of carnage. The cry of the wounded was absolutely unbearable. After giving all supply that he could, he put his fingers to his ears, for the cry all over the plain was from hundreds of dying men: "For God's sake give us water!" The Bible is all a-sparkle with fountains and wells, and rivers and oceans. They toss up their brightness from almost every chapter.

359. DEATH TO CHRISTIANS.

BROKEN hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead-march! Sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman.

360. HUMBLE ORIGINS.

THEY who have been the deliverers of literatures and nations have come from homes without affluence, and by the discipline of their own privations have learned how to speak and fight for the ignorant and oppressed. Poetry and science and laws and constitutions and commerce were born, like Jesus, in a manger. Most of the great thoughts, which have seemed the axletrees on which the centuries turned, had their start in obscure corners, and had Herods who tried to slay them, and Iscariots who betrayed them, and unjust prelates who condemned them, and rabble that crucified them, till they burst out again in glorious resurrection.

361. THE FEELING OF CONSANGUINITY

Is constantly illustrated. A mine in England falls upon the workmen, and all nations feel the suffocation. Prince

Albert dies, and Victoria has the sympathy of all Christendom. A plague falls upon London, and all the cities of the world weep at her agonies. An earthquake rocks down a Mexican city, and both hemispheres feel the shock. Famine stalks through Ireland, and distant nations send their cargoes of bread.

362. LET EVERY MAN

HAVE just what he achieves. There ought to be an aristocracy—not one built upon the accidents of wealth or celebrated ancestry, but an aristocracy of industry and of large-hearted deeds. Meanwhile, let it be understood that sceptre and shovel are brothers.

363. CATHEDRAL MUST NOT

LOOK down upon sailors' Bethel. The whole Gospel tendency is to bring together what are called the higher and lower classes. Christ came from a throne to a manger to bridge the distance between the two ; and this idea of the nineteenth century, which would put the rich in churches by themselves, and the poor in churches by themselves, is an erroneous, unevangelical, heathenish, God-defying, and damning plan, which I shall war against till my dying-day.

364. THE FIRE AT SANTIAGO.

IN 1863 a fire occurred in Santiago, Chili, that wrought worse damages than the Chicago fire, so far as the destruction of human life is considered. The Conception of the Virgin Mary was being celebrated in the Roman Catholic church at Santiago. Great preparations had been made for the occasion, and perhaps the most wonderful scene ever witnessed in any church was about to be evoked. The wealth, and pomp, and intellect of that Chilian capital poured into the cathedral, and knelt beside the poorest devotee with cross and beads. Images, statues, transparencies, swaying festoons, and twenty thousand lamps, among which swung costly gauze and delicate draperies, like mists staggering, sunstruck, up the mountain. A camphene lamp explodes, and the flame leaps from point to

point, and in fifteen minutes twenty-five hundred souls have passed up through the fire to meet their God. What of that? Why need we care about it? They were of a different nation and of a different religion. Ah! the groan of that dying multitude mounted the Cordilleras, and the sorrow came sobbing across the Caribbean, and all civilized nations felt a thrill of sympathy and an impulse to prayer.

365. SELF-DENYING HEROISM.

How grand it is, amid the selfishness of the world, to find such generous deeds! The Moravian missionaries were told that they could not enter the lazaretto where the lepers were dying unless they stayed there. "Then," they said, "we will go and stay there." They went in to nurse the sick, and perished. You have read the life of pure-hearted Elizabeth Fry, toiling among the degraded. But the full biographies of the world's martyrs will never be written. The firemen in all our cities who have rescued people from blazing buildings; the sailors who have helped the passengers off the wreck, themselves perishing; the nurses who have waited upon the sick in yellow fever and cholera hospitals, and sunk down to death from exhaustion; the Christian men who, on the battle-field, have administered to the fallen amid rattling canister and bursting shell; the Christian women who have gone down through haunts of shame on errands of mercy, defended by no human arm, but looked after by that God who, with his lightnings, would have struck to hell any who dared to do them harm!

366. SIN IS NO HALF-AND-HALF THING.

THE human heart is not in a tolerable condition. The Bible in the most uncomplimentary manner says that we are poor and wretched, and blind and naked; and if God should send his Spirit upon us to-night, making revelation of our true state, how many quick-beating hearts! how many blanched cheeks!

367. WHY MORE MEN ARE NOT SAVED.

It is infamous to try with human quackery to cure the cancer of the soul. The reason that more men are not

saved is because we do not show their infinite need, their ruin—yea, *the rottenness of the human heart*. If I am very sick, and I call a doctor, I do not want him to begin telling me that there is nothing special the matter with me, and that all that I need is a little panada, or gruel, or catnip tea, when I want the most radical and thorough treatment, or in a week I am a dead man.

368. THERE IS A DEARTH

IN all denominations. Millions of dollars for ministers' salary; millions of dollars for choirs; millions of dollars for church buildings. Where is the return for the investment? You say that one soul saved is worth more than all that money. True enough; but be frank, and confess that, considering the great outlay, the religious advantage reaped has been insignificant. What is the matter? I think, *in trying to adapt the Gospel to the age, men have crippled the Gospel*. Starting with the idea that the people will not come to church if the old-fashioned doctrines of grace are presented, they have not sufficiently insisted upon the first theory of the Gospel, namely, *the utter ruin and pollution of the natural heart*.

369. PREACHING WITH GLOVES ON.

THE inference in many of our churches is, "Now, you are a very good set of fellows; not as good as you might be, and in some respects, indeed—if we must say it—quite wrong; but, then, we are hoping everything from education, refinement, the influence of the nineteenth century, and a genteel religion;" and so we have gone to tinkering the human heart with soft solder, and putting a few patches on the coat of morality, when it is all worn out.

370. CHRISTIAN HEROISM

HAS ever been ready to face the fire, and swim the flood, and dare the storm, if good might be done. And in that day when men who sat in places of power shall go down to shame and contempt, these humble ones shall have their names written high on the pillars of heaven. Better than to have been commemorated in poetry or song—

will it be for them who hear the good cheer from Christ, "I was hungry, and ye fed me; I was sick, and ye visited me. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

371. SIN'S FESTERING MARK.

SIN is not like wine, that gets better by being kept; it gets worse and worse. All the impure thoughts of your life have left their mark on your soul. Though a bad thought passed through your mind thirty years ago, its vile-ness is there yet.

372. THE INTRUDING CAMEL.

THE Arabs have a fable that once a camel came to the door of a tent and thrust in his nose; not being resisted, he thrust in his feet; there being no hindrance, he came half way in; after awhile he got all the way in. The Arab said to the camel, "This tent is too small for two." Then the camel said to the Arab, "If that be so, you had better leave." So sin comes into the heart farther and farther, until it takes full possession.

373. OH, HOW SIN

HAS trampled and scarred your soul! It is a black, a horrible, a damning thing. It is not satisfied until it has pushed the soul into an eternal prison-house, and slammed shut the door, and shoved the bolts, and turned the locks of an everlasting incarceration. A heart under such unclean sorcery, how it must appear to God's all-searching eye! He sees it through and through. The darkness cannot hide it. Years cannot erase it.

374. THE HEART IDOLATROUS.

BECAUSE we have here no Juggernauts, or Molochs, or Joss-houses, or heathen temples, do not conclude that there are no idols. From our very nature we must worship something. If we do not worship the God in heaven, we worship something on earth. This man worships pleasure; this one, applause; this one, money; this one, his family. That to

which a man gives his supreme thought and affections is his idol. Like Dagon, how often it falls down, crushing its worshipper!

375. WE ARE INDICTED.

If we had any appreciation of our unclean and idolatrous nature, could we be as unmoved as we are. Would that young man be whispering to his comrade? Would that woman be examining the style of her neighbour's hat, and criticising how poorly the colour of the ribbon suits the colour of her shawl? Would this merchant be thinking of how much he lost last week, and how much he probably will gain next week? No; this place would be like a court house when a man is on trial for his life, and the jury rises to render the verdict. That is our position.

376. THE HEART'S CONFESSION.

A COMPANY of persons suspected of crime were brought before a judge. Only one of them was guilty, but how to find out which one was the question. The judge put his ear against the heart of each one and listened. When he came to the guilty one, he heard, in every thump of his heart, the acknowledgment of the crime. And so, although to-night all may seem fair in our case, if we could listen at the door of our own hearts, every pulsation would confess, Guilty! Guilty!

377. TRIUMPHANT MARTYRS

ENDURED all things for Christ. They were *sawn* asunder, and hurled out of life. The eighteen thousand Scotch Covenanters who perished in one persecution. The great battalion of Scotch martyrs: Hugh M'Kail, and James Renwick, and John Knox, and others whose words are a battle-shout for the Church militant. They went on weary feet through the glens of Scotland in times of persecution, and crawled up the crags on their hands and knees. Queen Mary thought that by sword and fire she had driven Protestants down, but she only drove them up. Here they pass: Hooper, and Rogers, and Archbishop Cranmer, who *got his courage back* in time to save his soul; and Anne

Askew, who, at twenty-five years of age, rather than forsake her God, submitted first to the rack without a groan, and then went with bones so dislocated she must be carried on a chair to the stake, her last words, rising through flames, being a prayer for her murderers; and a cavalcade of men and women, whom God snatched up from the iron fingers of torture into eternal life! Those who fell on St. Bartholomew's Day in Paris, in Lyons, in Orleans, in Bordeaux, while the king looked out of the window and cried, "Kill! kill!" Tossed out of windows, manacled, torn, dragged and slain, until it seemed that the cause of God had perished, and the cannon of St. Angelo thundered the triumph of hell!—their gashed and bespattered bodies were thrown into the Seine, but their souls went up out of a nation's shriek into the light of God; and now they pass along the boulevards of heaven.

378. TRIUMPHANT PHILANTHROPISTS.

THEY went down into the battle-fields to take care of the wounded; they plunged into the damp and moulded prisons, and pleaded before God and human governors in behalf of the incarcerated; they preached Christ among the besotted populations of the city; they carried Bibles and bread into the garrets of pain; but in the sweet river of death they washed off the filth and the loathsomeness of those to whom they had administered. There is John Howard, who circumnavigated the globe in visiting dungeons of darkness and lazarettoes of pain! Moravian missionaries, who were told that they could not go on a Christian errand to a hospital where the plague was raging unless they would consent to never come out, yet deliberately making all arrangements, and going in to take care of the sick, and then lying down beside the dying themselves to die. Eliot, among savages, travelling on foot through the wilds, saying, "My feet are always wet, but I pull off my boots and wring my stockings, and put them on again and go forward, trying to endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," defying the savages who bade him stop preaching, or die, by saying to them, "I am about the work of the great God. Touch me if you dare;" The Maid of Saragossa, the angel of the Spanish battle-fields. Elizabeth Fry, followed by those whom she showed the way from Newgate

Prison to heaven. Grace Darling, of the strong oar and the sea-bird's wing, with which she once swooped to the drowning from Alnwick Castle. The good Samaritan, and a whole army of Christian workers and sufferers !

379. OUR KING AND THEIRS.

HENRY VIII. brought Anne Boleyn to his palace. The River Thames was the scene of her triumphal entry. Fifty barges followed the Lord Mayor. Officials dressed in scarlet. Choirs chanting along the banks of the river. Flags adorned with bells that rang as the breeze stirred them. Anne Boleyn, in cloth of gold, and wearing a circlet of precious stones, stepped into the barge amidst the sound of trumpets and the shout of a kingdom. Then entering the street seated on a richly caparisoned palfry, that sometimes walked on cloth of gold and velvet, led between houses adorned with scarlet and crimson, and defended by guards in coats of beaten gold, and along by fountains that were made on that day to pour out Rhenish wine for the people, until she at last, kneeling in Westminster Abbey, took the crown. But alas for the career of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn ! They lived in worldliness, and their splendid career went out in darkness. Not so with those whom our King shall call to the honours of heaven.

380. I HAVE TWO ALL-ABSORBING DESIRES.

ONE, to get to heaven ; the other, to take these people with me. It is no time for argument. It is no time for philosophy. It is no time for poetry. While I stand here the audience vanishes from my vision, and it is the world's great trial-day, and the books are opened. O my Saviour ! if I do not speak as I ought, what will become of me ? If these people do not hear as they ought, what will become of them ?

381. GREET THE CONQUEROR

OF earth, and heaven, and hell. Strew flowers along the shining way ! Wave all the banners of light ! Ring all the bells of heaven ? "Hosanna ! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord !"

382. ELIZABETH FRY.

WHEN Elizabeth Fry went into Newgate Prison to redeem the abandoned, she was told to lay off her purse and watch lest they be stolen, but refused, saying that confidence in the criminals would be one way of touching them. When Christ came to this world's sin he brought all the jewels of heavenly affection upon Him.

383. WHEN JESUS LEFT HEAVEN.

It is an exciting time around an old homestead the morning the son leaves home. They know not whether he will ever return. What a morning it must have been in heaven when Jesus left ! some speaking of the perils ; some standing in silent grief ; and when the cavalcade for Bethlehem dashed up to the golden gate, and the cry was, "All ready !" there was a warm *good-bye*, and a rain of tears and last words, and a scene that the oldest inhabitants of heaven will never forget.

384. JESUS AND HIS COHORTS

WERE, one Christmas night, seen off the shores of earth, and word got back to glory that the crusading fleet were landing amidst storms of persecution. If the expedition had steered into the sun, that would have been a more brilliant landing-place ; or if it had sailed into Jupiter, that would have been a mightier world. But no ; they chose a little world, a proud world, an unclean world, a defiant world, a cruel world, a dying world, a dead world. Was not this salvation great in its humiliation.

385. THAT LAST HOUR OF CHRIST

WAS the focus to which the woes of time and of eternity converged. Heaven frowned from above. Hell rode up from beneath. I hear the click of the hoofs of the cavalry troop as they ride out toward the fatal hill. I hear the buzz, and hum, and roar, and blasphemy of a great mob. They have cornered him at last ! Put those women out of the way ! It is no place for women ! Do not let his mother see this ! Take her away ! This spectacle would kill her !

Put out all the candles of the sky! The spears are sharp, and they plunge them. The heavens are burdened with woe, and they thunder. Unlifted darkness—save as a flash of lightning reveals the eye of God peering through the gloom to see what they are doing with His well-beloved Son. Methinks the thrones of heaven shiver at the deed. He has been hanging there five hours and fifty minutes. What next? Whom will the Omnipotent Sufferer first consume with His curse? Will He not take His right hand from the nail and hurl everlasting fury upon His crucifiers? Wait a moment. "Listen! I am sure He will speak! Yes, He speaks: "*Father forgive them.*"

386. THERE IS A HELL.

FIFTY-FOUR passages in the Bible all positively assert that there is such a place, and as many more imply it. Suppose it probable—suppose there is some slight possibility that there may be such a place? If there should be, and you have no preparation to escape it, what then?

387. HELL FELT ON EARTH.

A YOUNG woman, dying, said to her father: "Father why did you not tell me there was a hell?" "Jenny, there is no such place. God is merciful. There will be no future suffering." She said: "I know better! I feel it now! I know there is such a place! My feet are slipping into it this moment! I am lost! Why did you not tell me there was such a place?" It is the awful, stupendous, consuming, incontrovertible fact of the universe.

388. GOD NEVER PUTS A MAN IN PERDITION.

He puts himself there. If you have a great fire on your farm in which you are consuming rubbish, and I deliberately rush into it and get burned, who is to blame? Myself. God has told us there is a place of burning. He makes for us every possibility of escaping it. If we deliberately dash in, who is responsible?

389. GREAT SALVATION.

GREAT in its Author, great in its humiliations, great in its sacrifices, great in its pardon, great in its final deliverance, great in its consummations—the question bursts, crackles, and thunders upon our ears: “*How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?*”

390. NO ESCAPE.

FOR the man who neglects salvation, there is no rescue. Everything will plead against him. The waters will hiss from the fountains, and say, “We told him of the living stream where he might wash all his sins away, but he would not come.” The rocks will say, “We told him of a shelter and defence to which he might run.” The sun in the sky will say, “We told him of the dayspring from on high; but he shut his eyes.” The star will say, “I pointed to his only hope—the Jesus of Bethlehem.” The Bible will say, “I called him by a thousand invitations, and warned him with a thousand alarms.” Calvary will say, “On my bloody branch I bore the fruit that might have fed his starving soul, but he would not pluck it.” The angels will say, “We flew to him on errands of mercy, and would have charmed him into life; but he beat us back in our ministry. *Escape he must not.*” The throne of judgment will say, “I have but two sentences—that to the friends of God, and that to his rejecters. *Escape he must not.*” All the destroyed will say, “We neglected it no more than he. Why should he go free when we are banished?” Jesus will say, “I called to him for many years, but he turned his back on my tears and blood.” Then God will speak, and with a voice that shall ring through the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of his universe, say, “ESCAPE HE SHALL NOT!” May the Lord God Almighty, for Jesus’ sake, avert such a catastrophe. *Come to Jesus! Come now!*

391. IF I DO MY BEST.

A BOY asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said, “Yes; you seem very poor.” He says, “I am very poor.” She says, “Don’t you sometimes get discouraged, and feel that God is

going to let you starve?" The lad looked up in the woman's face, and said, "Do you think God will let me starve when I trust him, and then do the best I can?"

392. IF YOU HAVE A MICROSCOPE,

PUT under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about; and when you see that God makes them, and cares for them, and feeds them, come to the conclusion that He will take care of you and feed you, O ye of little faith.

393. JESUS DOES NOT SHADOW

OUR joys with His griefs. He might have said at the wedding of Cana, "I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much persecution, and the cross is coming; I shall not rejoice, and the gloom of my face and of my sorrows shall be cast over all this group." So said not Jesus. He said to himself, "Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide my own griefs. I will kindle their joy."

394. OUR CHILDREN'S TROUBLES.

THOSE children will have trouble enough of their own after a while. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of Greenwood, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that son may, after a while, have his heart broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long; fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul; rather be like Jesus, who came to the wedding hiding His own griefs and kindling the joys of others.

395. RELIGION BRIGHTENS THE WORLD.

WHEN Christ shall have vanquished all the world, I suppose every house will be a mansion, and every garment a

robe, and every horse an arch-necked courser, and every carriage a glittering vehicle, and every man a king, and every woman a queen, and the whole earth a paradise ; the glories of the natural world harmonizing with the glories of the material world, until the very bells of the horses shall jingle the praises of the Lord.



396. HONESTY REWARDED.

IN a Christian home, in Poland, great poverty had come, and on the week-day the man was obliged to move out of the house with his whole family. That night he knelt with his family and prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayer, there was a tap on the window-pane. They opened the window, and there was a raven that the family had fed and trained, and it had in its bill a ring all set with precious stones, which was found out to be a ring belonging to the royal family. It was taken up to the king's residence, and for the honesty of the man in bringing it back he had a house given to him, and a garden, and a farm.



397. "AGAIN I SAY REJOICE."

THERE is not a joy denied God's children that is given to any people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. It is a proclamation from God of emancipation for the enslaved ; and if a man accepts the terms, and becomes free, has he not a right to be merry ? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds ? Will he say, " My children, you must not walk through these paths, or sit down under these trees or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders." No father would say that.



398. THE GREAT WEDDING.

THERE will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music ; and Jesus will stretch out His hand, and the Church robed in white, will put aside her veil, and look up into the face of her Lord the king, and the bridegroom will say to the

bride, "Thou hast been faithful through all these years ! The mansion is ready ! Come home !" And then He shall put upon her brow the crown of dominion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals ; and the bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters, looking up, will wonder and admire, and say, "That is Jesus the bridegroom ! But the scar on His brow is covered with the coronet, and the stab in His side is covered with a robe !" and "That is the bride ! the weariness of her earthly woe lost in the flush of this wedding triumph !"

399. WHAT IS PRAYER?

A ROLLING over on the tongue of a few cold formalities ? No ; it is a flinging of all our sins, wants, sorrows, and expectations right down at the feet of an all-sympathetic God.

400. A WHOLE CHURCH AT PRAYER !

TELL me what they cannot get. The lightnings are snails when compared with the feet of Christ as He comes to the cry of his children.

401. HAVELOCK.

HAVELOCK went from victory to victory. If his army was to march at six o'clock, he would rise at four and spend two hours in prayer. Get out of that man's way who has been on his knees before God ! He is a thunder-bolt swung by the arm of the Lord omnipotent. The figure o stands for nothing ; but put *i* beside it, and it becomes considerable. We are nothing. But when Christ stands beside us, it gives us infinite advantage. Whatever you want, ask for. Is it for the salvation of your son — or daughter ? Implore it. Put their very name into your prayer ; and that son or that daughter will begin to feel a shaking at the gates of the soul. Is it husband or wife that you want saved ? Cry to God, and you will kneel together at the same altar.

402. PRAYER IS THE CHALICE

In which we fetch the water from the rock. It is the ladder on which we climb up to pick the grapes hanging over the wall of heaven. It is the fire that warms the frigid soul. It is the ship that carries away our wants, and comes back with a return cargo of divine help. Archimedes said, if he could only find a fulcrum for his lever, he could move the world. Ah! we have found it? Prayer is the lever. The divine promise is the fulcrum. Pushing down on such a lever, we move not only earth, but also heaven.

403. THE CHANGE OF HEART.

It is no insignificant process, this change of heart. It is a change from black to white, from down to up, from the highway to hell to the highway to heaven—the whole nature made over again.

**404. DO NOT WORSHIP YOUR FINE
REPUTATION,**

Or your wealthy store, or your large house, or your swift ship, but build up in your soul a temple of Christian character. Disasters cannot crush it, nor fire consume it, nor iconoclast deface its altars, nor time chisel down its walls. Yet politicians have worshipped their office, and merchants their business, and painters their pictures, and musicians their attainments, and architects their buildings, and historians their books; and how often have they seen their works perish!

405. EXTINCTION OF WORLDLY GLORIES.

AUDUBON, after fifteen years of working in making sketches of birds, leaves the sketches in a trunk, goes off, comes back, and finds that the rats have devoured them. Isaac Newton's dog, "Spot," tore to pieces a manuscript that represented the work of a quarter of a lifetime. A worm has sunk the ship that was the pride of its builder. A child's hand has spoiled a painting intended to be immortal. A horse's hoof dashed out the brain of a most accomplished philosopher. The marble statue that came

out, under the stroke of an ingenious sculptor, drops on the sidewalk and is broken by a careless drayman. Time will break down grandest arch, and staunchest pyramid, and mightiest city.

406. YOU WILL NOT TURN YOUR BACK ON SUFFERING.

YOUR bed to-night will be softer if you feel that you have provided some sufferer with a mattress to lie on. Your own food will be sweeter if you make provision for the hunger-struck. Your own children will seem brighter-faced if you provide stockings for the little bare feet.

407. TWO NEEDS.

A CHURCH, in order to peace and success, needs the right kind of man at the prow, and the right kind at the stern—that is, a good minister and a good sexton. It requires more talent in some respects to be sexton than to be king.

408. SIX DAYS OF PURIFICATION.

ONE reason why the Sabbaths are so wide apart is that every church-building may have six days of atmospheric purification. The best man's breath once ejected is not worth keeping. Our congregations are dying of asphyxia.

409. PROVIDE PLENTY OF FRESH AIR.

LACK of oxygen will dull the best sermon, and clip the wings of gladdest song, and stupify an audience. People go out from the poisoned air of our churches to die of pneumonia. What a sin, when there is so much fresh air, to let people perish for lack of it! The churches are the worst ventilated buildings on the Continent. No amount of grace can make stale air sacred. "The prince of the power of the air" wants nothing but poisoned air for the churches. After audiences have assembled, and their cheeks are flushed, and their respiration has become painful, it is too late to change it. Open a window or door now, and you ventilate

only the top of that man's bald head, and the back of the neck of that delicate woman, and you send off hundreds of people coughing and sneezing.

410. NO CONDEMNATION.

Does that old sin present its dun at the door of your soul? Can you not pay it? Does it threaten to carry you off to jail? Does it propose to sell you out? Better get together all your bonds and mortgages, and certificates of stocks, and United States securities. Come, let me count them!—not enough. Bring all the clever things you have ever done. Let me count them!—not enough. Bring all that you possess. You say, "I have brought everything!" Alas! that you cannot meet the obligation. **YOU MUST DIE!** "No! no! no!" says a voice from heaven. The blood of Jesus Christ, the royal blood, the human blood, the expiatory blood, cleanseth from all sin. "What! is that old sin gone?" Yes, I heard it topple over, and plash into the depths of the sea. It sinks like lead. There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus.

411. CIRCUMSTANCES AGGRAVATE SINS.

If a child does wrong, not wittingly, you excuse it; but when we do wrong, we know it. Every time a sin is committed, conscience tolls a funeral bell. We may laugh, and pretend not to hear it, but hear it we must. Our sins are against warnings and reproofs, and doubly aggravated.

412. A NEST OF SCORPIONS.

THERE is no such nest of scorpions this side of hell as the heart of the backslider. He is the last man that ever returns. The publicans and the harlots come in before him.

413. THE SINS OF THE BEST MAN.

If I could marshal before you all the sins of the best man in this house to-night, this whole audience would shriek out with horror.

414. BLOOD THAT WILL WASH THEM OUT.

YOUR common sense teaches you that the man who came to Christ, and heard the full expression of God's love, and then went away to betray the Lord, must drink the bitterest gall, and the thunders that at last drive him away will roll and crash with all the accumulated wrath of God omnipotent; and yet to-night my text sweeps a circle of pardon around all these accumulated sins. Fire may not be able to burn them out; hoofs may not be able to trample them out; hammers may not be able to pound them out; but here is blood that will wash them out.

**415. THE MORAL MAN.**

You say, "These things are not appropriate to me, for I am a moral man." How about your thoughts? You see my right hand, and you see my left hand, and one just as plainly as the other. So with the sin of the heart and the sin of the life—one is just as plain in God's sight as the other. You have not been guilty of murder, you say. Are you sure about that? Have you ever hated anybody? You say you have never been guilty of theft. Are you sure about that? I acknowledge you have never taken anything from your fellow-man; but have you not taken days and hours that belonged to God for your own purposes? If it is wrong to steal from a man, it is more wicked to rob God.

**416. SING IT.**

WE have to learn that one of the most powerful ways of preaching the Gospel is to sing it. No power can stand before Christian song. The time was when "Mear," and "Antioch," and "Windham," and "Dundee," stood with the strength of an archangel to marshal the troops of God; but for the last thirty years our churches have been going back in sacred music. We have been under a servitude to the artistic tastes of the world. In most of our churches, four persons are delegated to do this service. With a whip of scorpions let the nuisance be scourged from the house of God; and, since no one can repent for us, and no one can die for us, let us sing out our sorrow over sin, and our triumphs over the last enemy, and our anticipation of glory.

417. WHEN YOU CAN DIE FOR ME,

AND open the gate of heaven to my departing soul,
then I will let you do my singing.

418. OH! SING,

YE who are bought by love divine, and who are on the way to grandeur immortal—sing! While I stand here and argue about the things of eternity, you may argue back; and you may be more skilful in your argument *against* religion than I am skilful in my argument *for* religion; but who could resist the holy influence when this audience, like the voice of many waters, lifted its unanimous song:

“Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?”

419. WHAT DOES GOD DO WITH OUR PRAYERS?

TAKE them up on the battlements of heaven and throw them away? No. What do you do with the presents given you by your friends? You keep them sacred. Will God be less regardful of that which we present to Him in prayer?

420. WHAT ARE YOU DOING, O CHRISTIAN MEN?

WHAT are you waiting for? You will be dead very soon. I see Christian men and women going into glory. This soul goes up to the gate of heaven surrounded by a dozen souls whom he has brought with him. Yonder comes a tract-distributer, followed by fifty souls. Yonder comes a Sabbath-school teacher, with ten souls following him into the kingdom. I see your soul coming up alone. Why do you come up alone? Have you not brought one soul to Christ? Have you lived thirty or forty years and done nothing? What will God say? What will the angels say? You had better crouch down in one corner of heaven and never show yourself.

421. I WILL TELL YOU WHO I AM.

I AM a sinner : saved, as I hope, by the infinite grace of God. For eighteen years of my life I offered up no believing prayer. From a Christian family altar I flew toward perdition. With my back toward the cross, and my face toward death, I bounded away toward darkness and woe, and said, "Who is the Lord that I should serve him?"

"Against the God that rules the sky
I fought, with hands uplifted high ;
Despised the offers of His grace ;
Too proud to seek a hiding-place."

But there came a memorable Sabbath night. I retired, thoughtless as ever. About one o'clock in the morning I awoke. Something said : "Are you prepared for eternity? You had better fly." I raised up in bed. I tried to strike a light. I could not get a light. I went down stairs, and asked of one who knew well how to tell me, "What must I do to be saved?" For days, and weeks, and months I wandered in the darkness—too stubborn to submit, too hard-hearted to repent ; but at last the day dawned, and at the torn and bleeding feet of the Son of God I put down the awful burden of my guilt.

422. PRAYER IS NOT

A CERTAIN number of "ohs" and "ahs," and "forever and forever, amens." God directs us to ask for what we want. Away with all the meaningless rigmaroles that people sometimes call prayer.

423. HE CAME TO CALL SINNERS.

"BUT," says a man out yonder, "I am too bad to come. I am all astray. For thirty years I have been going down hill. I am scalded and blistered with sin. I have gone through the whole catalogue. I cannot come as I am. I must first get things fixed up!" Ah! my friends, you will never get things fixed up until you come to the cross. You will get worse and worse. Not the righteous : *sinner*s Jesus came to call. Though you be wounded in the head, and wounded in the heart, and wounded in the *hands*, and wounded in the feet, and have the gangrene

of eternal death upon you, the Great Physician, with one drop of this elixir of eternal life, shall cure your soul. Though you be soaked with sinful indulgencies, and your feet have gone in evil places, and you have companioned with harlots, one touch of God's Almighty grace shall cleanse and deliver your soul.

424. SCOFFERS CONVERTED.

IN Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, a revival meeting was being held, and many souls were being saved; and among them a member of one of the worst club-houses in the city. The leader of the club-room went to the prayer-meeting to make a disturbance, and to get his old comrade to come out. Stopping at the door of the prayer-meeting, a song arrested his attention, and he went in, and before the meeting closed knelt at the altar, asking for prayers; and he became a captive of heavenly grace. Another member of the same club, on another night, started with the same idea of disturbing and breaking up the meeting, and decoying away his old comrades who had been converted. But the grace of God also seized him at the door, and his soul was saved.

425. FAITH.

THERE is only one door into heaven: that door is *faith*. There is only one ship that sails for the skies: her name is *Faith*. There is only one weapon with which to contend with opposition: that is *faith*. Faith is the first step; faith the second step; faith the third step; faith the fourth step; faith the last step. We enter the road by faith; we contend against adversities by faith; we die by faith. Heaven is the reward of faith.

426. A WARNING.

WITH some here the voice of God has been ineffective. Sermons innumerable; hymns and psalms innumerable; solemn providences innumerable; and yet they have trampled on all these influences, and are no nearer the kingdom now than they would have been had they lived in Ethiopia, and never seen a missionary. I fear they will be

lost. They will appear at the last day with none to defend them. All the sermons will plead against them; all the Bibles will plead against them; all their religious advantages will plead against them. God will say, "Because I called, and ye refused, and stretched out my hand, and no man regarded me, therefore I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh."

427. THE BIBLE THE TRUE RULE.

I WOULD that on the desk of every counting-room, and on the bench of every artisan, there were a Bible; and that by its instruction all business-men were regulated, and that they would see that godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come; and that business dishonour is a spiritual disaster; and that a man may be the leader of a methodist class, or the trustee of a Baptist church, or an "example" in a Quaker meeting-house, or a vestry-man in an Episcopal parish, or an elder in a Presbyterian church, and yet go to perdition.

428. THE WORLDLY PRUDENT.

Now, you may, in worldly affairs, be cautious, true, honourable, and exemplary; but am I not right when I say that all those who are speeding toward eternity without preparation—flying with the years, and the months, and the weeks, and the days, and the moments, and the seconds, toward an unalterable destiny, yet uncertain as to where they speed, are *reckless drivers*? What would you think of a stage-driver with six horses and twenty passengers, in the midnight, when it is so dark that you cannot see your hand before your face, dashing at full run over bridges and along by dangerous precipices? Such a man is prudent compared with one who, amidst the perils of this life, dashes on toward an unknown eternity.

429. WHICH ROAD?

If, in driving, you come to the forks of a road, and one goes to the right and the other to the left, you stop and make inquiry as to which road you ought to take. To-night you have come to the forks of a road. One leads to *heaven* and the other to *hell*. Which road will you take?

430. PERSONAL PREACHING.

WHAT is the use of going to church if not to be made better? I never feel satisfied when I sit in church unless the preacher strikes some of my sins, and arouses me out of some of my stupidities.

431. SEE THE END.

YOUNG man, before you mount the chariot of sin, go and see the end of those reckless drivers. They once had as fair a cheek as you, and as manly a brow as you, and as stout a heart. They stepped very gradually aside. They read French novels. They looked at bad pictures. They went into contaminating associations. Out of curiosity, and just to see for themselves, they entered the house of sin. They were caught in snares that had captured stronger men than they. Farewell now to all hope of return! Farewell to peace! Farewell to heaven!

432. BETTER STOP NOW.

SOME years ago, near Princeton, New Jersey, some young men were skating on a pond around an "air-hole," and the ice began to break in. Some of them stopped; but a young man said, "*I am not afraid! Give us one round more!*" He swung nearly round, when the ice broke, and not until next day was his lifeless body found. So men go on in sin. They are warned. They expect soon to stop. But they say, "*Give us one round more!*" They start, but with wild crash break through into bottomless perdition. Do not risk it any longer. Stop now. God save us from the foolhardiness of the one round more!

433. SUNDAY RELIGION NO RELIGION.

MANY a man sits in his pew on Sunday night, and sings "Rock of Ages," and rolls up his eyes very piously, who, on coming out at the close of the service, shuts the pew door and says, "Good-bye religion; I will be back next Sunday!" A religion that does not work all the week, as well as on Sunday, is no religion at all.

434. COME AND GET YOUR SINS PARDONED.

I do not ask you to come to a private confessional, or to whisper into my ears your offences, but, sitting where you are, to accept this moment the blood-cleansing.

435. RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

You have no right to shut the door of your office or store against the principles of our holy religion. The minister of Christ does not do his whole duty who does not plainly and unmistakably bring the Gospel face to face with every style of business transaction.

436. THE BEST UNIVERSITY.

If a young man starts from a good, honest, industrious, Christian mother, he graduates from a university better than that of Berlin or Edinburgh.

437. THE BEGINNINGS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

COLUMBUS was a weaver; Halley a soap-boiler; Arkwright a barber; Æsop a slave; the learned Bloomfield was a shoemaker; Hogarth was an engraver of pewter-plate; Sixtus the Fifth was a swine-herdsman; Homer was a beggar; and Horace Greeley started life in New York with ten dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket, as well off as if he had the eleven full round dollars. But there are a great many young men who are waiting for the other twenty-five cents before they begin.

438. THE BRUISED REED.

THE shepherd in olden times played upon these reeds. They were very easily bruised; but when they were bruised they were never mended. The shepherd could so easily make another one, he would snap the old one and throw it away, and get another. The Bible says it is not so with our Shepherd. When the music has gone out of a man's soul, God does not snap him in twain and throw it away. *He mends and restores.*

439. A SHEAF FULLY RIPE.

AN aged Christian man in Massachusetts recently died. Instead of the flowers usually put upon the bier there was laid upon his coffin a sheaf of wheat fully ripe. Beautifully significant! Oh, that on the remains of this harvest year we might place, to-day, a sheaf of prayer, a sheaf of thanksgiving, a sheaf of joy fully ripe!

440. HORACE GREELEY'S CHANCE.

I THINK the life of this man ought to *kindle hope and enthusiasm in all the struggling*. There are a great many young men who tell me that they have no chance. They say, "Yonder is a young man who started with a large fortune, and here is a young man who married a fine estate, and here is another who has been through our best universities, and has finished his education in Edinburgh or Germany; but I have no education; I have no money; I have no chance." You have as good a chance as Horace Greeley the boy. See him in Vermont, in home-spun dyed with butternut bark, helping his father get a living for the family out of very poor soil. I tell you that one who has, with bare feet and in a tow shirt, helped a father to get out of poor soil a living for mother and sisters, has a right to publish fifty books concerning "what he knows about farming." See the lad stepping up from the Albany boat on the New York Battery, and then coming and sitting down on the steps of a printing-house, waiting for the boss to come in the morning. Then look at him sitting in the foremost editorial chair of all the world, and then tell me again you have no chance.

441. A WORKING CAPITAL.

EVERY sound man starts life with a capital of at least one hundred thousand dollars—I say every man. You tell me to prove it. I will prove it. Your right arm—will you take five thousand dollars and have it cut off? "No," you say. Then certainly it is worth five thousand dollars, and your left arm is worth as much, and your right foot as much, and your left foot as much. Twenty thousand dollars of capital to start with. Your mind—for how much would

you go up and spend your life in Bloomingdale Asylum? Twenty thousand dollars for your intellect? You would refuse it. It is worth that, anyhow,—forty thousand dollars of equipment. Then you have an immortal soul; for how much would you sell it? For sixty thousand dollars? No, you say, with indignation. Then certainly it is worth that much. And there are your one hundred thousand dollars—the magnificent outfit with which the Lord God Almighty started every one of you. And yet there are young men who are waiting for others to come and start them—to make them; waiting for institutions to make them; waiting for circumstances to make them. Fool! go and make yourself.



442. "SAVED AS BY FIRE."

A VESSEL at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance; you can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on the side of the vessel, and hold on with your fingers, until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the life-boats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you—you drop into it—you are saved. So some men are pursued by temptation until they are partially consumed, but after all get off—"saved as by fire."



443. A POOR TIME.

IT is always true that the last hours of a man's life are a poor time in which to prepare for eternity. It is either delirium or some trouble about property, or it is the magnitude of world-changing, or it is bidding good-bye to friends—making it a very poor hour to prepare for heaven.



444. THE SPRING.

ON this the brightest week of the brightest month of all the year, I sit down to write that which I hope may be pleasant to read when red-armed Autumn smites his anvil, and through all the woods the sparks are flying, and it needs *not a prophetic eye* to see the mountains from base to top

top filled with horses and chariots of fire. Indeed June and October, if they could see each other, would soon be married. Not much difference between their ages; the one fair, and the other ruddy; both beautiful to look upon, and typical; the one holding a bunch of flowers, and the other a basket of fruit. The south winds would harp at the nuptials, and against the uplifted chalices would dash the blood of strawberry and grape. To that marriage altar January would bring its cups of crystal, and April its strung beans of shower, and July its golden crown of wheat.

445. BE YE ALSO READY.

Do not wait until you see the flambeau of the bridegroom coming through the darkness before you begin to trim your lamps. You may wait for your last moment, but when your last moment comes, it will not wait for you. There are a great many doors through which you may get out of this world, but there is only one door into heaven.

446. KILKENNY CATS AT LAW.

Two men go to law about some insignificant thing. They retain counsel, enter complaints, subpoena witnesses, empanel juries, hear verdicts, make appeals, multiply costs. Adjournment after adjournment, vexation after vexation, business neglected, patience exhausted, years wasted, and on both sides the last dollar spent; the cats have interlocked their paws, clashed each other's teeth, opened each other's jaws, and gulped down each other's all! Extermination more complete than that of Kilkenny.

447. USE YOUR POWER FOR GOOD.

I CONGRATULATE you newspaper men on the splendour of your opportunity, but I charge you before God, that you be careful to use your influence in the right direction. How grand will be the result in the last day for the man who has consecrated the printing-press to high and holy objects! God will say to such an one, "You broke off a million chains, you opened a million blind eyes, you gave resurrection to a million of the dead." But what shall become of those *who have prostituted their press to blackmailing and the advocacy of that which is wrong, multiplying the number*

of their papers by pandering to the tastes of bad men and worse women, poisoning the air with a plague that killed a nation? Why, God will say to such men in the last day, "You were destroying angels, smiting the first-born of man and beast; you made the world horribly worse, when you might have made it gloriously better. Go down and suffer with the millions you have damned. You knew your duty and you did it not."

448. KILKENNY CATS IN THE CHURCH.

A CHURCH is divided into two parties. What one likes, the other abhors. They feel it their duty to stick to it. In the devotional meeting they *pray at* each other's inconsistencies, hoping that the prayer will go to heaven, but by the way of Deacon Rafferty's pew, just stopping a moment to give him a shaking. If one wants the church built on the hill, the other wants it down by the saw-mill. If the one wants the minister to avoid politics, the other would like to have him get up on the side of the pulpit and give three cheers for John Brown's knapsack, which is said to be still "strapped upon his back!" When Elder Bangs sits still in prayer, Elder Crank stands up to show his contempt for such behaviour. If one puts ten cents on the plate, the other throws a dollar on the top of it, to show his abhorrence of such parsimony. The whole church catches the quarrelsome spirit, and begins to go down. One half of the choir eats up the other half. The pew devours the pulpit, and the pulpit swallows the pew. The session take down the trustees, and the trustees masticate the session. The Sunday-school and sewing-society show their teeth, and run out their claws, and get their backs up, and spit fire. And church councils assemble to stop the quarrel, and cry "Scat! scat!" to the infamous howlers. But the claws go on with their work, till *there* stands the old church by the wayside, windowless and forsaken! Nothing more nor less than a monument to the memory of the dead ecclesiastical cats of Kilkenny!

449. MOUNT WASHINGTON.

MOUNTAIN-ASH, and birch, and maple, which we saw soon after starting, cannot climb such steepes as these. Yes,

we have come where spruce, and fir, and white pine begin to faint by the way; and in every direction you see the stark remains of the trees which have been bitten to death by the sharp white teeth of the frost. Yet God does not forsake even the highest peaks. The majesty of forests may be denied them, but the brow of this stupendous death hath its wreath of Alpine plants, and its catafalque is strewn with bluebells and anemones. After passing great reaches of desolation, you suddenly come upon a height garnished with a foam of white flowers dashed up from the sea of divine beauty. There, where neither hoof nor wheel can be traced, you find the track of God's foot in the turf; and on the granite, great natural laws written on "tables of stone," hurled down and broken by the wrath of the tempest. Oh! how easy to see that the divine care is here tending the white flocks of flowers which pick out their pasturage among the clefts.

450. CHILDREN GONE.

SOME are from infancy light and happy—they romp, they fly. You can hear their swift feet in the hall. Their loud laughter rings through the house, or in the woods bursts into a score of echoes. At night you can hardly hush their glad hearts for slumber, and in the morning, they wake you with their singing. Alas! if then they leave you, and you no more hear their swift feet in the hall, and their loud laughter ringing through the house, or in the woods, bursting into a score of echoes; if they wake you no more in the morning with their sweet song; if the colour go out of the rose and its leaves fall; if angels for once grow jealous, and want what you cannot spare; if packed away in the trunk or drawer, there be silent garments, that once fluttered with youthful life, and by mistake you call some other child by the name of the one departed—ah me! ah me!

451. WE FIND WHAT WE LOOK FOR.

You will see in the world chiefly that for which you look. A farmer going through the country chiefly examines the farms, an architect the buildings, a merchant the condition of the markets, a minister the churches; and so a man going through the world will see the most of that for

which he especially looks. He who is constantly watching for troubles will find them stretching off into gloomy wildernesses, while he who is watching for blessings will find them hither and thither extending in harvests of luxuriance.

452. THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG SIDE.

LIKE most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth in its revolutions manages about right—it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China, but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. My friends, do as the earth does. When you have trouble, keep turning around, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will, in almost every instance, come to nothing. You will not go to such a merchant's store, nor employ such a mechanic, nor call such a minister.

453. HYPOCHONDRIA.

FRETFULNESS will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal. There is a large class of persons in constant trouble about their health, although the same amount of strength in a cheerful man would be taken as healthiness. Their digestion, being constantly suspected of unfaithfulness, finally refuses to serve such a master, and says, "Hereafter make way with your own lobsters!" and the suspected lungs resign their office, saying, "Hereafter blow your own bellows!" For the last twenty years he has been expecting every moment to faint. His nerves make insurrection, and rise up against his head, saying, "Come! let us seize upon this armoury!" His face is perpetually drawn, as though he either had a pain or expected one. You fear to accost him with, "How are you to-day?" for that would be the signal for a shower of complaints. He is always getting a lump

on his side, an enlargement of the heart, or a curve in the spine. If some of these disorders did not actually come, he would be sick of disappointment. If you should find his memorandum-book, you would discover in it recipes, in elderly female handwriting, for the cure of all styles of diseases, from softening of the brain in a man, down to the bots in a horse. His bedroom shelf is an apothecary-infantum, where medicines of all kinds may be found, from large bottles full of head-wash for diseased craniums, down to the smallest vial, full of the best preparations for the removing of corns from the feet.

454. BE CHEERFUL.

AWAY! away with all forebodings as to the future! Cheer up, disconsolate ones! Go forth among nature. Look up toward the heavens insufferably bright by day, or at night when the sky is merry with ten thousand stars, joining hands of light, with the earth in the ring, going round and round with gleam and dance and song, making old Night feel young again. Go to the forest, where the woodman's axe rings on the trees, and the solitude is broken by the call of the woodsparrow, and the chewink starting up from among the huckleberry bushes. Go to where the streams leap down off the rocks, and their crystal heels clatter over the white pebbles. Go to where the wild flowers stand drinking out of the mountain-brook, and, scattered on the grass, look as if all the oreads had cast their crowns at the foot of the steep. Hark to the fluting of the winds and the long-metre psalm of the thunder! Look at the Morning coming down the mountains, and Evening drawing aside the curtain from heaven's wall of jasper, amethyst, sardonyx, and chalcedony! Look at all this, and then be happy.

455. THE VILLAGE.

A COUNTRY village affords no retreat. There everybody knows everybody's business. You cannot raise half-a-dozen goslings without having them stoned for picking off your neighbour's gooseberries. Gossip wants no better heaven than a small village. Miss Glib stands at her gate three times a day talking with old Mrs. Chatterbox; and on rainy

days, at the blacksmith's shop, the whole business of the town swims in a tank of tobacco juice of the worst plug. Everybody knows whether this morning, out of the butcher's cart, you bought mutton or calf's liver; and the mason's wife, at the risk of breaking her neck, rushes down stairs to exclaim, "Just think of it! Mrs. Stuckup has bought a sir-loin steak, and she is no better than other people!" Your brass kettle is always borrowed. A bandbox was seen going from the millinery-shop to the house of a villager on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday morning a score of people are early at church, head half-turned toward the door, ready to watch the coming in of the new purchase, handkerchief up to mouth, ready to burst out at what they pronounce a *perfect fright* of a bonnet. They always ask what you gave for a thing, and say you were cheated; had something of a better quality they could have let you have for half the money. We have at different times lived in a small village, and many of our best friends dwell there; but we give as our opinion that there are other places more favourable for a man's getting to heaven.

456. MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

It is never real morning except in the country. In the city, in the early part of the day, there is a mixed colour that climbs down over the roofs opposite, and through the smoke of the chimney, that makes people think it is time to get up and comb their hair. But we have *real* morning in the country. Morning! descending "from God out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband." A few moments ago I looked out, and the army of night-shadows were striking their tents. A red light on the horizon that does not make me think, as it did Alexander Smith, of "the barren beach of hell," but more like unto the fire kindled on the shore by Him whom the disciples saw at daybreak stirring the blaze on the beach of Gennesaret. Just now the dew woke up in the hammock of the tree branches, and the light kissed it. Yonder, leaning against the sky, two great uprights of flame, crossed by many rundles of fire! Some Jacob must have been dreaming. Through those burnished gates a flaming chariot rolls. Some Elijah must be ascending. Morning! I wish I had a rousing bell to wake the whole world up to see it. Every

leaf a psalm. Every flower a censer. Every bird a chorister. Every sight beauty. Every sound music. Trees transfigured. The skies in conflagration. The air as if sweeping down from hanging-gardens of heaven. The foam of celestial seas plashed on the white tops of the spiræa. The honeysuckle on one side my porch challenges the sweet-briar on the other. The odours of heliotrope overflow the urns and flood the garden. Syringas with bridal blossoms in their hair, and roses bleeding with a very carnage of colour. Oh, the glories of day-dawn in the country! My pen trembles, and my eyes moisten. Unlike the flaming sword that drove out the first pair from Eden, *these* fiery splendours seem like swords unsheathed by angel hands to drive us in.

457. THE QUIET COUNTRY AIR.

THERE is something in this country air to put one in blindest mood. Yesterday we allowed a snake to cross our path without any disposition on our part to kill it. We are at peace with all the world. We would not hurt a spider. We could take our bitterest foe and give him a camp-stool on the piazza. We would not blame him for not liking us if he liked our strawberries. We would walk with him arm-in-arm through water-melon patch and peach orchard. He should be persuaded that if we could not write good sermons and vivacious lectures, we can nevertheless raise great pumpkins, and long orange carrots, and Drumhead cabbage. We would take him in our carriage, going at consistent ministerial gait, as though on the way to Old School Presbytery, never racing with any one, if there were danger of our being beaten. We hereby proclaim peace for ever with any man who likes our hens. We fear we would have been tempted to sign Jeff Davis's bail-bond if he had praised our early scarlet radishes.

458. THE HOE HEALTHY.

A SHARP hoe will hack to pieces all your dyspepsia. A pruning-knife will cut off the excrescences of your disposition. The dash of the shower that wets you to the skin will cool your spirit for ecclesiastical strife. Daily *swinging of the axe* will tone up your nerves. Trampling

down the hay as it is tossed into the mow will tread into forgetfulness your little perplexities. In the wake of the plough you may pick up strength with which to battle public iniquity. Neighbours looking over the fence may think we are only weeding cantaloupes, or splitting rails, or husking corn, when we are rebuilding our strength, enkindling our spirits, quickening our brain, purifying our theology, and blessing our souls.

459. COUNTRY LIFE FOR MINISTERS.

CONGREGATIONS would be advantaged by it if for a few weeks of every year they would allow their pastors a little farm life. Three weeks at fashionable watering-place will not do the work. There is not enough salts and sulphur in all the springs to overcome the tight shoes, and the uncomfortable gloves, and the late hours, and the high living, and the dresses economical at the neck. Rather turn us out to physical work.

460. THROUGH THE HEART.

SOME of you, in coming to God, will have to run against sceptical notions. It is useless for people to say sharp and cutting things to those who reject the Christian religion. I cannot say such things. By what process of temptation, or trial, or betrayal you have come to your present state, I know not. There are two gates to your nature: the gate of the head, and the gate of the heart. The gate of your head is locked with bolts and bars that an archangel could not break, but the gate of your heart swings easily on its hinges. If I assaulted your body with weapons you would meet me with weapons, and it would be sword-stroke for sword-stroke, and wound for wound, and blood for blood; but if I come and knock at the door of your house, you open it, and give me the best seat in your parlour. If I should come at you to-night with an argument, you would answer me with an argument; if with sarcasm, you would answer me with sarcasm: blow for blow, stroke for stroke; but when I come and knock at the door of your heart, you open it and say, "Come in, my brother, and tell me all you *know* about Christ and heaven."

461. THE SWEET FLOWERS.

THE aroma of the garden almost bewilders my senses. Flowers seem to me the dividing line between the physical and the spiritual. The stamen of the honeysuckle is the alabaster pillar at which the terrestrial and the celestial part and meet. Out of the cup of the water-lily earth and heaven drink. May the blessing of larkspur and sweetwilliam fall upon all the dwellers in country and town! Let there be some one to set a tuft of mignonette by every sick man's pillow, and plant a fuchsia in every working man's yard, and place a geranium in every sewing-girl's window, and twine a cypress about every poor man's grave. And, above all, may there come upon us the blessing of Him whose footsteps the mosses mark, and whose breath is the redolence of flowers! Between these leaves I press thee—O "Lily of the Valley!"

462. TO THE SCEPTIC.

SCEPTICISM is a dark and doleful land. Let me say that this Bible is either true or false. If it be false, we are as well off as you; if it be true, then which of us is safer? Listen to two or three questions: Are you as happy as you used to be when you believed in the truth of the Christian religion? Would you like to have your children travel on in the road in which you are now travelling? You had a relative who professed to be a Christian, and was thoroughly consistent, living and dying in the faith of the Gospel. Would you not like to live the same quiet life, and die the same peaceful death?

463. CHRISTIANITY AND ITS INCONSISTENT PROFESSORS.

LET me ask whether your trouble has not been that you confounded Christianity with the inconsistent character of some who profess it. You are a lawyer. In your profession there are mean and dishonest men. Is that anything against the law? You are a doctor. There are unskilled and contemptible men in your profession. Is that anything against medicine? You are a merchant. There are thieves and defrauders in your business. Is that anything against merchandise? Behold, then, the unfairness of charging upon *Christianity* the wickedness of its disciples.

464. INCONSISTENT CHRISTIANS.

WE admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the Church. There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God a sort of play-spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we drew a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

465. THE BIBLE THE BEST BOOK.

Do you not feel that the Bible, take it all in all, is about the best book that the world has ever seen? Do you know any book that has as much in it? Do you not think, upon the whole, that its influence has been beneficent? I come to you with both hands extended toward you. In one hand I have the Bible, and in the other I have nothing. This Bible in one hand I will surrender for ever just as soon as in my other hand you can put a book that is better.

466. TRY THIS GOD.

YE who have had the blood-hounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try Him, and see if He will not help. Try Him, and see if He will not pardon. Try Him, and see if He will not save. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of His heart. The waters have no refreshment like the fountain that will slake the thirst of thy soul.

467. DEATH IN NIGHTWORK.

WORK is good, but too much work is death. Brethren of literary toil, you had better hold up. If you are going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, you had better stop and go no more than thirty. The temptations to overwork for literary men are multiplying all the time in increased newspapers and magazines and lecturing platforms. The temptation to night-work is especially great—that kind of work which is most exhausting and ruinous. When the sun goes down, God puts His candle out, and says to the world, “My child, you had better go to sleep; I have put the candle out.” The brass-headed nails of coffins are made out of gaslight! The money that a man makes by midnight toil he pays toward the expenses of his own funeral.

468. WITH BRIDLED PASSIONS.

PERHAPS it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against; and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you hear of something that makes you feel that you must swear or die. I know of a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, “I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the Church; but if you will go down stairs, my partner in business will swear at you.” All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosions of temper. You need to bridle and saddle these hot-breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There is no harm in getting red-hot if you only bring to the forge that which needs hammering.

469. GOD WILL HELP YOU.

SOME of you are trying to escape, and you will—yet very narrowly, “as with the skin of your teeth.” God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire than you are. They line the beach of heaven—the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the back of the wrong, and start anew, God will help you.

470. RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

A MAN who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a *righteous* indignation, and not a petulancy that blurs, and unravels, and depletes the soul.

471. THE WEAKNESS OF HUMAN HELP!

MEN will sympathise for a while, and then turn you off. If you ask for their pardon, they will give it, and say they will try you again; but falling away again under the power of temptation, they cast you off for ever. But God forgives seventy times seven; yea, seven hundred times; yea, though this be the ten thousandth time, he is more earnest, more sympathetic, more helpful this last time than when you took your first miss-step.

472. THE STRUGGLE WITH APPETITE.

If, with all the influences favourable for a right life, men make so many mistakes, how much harder it is when, for instance, some appetite thrusts its iron grapple into the roots of the tongue, and pulls a man down with hands of destruction! If, under such circumstances, he break away, there will be no sport in the undertaking, no holiday enjoyment, but a struggle in which the wrestlers move from side to side, and bend and twist and watch for an opportunity to get in a heavier stroke, until with one final effort, in which the muscles are distended, and the veins stand out, and the blood starts, the swarthy habit falls under the knee of the victor.

473. THE CAPSIZED BOAT.

THE ship "Emma," bound from Göttenburg to Harwich, was sailing on, when the man on the look-out saw something that he pronounced a vessel bottom up: There was something on it that looked like a sea-gull, but was afterward found to be a waving handkerchief. In the small boat the crew pushed out to the wreck, and found that it was a capsized vessel, and that three men had been digging their way out through the bottom of the ship. When the vessel capsized they had no means of escape. The captain took

his penknife and dug away through the planks until his knife broke. Then an old nail was found, with which they attempted to scrape their way up out of the darkness, each one working until his hand was well-nigh paralysed, and he sank back faint and sick. After long and tedious work, the light broke through the bottom of the ship. A handkerchief was hoisted. Help came. They were taken on board the vessel and saved. There are men who have been capsized of evil passions, and capsized mid ocean, and they are a thousand miles away from any shore of help. They have for years been trying to dig their way out. They have been digging away, and digging away, but they can never be delivered unless to-night they will hoist some signal of distress. However weak and feeble it may be, Christ will see it, and bear down upon the helpless craft, and take them on board.

474. CHRISTIAN HEROES.

In the last day it will be found that Hugh Latimer, and John Knox, and Huss, and Ridley were not the greatest martyrs, but Christian men who went up incorrupt from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall Street, Water Street, Pearl Street, Broad Street, State Street, and Third Street. On earth they were called brokers, or stock-jobbers, or retailers, or importers; but in heaven, *Christian heroes*. No fagots were heaped about their feet; no Inquisition demanded from them recantation; no soldier aimed a pike at their heart; but they had *mental* tortures, compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

475. HAPPINESS OF THE ANIMAL CREATION.

I AM surprised to find the almost universal happiness of the animal creation. On a summer day, when the air and the grass are most populous with life, you will not hear a sound of distress unless, perchance, a heartless schoolboy has robbed a bird's nest, or a hunter has broken a bird's wing, or a pasture has been robbed of a lamb, and there goes up a bleating from the flocks. The whole earth is filled with animal delight—joy feathered, and scaled, and horned, and hoofed. The bee hums it; the frog croaks it; the squirrel chatters it; the quail whistles it; the lark carols

it; the whale spouts it. The snail, the rhinoceros, the grizzly bear, the toad, the wasp, the spider, the shell-fish, have their homely delights—joy as great to them as our joy is to us. Goat climbing the rocks; anaconda crawling through the jungle; buffalo plunging across the prairie; crocodile basking in tropical sun; seal puffing on the ice; ostrich striding across the desert, are so many bundles of joy. They do not go moping or melancholy—they are not only half supplied; God says *they are filled with good.*

476. DO NOT LET SATAN,

With cotton-bales, and kegs, and hogsheads, and counters, and stocks of unsaleable goods, block up your way to heaven. Gather up all your energies. Tighten the girdle about your loins. Take an agonising look into the face of God, and then say, "Here goes one grand effort for life eternal," and then bound away for heaven.

477. COME BACK.

I INVITE you back into the good old-fashioned religion of your fathers—to the God whom they worshipped, to the Bible they read, to the promises on which they leaned, to the Cross on which they hung their eternal expectations. You have not been happy a day since you swung off; you will not be happy a minute until you swing back.

478. GOD'S PROVIDENT CARE FOR HIS CREATURES.

God's hand feeds all these broods, and shepherds all these flocks, and tends all these herds. He sweetens the clover-top for the oxen's taste; and pours out crystalline waters, in mossed cups of rock, for the hind to drink out of on his way down the crags; and pours nectar into the cup of the honeysuckle to refresh the humming-bird; and spreads a banquet of a hundred fields of buckwheat, and lets the honey-bee put his mouth to any cup of all the banquet; and tells the grasshopper to go anywhere he likes, and gives the flocks of heaven the choice of all the grain-fields. *The sea anemone, half-animal, half-flower, clinging to the*

rock in mid-ocean, with its tentacles spread to catch its food, has the Owner of the Universe to provide for it. We are repulsed at the hideousness of the elephant ; but God, for the comfort and convenience of the monster, puts forty thousand distinct muscles in its proboscis.

479. MAN IN THE MINORITY.

By a sublime egotism man has come to appropriate this world to himself, when the fact is that our race is in a small minority. The instances of human life, as compared with the instances of animal life, are not one to a million.

480. ALL OF THIS WORLD'S RICHES

MAKE but a small inheritance for a soul. Robespierre attempted to win the applause of the world ; but when he was dying, a woman came rushing through the crowd, crying to him, "Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France !" Many who have expected the plaudits of the world have died under its Anathema Maranatha.

481. GOD'S GOODNESS TO ANIMALS.

WE shall enlarge our ideas of God's goodness if, before we come to look at the cup of our blessing, we look at the goodness of God to the *irrational creation*.

482. GOD'S PROMISES FOR BRUTES.

GOD in the Bible announces His care for these orders of creation. He says that He has heaved up fortifications for their defence—Psalm civ. 18 : "*The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies.*" He watches the birds' nests—Psalm civ. 17 : "*As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.*" He sees that the cattle have enough grass—Psalm civ. 14 : "*He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle.*" He sees to it that the cows and sheep and horses have enough to drink—Psalm civ. 10, 11 : "*He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills ; they give drink to every beast of the field : the wild asses quench their thirst.*"

483. LIFE IN WASTE PLACES.

I GO down on the barren sea-shore and say, "No animal can live in this place of desolation;" but all through the sands are myriads of little insects that leap with happy life. I go down by the marsh and say: "In this damp place, and in these loathsome pools of stagnant water, there will be the quietness of death;" but, lo! I see the turtles on the rotten log sunning themselves, and hear the bogs quake with multitudinous life.

484. THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS.

AMID the thunders of Sinai, God uttered the rights of cattle, and said that they should have a Sabbath. "*Thou shalt not do any work, thou nor thy cattle.*" He declared with infinite emphasis that the ox on the threshing-floor should have the privilege of eating some of the grain as he trod it out, and muzzling was forbidden. If young birds were taken from the nest for food, the despoiler's life depended on the mother going free. God would not let the mother-bird suffer in one day the loss of her young and her own liberty. And He who regarded in olden time the conduct of man toward the brutes, to-day looks down from heaven and is interested in every minnow that swims the stream, and every rook that cleaves the air, and every herd that bleats, or neighs, or lows in the pasture.

485. "FULL OF THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD."

WHY did God make all these, and why make them so happy? How account for all this singing, and dancing, and frisking amid the *irrational creation*? Why this heaven for the animalculæ in a dew-drop? Why for the condor a throne on Chimborazo? Why the glitter of the phosphorus in the ship's wake on the sea, which is said to be only the frolic of millions of insects? Why the perpetual chanting of so many voices from the irrational creation in earth and air and ocean—beasts, and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl, permitted to join in the praise that goes up from seraph and archangel? Only one solution, one explanation, one answer—*God is good.* "*The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.*"

486. THE HUMAN BODY.

THE Christian anatomist, gazing upon the conformation of the human body, exclaims : " Fearfully and wonderfully made." No embroidery so elaborate, no gauze so delicate, no colour so exquisite, no mechanism so graceful, no handiwork so divine. So quietly and mysteriously does the human body perform its functions, that it was not until five thousand years after the creation of the race that the circulation of the blood was discovered ; and though anatomists of all countries and ages have been so long exploring this castle of life, they have only begun to understand it.

487. THE HAND.

WONDROUS instrument ! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write, and carve, and build. It constructed the Pyramids, and hoisted the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. It reins in the swift engine ; it holds the steamer to its path in the sea ; it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch ; and makes the nations quake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests, and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth with all cities that thunder on with enterprise and power ? Four fingers and a thumb. Mighty hand ! In all its bones, and muscles, and joints, I learn that God is good.

488. OUR WONDROUS PHYSICAL ORGANIZATION.

BEHOLD the eye, which, in its Daguerrean gallery, in an instant catches the mountain and the sea. This perpetual telegraphing of the nerves ; these joints, that are the only hinges that do not wear out ; these bones and muscles of the body, with fourteen thousand different adaptations ; these one hundred thousand glands ; these two hundred million pores ; this mysterious heart, contracting four thousand times every hour—two hundred and fifty pounds of blood rushing through it every sixty seconds ; this chemical process of digestion ; this laboratory, beyond the under-

standing of the most skilful philosophy ; this furnace, whose heat is kept up from cradle to grave ; this factory of life, whose wheels and spindles and bands are God-directed ; this human voice, capable, as has been estimated, of producing seventeen trillions, five hundred and ninety-two billions, one hundred and eighty-six millions, forty-four thousand four hundred and fifteen sounds. If we could realize the wonders of our physical organization, we would be hypochondriacs, fearing every moment that some part of the machine would break down. But there are men here who have lived through seventy years, and not a nerve has ceased to thrill, or a muscle to contract, or a lung to breathe, or a hand to manipulate.

489. DR. T.'s LIFE-PURPOSE AND WORK.

I CONSECRATE my life to the conversion of souls—by repentance for sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I will preach nothing else. I will work for nothing else. I shall take no food, no sleep, no recreation, except such as will make me stronger for this work. Every faculty of my mind I marshal for this assault, and every passion of my soul I enlist in the cause. I want to care nothing for the flowers of the field, save so far as I may twist them into a garland for my Lord ; or for music, save as it may lift me up into sympathy with high Gospel themes ; or for friendship, save as it may give me a better opportunity of finding my way to the hearts of men.

490. MODEL EXHORTATION.

WHAT meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God. The judgment is coming. Eternity is coming. Your last hour for repentance is coming—nay, it may have already come. Why not listen, and live? The heart of the eternal God yearns for you. You have brought your money, now bring your heart. Celebrate our deliverance as a church from financial embarrassment by having the debt of your soul to Christ settled. God has been calling many a long day for your soul. When your child died, he called ; when you were sick, he called. Through every bright day, and every dark night, and every harvest-home, and every

spring morning, and every autumnal withering, he called, and called, and called. Hear him. Now forsake your sin. Fly for refuge. What is that I hear? Tramp! Tramp! It is the coming on of your eternal destiny. What you mean to do, do now. What crash is that I hear? It is the jarring shut of the door of mercy against a soul that may never be saved. The alarm-bell of the Gospel strikes. Fly! Fly while you may!



491. HOW DAVID AND OTHER SHEPHERD BOYS BECAME POETS.

THE Ettrick Shepherd of Scotland, who took his seat in the brilliant circle with Wilson and Lockhardt, got his wonderful poetic inspiration in the ten years in which he was watching the flocks. David, the shepherd-boy, was beautiful, brave, musical, and poetic. I think often he forgot the sheep in his reveries. There in the solitude he struck the harp-string that is thrilling through all ages. David the boy was gathering the material for David the poet, and David the man. David was fond of using his knife among the saplings, and he had noticed the exuding of the juice of the tree; and when he became a man, he said: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." David the boy had been fond of hunting the birds'-nests, and he had driven the old stork off the nest to find how many eggs were under her; and when he became a man, he said: "As for the stork, the fir trees are her house." In boyhood he had heard the terrific thunderstorm that frightened the red deer into premature sickness; and when he became a man, he said: "The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve." David the boy had lain upon his back looking up at the stars and examining the sky, and to his boyish imagination the sky seemed like a piece of divine embroidery, the divine fingers working in the threads of light and the beads of stars; and he became a man, and wrote: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers." When he became an old man, thinking of the goodness of God, he seemed to hear the bleating of his father's sheep across many years, and to think of the time when he tended them on the Bethlehem hills, and he cries out in the text: "*The Lord is my shepherd.*"

492. CARELESSNESS IS RUIN.

WHEN Moscow was burning a party was dancing in the palace over a gunpowder magazine. They knew not it was there. The flames came on, and Carnot said, "Let us have one dance more;" and they shouted all through the palace, "One dance more!" The music played, the feet bounded, the laughter rang. But suddenly through the smoke and fire and thunder of the explosion, death and eternity broke in. Alas! if any of my readers keep on in the dance of worldliness and sin, heedless of the warning until the terror of eternity explode upon their souls, and the foundations give away, and they drop into the burning!

493. THE SHEPHERD OF OLD

USED to play beautiful music, and sometimes the sheep would gather around him and listen. To-day my heavenly Shepherd calls to you with the very music of heaven, bidding you to leave your sin and accept his pardon.

494. THE SMALLEST DEW-DROP

ON the meadow at night has a star sleeping in its bosom, and the most insignificant passage of Scripture has in it a shining truth.

495. CHRISTIAN STRATAGEM.

You know very well that the greatest victories ever gained by Washington or Napoleon were gained through the fact that they came when, and in a way, they were not expected. It is in spiritual affairs as in military, that success depends in attacking that part of the castle which is not armed and intrenched. For instance, here is a man all armed on the doctrine of election; all his troops of argument and prejudice are at that particular gate. You may batter away at that side of the castle for fifty years and you will not take it; but just wheel your troops to the side gate of the heart's affections, and in five minutes you capture him. I never knew a man to be saved through a brilliant argument. You cannot hook men into the kingdom of God by *the horns* of a dilemma. There is no grace in syllogisms.

You never can capture a man's soul at the point at which he is especially intrenched. But there is in every man's heart a bolt that can be easily shoved. A little child four years old may touch that bolt, and it will spring back, and the door will swing open, and Christ will come in.

496. THE PLANNING OF A CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

If we had had the planning of a Christian's life we would have said, "Let him have eighty years of sunshine; a fine house to live in; let his surroundings all be agreeable; let him have sound health; let no chill shiver through his limbs, no pain ache his brow, or trouble shadow his soul." I enjoy the prosperity of others so much, I would let every man have as much money as he wants, and roses for his children's cheeks, and fountains of gladness glancing in their large round eyes. But that is not God's way. It seems as if a man must be cut and hit and pounded just in proportion as he is useful.

497. MEN OF WEALTH.

I HAVE seen men of wealth gathering about them all their treasures, snuffing at the cause of a world lying in wickedness, roughly ordering Lazurus off their door-step, sending their dogs, not to lick his sores, but to hound him off their premises; catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, ropy, frog-inhabited pool of their own selfishness, while many a man, with large heart and little purse, has, out of his limited means, made poverty leap for joy, and started an influence that overspans the grave, and will swing round and round the throne of God, world without end: Amen.

498. DOING IS LEARNING.

USEFULNESS is an art, a science, a trade. There was an oculist performing a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young doctor stood by and said, "How easily you do that; it don't seem to cause you any trouble at all." "Ah," said the old oculist, "it is very easy now, but *I spoiled a hateful of eyes to learn that.*"

499. WRITING THE BIBLE.

IF we had had the writing of the Bible, we would have said, "Let one man write it. If you have thirty men to write a poem, or make a statute, or write a history, or make an argument, there will be flaws and contradictions." But God says, "Let not one man do it, but forty men shall do it." And they did, differing enough to show there had been no collusion between them, but not contradicting each other on any important point, while they all wrote from their own stand-point and temperament; so that the matter-of-fact man has his Moses; the romantic nature his Ezekiel; the epigrammatic his Solomon; the warrior his Joshua; the sailor his Jonah; the loving his John; the logician his Paul. Instead of this Bible—instead of the Bible that the child can carry to school—instead of the little Bible the sailor can put in his jacket when he goes to sea—if it had been left to men to write, it would have been a thousand volumes, judging from the amount of ecclesiastical controversy which has arisen. God's way is infinitely best.

500. UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

ONE day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honour, and people climb up into sycamore-trees to watch him as he passes, and as he goes along on the shoulders of the people, there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. To-morrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing-press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before, cry, "Down with the traitor!"

501. BELSHAZZAR

SITS at the feast, the mighty men of Babylon sitting all around him. Wit sparkles like the wine, and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandeliers; the chandeliers flash down on the decanters. The breath of hanging gardens floats in on the night air; the voice of revelry floats out. Amidst wreaths and tapestry and folded banners, a finger writes. The march of a host is heard on the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop *beating*. The blow is struck. The blood on the floor is *richer-hued* than the wine on the table. The kingdom has

departed. Belshazzar was no worse, perhaps, than hundreds of people in Babylon, but his position slew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in ! It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly attainments !" but this thing may be said of you and of me, "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christian, a friend of Jesus." And that in the last day will be the highest of all eulogiums.

502. QUICKLY WE FLY TOWARD ETERNITY.

OH, may we find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with Him for ever ! That will be a marriage banquet ! Father's welcome ! Father's bosom ! Father's kiss ! Heaven ! Heaven !

503. TRAVELLING SUNDAY-SCHOOL TALKERS

BEING too lazy to teach in the school of the church to which they belong, on Sabbath afternoons they go around to maul Sunday-schools. The superintendent is polite, and thinks he must ask them to speak. When I see one of them go up on the platform to speak, I can see sticking out of the pocket of his coat the end of the handle of George Washington's hatchet. People say the Sunday-school is not a divine institution. It is ; or it would have been dead long ago under such treatment.

504. SUNDAY-SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY.

I HAVE noticed that sometimes teachers seem to feel as though they had accomplished their object when they had taught the children where Ramoth-Gilead was, and how far the Mount of Olives was from the city of Jerusalem. Alas ! if the children find all the other mountains, but find not Calvary ! Alas ! if they have described to them the ancient temple, and have not pointed out to them the bleeding Lamb upon the altar ! Alas ! if out of the instruction of the teacher the children find the lilies and the roses and the pomegranates of Bible-land, but are not brought to breathe the fragrance of Him whose garments smell of myrrh and *cassia and frankincense* !

505. A GOOD DAY.

A GOOD day begins with God. A wise merchant would no more think of going to the store without communion with Christ, than without coat or hat or shoes. I used to have a very poor watch, and I had to set it every morning in order that I might make from it a guess about the time of day. Our souls are poor time-pieces, utterly disordered, and every morning we need to set them by the Sun of Righteousness.

506. BE POSITIVE IN A RELIGIOUS WAY.

A GOOD day is one that accomplishes something positive in a religious way. You will pass five hundred or a thousand men in the street; they will all in a very short time be in eternity. Over which of those five hundred men that you met to-day, did you exert a positively religious influence?

507. YOUNG SOULS THE MOST VALUABLE

A SOUL that comes early to Christ is worth more to itself and to the world than a soul that comes late to Christ, and not so much, perhaps, because it wants to serve God, as because it is afraid it will go to hell.

508. PRAY FOR PATIENCE.

BEFORE we start off to the store we need to pray for patience. We will be harassed and perplexed. Men will wrong us, and impose upon us, and cheat us; and before the day is past, if you have not laid in a large supply of patience, you will half swear with your lips, and perhaps make a whole swear with your hearts.

509. SOW SEED EARLY.

THE world comes to the child when it is in the April of life, and sows tares. The world comes along again when the child is in the May of life, and sows thistles. Again in the fair June it comes and sows *nux-vomica*. The church meanwhile folds its hands and waits until the April has gone, and May has gone, and June and July have gone, and

men at the close of August gets in earnest, and says : " Now, now, we have got a bag of good wheat here, and we must sow it in this fresh, young soil, and we shall have a glorious harvest ! " Will it ? No, no ! It is too late ! Everlastingly too late ! You should have sowed in April and in May the good seed of the Kingdom.

510. A GOOD DAY ENDS WITH GOD.

You will, at the close of the day, find that you have made many mistakes, said things you ought not to have said, and done things you ought not to have done. Confess frankly in your prayer to God. Say, " O Lord ! forgive me that I got mad with that customer ! " " Forgive me that I lied just a little about those goods. " " Forgive me for kicking that beggar so roughly out of the store. " Go to bed at peace with the world. Soothe your feelings for lumber by a snatch of Christian song.

511. ESTABLISH A LINE OF INFLUENCE.

A MERCHANT comes in from Chicago to buy some goods ; but that is only a subordinate fact in that man's history. God sent him there, perhaps, to see what you would do for his soul. Ask him where he goes to church ; and if he goes to church, you will immediately have a line of influence between your heart and his. If he goes nowhere to church, then you have a point at which, in a courteous manner, you may move upon his soul.

512. OBJECT OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

THE first, the second, the third, the fourth, the fiftieth, the hundredth, the thousandth, the LAST object of the Sunday-school, is to make our boys and girls Christians.

513. SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMNS.

I WOULD rather have William Cowper's old hymn—

" There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,"

than fifty bushel baskets full of a great deal of the trash that is now sung in Sunday-schools.

514. SCOTLAND.

GLASGOW is the fist of Scotland. Edinburgh its brain. Lochs Katrine and Achray the deep bright eyes under long lashes of evergreen. Ben Lomond is the brow. Its ear the gorge of the Trossacks, ringing with clang of horn and hound; while its voice is the thunder that, on a summer noon, bursts upon Ben Ledi.

515. TROUBLES ARE HARD TO TAKE,

THOUGH they strengthen the soul. Tonics are always bitter.

516. A PALACE FOR CHRIST.

FOR my Lord the King let us build an ivory palace. Let its steps be of Parian marble, and its floors of mosaic, and its walls tapestried from rarest loom, and the candlesticks of gold, and the cups impearled, and the couch have all the softness of eagle's down and the splendours of sunset, and the air sweet with frankincense and music. Come in, my Lord the King! "Nay," says Christ, "I will not come into such a palace. My garments torn of the mountain and faded of the storm, my feet bedusted of the highway, my heart broken with the world's woes,—I turn back from the gaieties of the palace. What do they want of a poor wayfarer there? I choose a different house and a different entertainment. A praying soul shall be the dwelling; the wine of repentance shall be the banquet." "To that man will I look, even to him who is of a humble and contrite heart, and who trembleth at My word."

517. WHOSOEVER SLANDERS THE WORLD,
SLANDERS GOD.

IT is a grand world, a splendid world—so beautiful, that after the painter has done his best, there is an autumnal colour that flies his touch, and there a stag's antler that he cannot reach. Grand old mountains! scarred with battle-gash of tempest, and forehead turbaned with folds of white *cloud*, and feet slippered in green grass diamonded with dew. *Grand old seas!* through which God rides in the chariot

of His omnipotence—the phosphorescence of the night dripping from the wheels, the shout of the storm, but the halloo of the charioteers. But the world will die. The hills will stagger in death and fall into their graves. The pulses of the mountain-brook will cease to throb; the main artery of the river will stop. Over the bright eyes of the stars will come the film of the last hour, and the thunders heave the dying groan of the world.

**518. WE PLUCK SOME OF OUR BEST COMFORTS
FROM THE VERY MIDST OF OUR TRIALS.**

I HAVE noticed that some of the sweetest berries grow on the sharpest thorns.

519. A BRIGHT ROOM.

IF when a photographer takes a picture he must have the lightest room in all the building, shall we not have a bright room when we would have the image of the Lord Jesus Christ impressed upon the soul?

**520. LONG NOT FOR THE LAST WORDS THAT
WERE NOT SPOKEN.**

IF the life has been right, the death cannot be wrong.

521. CARRY GOOD CHEER.

YOU may go into a young man's store and find him discouraged. His countenance is clouded. Ask what is the matter; tell him of your own early struggles, and how, by the grace of God, you got out of them. Stop on your way, to and from business, at the houses of suffering and sickness. One "Good morning," or "Good evening," may bring comfort and heaven to a suffering soul.

522. ENCUMBERED WITH STORIES.

STORIES have their place in Sunday-school instruction; but I know a woman who wears, on certain occasions, *seven thousand dollars' worth of diamonds*, and while she is

herself a very unattractive person, the people look only at the diamonds. So, there is a way of stating a truth in a Sunday-school, and putting so many stories around it that the children look only at the adornments, and not at the truth.

523. CHRIST'S TREATY OF PEACE.

CHRIST spreading His treaty of peace over all monarchies and republics, the potentates, presidents, and princes of the earth will come up and sign it. Vessels of war, anchored in the ship-yards, and changed into merchant-men, or coming into the navy-yard to be kept as relics of a barbarous age, to be looked upon as in our museums we now examine scalping-knives and thumb-screws; the masterly treatises on military tactics will be sold for wrapping-paper, or kept for curious examination, as we have in our libraries an old Koran or a Chinese almanack. The surgical discoveries made in the treatment of gun-shot fractures, will be employed in alleviating the accidents to labourer, farmer, and mechanic. The hammer of the shipwright, as it beats against the spikes in the ship's beam, will sound, "*Life! Life!*" instead of, as now, rattling, "*Death! Death!*"

524. WEEP NOT FOR THE CHRISTIAN DEAD.

If they go through long sickness, in which there is opportunity for parting admonitions, thank God for that. But if, by sudden transition, they have not a moment of consciousness, thank God that they escape the exhaustion of sickness, and that from the health of earth they stepped into the health of heaven.

525. MAKE NO ADJOURNMENT OF YOUR RELIGION TILL COOL WEATHER.

WHETHER you stay in town, or seek the farm-house or the sea-shore, or the mountains, be faithful in prayer, in Bible reading, and in attendance upon Christian ordinances. He who throws away two months of life, wastes that for which many a dying sinner would have been willing to give all his earthly possessions, when he found that the harvest was *past and the summer was ended!*

526. RELIGIOUS INFLUENCES OF SPRING.

THE spring is suggestive of God and heaven, and a resurrection day: That eye must be blind that does not see God's footsteps in the new grass, and hear His voice in the call of the swallow at the eaves. In the white blossoms of the orchards we find suggestions of those whose robes have been made white in the blood of the Lamb.

527. HEAVEN PREPARED FOR ITS PEOPLE.

HEAVEN is like a house in which a levée is to be held at ten o'clock. At nine o'clock the rooms are all ablaze with lights, and the servants, gloved and vested, are waiting to open the doors. The rooms of our Father's house are illumined, and the chamberlains are ready, and the table is spread.

528. WORTH OF A CHILD-SOUL.

I HAVE more faith in the conversion of a child at ten years of age than I have of a man of forty.

529. THE WELL OF CHRISTIAN COMFORT.

THERE are a good many new ways of comforting. Your father dies. Your neighbour comes in and he says, "It is only a natural law that your father should die. The machinery is nearly worn out;" and before he leaves you, he makes some other excellent remarks about the coagulation of blood, and the difference between respiratory and nitrogenized food. Your child dies, and your philosophic neighbour comes, and for your soothing tells you that it was impossible the child should live with such a state of mucous membrane! Out with your chemistry and physiology when I have trouble, and give me a plain New Testament! I would rather have an illiterate man from the backwoods, who knows Christ, talk with me when I am in trouble, than the profoundest worldling who does not know Him. The Gospel, without telling you anything about mucous membrane, or gastric juice, or hydrochloric acid, comes and says, "All things together work for good to those who love God," and that if your child is gone, it is only

because Jesus has folded it in His arms, and that, the judgment-day will explain things that are now inexplicable. Oh ! let us dig out this gospel-well of comfort. Take away the stoicism and fatality with which you have been trying to fill it. Drive up the great herd of your cares and anxieties, and stop their bleating in this cool fountain.

530. CONVICTION.

CONVICTION I know is a sharp cut, but how are you to bring the grain down except with a keen edge ? You hear the sound of the rifle on the scythe before the farmer starts to cross the field. Men must have their sins cut down, or you can do nothing with them.

531. THE CLOTHING GOD PROVIDES FOR US.

THERE is but one manufactory of Gobelin tapestry, and that is at Paris, under the control of the government ; and the fabrics are woven for royal families only. But in all the earth there are factories going day and night, weaving a more wonderful fabric than royal tapestry for us, the King's children. The cotton plantation sends us socks. The flax-field sends us linen. The sheep's wool supplies us cloaks. The sable and the ermine yield us furs.

532. STEADY LIGHTS.

THE moral world wants fewer comets and more Jupiters ; fewer fireflies and more lamps ; fewer Jack-o'-the-lanterns to dance the swamps, but more evening stars to cheer the world's darkness ; fewer Lord Byrons and more John Fosters. We never knew of but one meteor that went forth on a grand mission—the one that ran to stand over Bethlehem, and *that* got all its glory from the fact that it pointed to the Sun that never sets.

533. IRRELIGIOUS SOCIAL INFLUENCES.

THE long, high, mighty breastwork of social influences—*how shall grace ever take it ?* For which one of these *ungodly friends* will you send when you are dying ? They

could sit up with you, and pour out the medicines, and shake up your hot pillow, but could they administer any comfort for the soul? If you should ask them to pray, do you think they would know how to do it? Will they crowd the room, and keep out the last enemy? What single thing can they do for you when heart and flesh shall fail? When the trumpet sounds, do you want to rise with them in *their* resurrection? If not, do not let them hinder you now. If they do nothing for you in death, judgment, or eternity, it is high time you looked for help in some other direction.

534. OUR FIRST HORSE.

LIKE all new beginners, our first attempt at buying a horse resulted in our getting bitten, not by the horse. From Job's vivid description we went forth to look at a horse whose "neck was clothed with thunder." We found him. We liked the thunder very well, but not so well the lightning that flew out of his feet the first time he kicked the dash board to pieces. We give as our experience that thunder is most too lively to plough with. We found him dishonest at both ends. Not only were his heels untrustworthy, but his teeth, and the only reason we escaped being bitten by the horse, as well as the jockey who sold him, was that we are gifted with powers of locomotion sufficient for any emergency, especially if there be sufficient propulsion advancing from the rear. Job shall never choose another horse for us. We telegraphed to the jockey, "Come and take your old nag, or I will sue you!" He did not budge, for he was used to being sued. Having changed our minds, we telegraphed, offering to pay him for the honour of swindling us, and the telegram was successful. We gave him a withering look as he rode away, but he did not observe it.

535. PIGS.

OUR taste may not be thoroughly cultured, but we think a pig of six weeks is positively handsome. It has such an innocent look out of its eyes, and a voice so capable of nice shades of inflection, whether expressive of alarm or want. Such a *cunning* wink of the nose, such artistic twist of

tail! But one of our twain fell to acting queer one day. It went about as if, like its ancestors of Gadara, unhappily actuated, till after a while it up and died. We had a farrier to doctor it, and poor thing! it was bled and mauled till we knew not whether to ascribe its demise to the disease or the malpractice of the medical adviser. But its companion flourished. We had clergymen, lawyers, and artists admire and praise it. We found recreation in looking at its advancement, and though the proverb says that you "cannot make a whistle out of a pig's tail," figuratively speaking, I have made a dozen out of that mobile and unpromising material.

536. EVIL COMPANIONSHIP.

EVIL companionship has destroyed innumerable men. Through this high battlement no human force can break, but oh! that the Lord Jesus might storm it to-night. Give up your scoffing associates, or give up God and heaven. These friends may get you into perdition, but they cannot get you out. Christ never entered a man's soul who was not willing to give up unsanctified companionship.

537. GEESE.

OUR geese flourished. Much-maligned birds! They are wise instead of foolish, save in the one item of not knowing how to lower their necks when you want them to go under the fence. (Who of us has not one weak point of character?) They are affectionate, and die if shut up alone, and with wild outcry sympathise with any unfortunate comrade whose feathers have been plucked. From their wings they furnished the instruments for writing Walter Scott's "Rob Roy," and Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." Worth more than an eagle any day, have better morals, do pluck more nutriment out of the mud than eagles do out of the sun. Save for Fourth of July orations, eagles are of but little worth, filthy, cruel, ugly at the beak, fierce at the eye, loathsome at the claw; but give me a flock of geese, white-breasted, yellow-billed, coming up at nightfall with military tramp, in single file led on, till nearing the barn-yard they take wing, and with deafening clang the flying artillery wheel to their bivouacs for the night.

538. FARMING FOR THE CLERGY.

IF a city clergyman have no higher idea than a crop of turnips or corn, he had better not take a farm. It will be cheaper to let somebody else's hen lay the eggs, and to buy your tomatoes by the peck ; but he who would like to look out of his window and see "rain on the new-mown grass," and at five o'clock would love to walk out and see "the day-spring from on high," or in the garden hear Christ preaching from the text, "Consider the lilies," or watch God feeding the ravens, or see him clothing "the grass of the field," or in the gush of full moonlight learn the sweetness of the promise, "At evening tide it shall be light"—let such a minister get a place in the country and spend the weeks that he has usually passed among the bright shawls of starched watering-places, with his coat off, in check shirt and coarse boots, listening while "mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl" at matins and vespers praise the Lord ; geranium and branch of apple-blossom swinging their censers.

539. OUR VINTAGE.

THE Lord of the vineyard will, after a while, appear at the gate. The day of vintage will come. When the grapes in olden times were gathered, there was sporting through all the land, and the sound of musical instruments. What kind of clusters shall we be able to show, at last, in our own vineyard ? Will they be tainted and sour, or ripe and large ? If faithful in the planting, and the trimming, and the watching, the vintage will be glorious. Let the messengers of God put the full clusters into the wine-press, and then, with all the banqueters of heaven, the instruments chorded to the right pitch, we will drink new wine in our Father's Kingdom. God forbid that ours should be the lamentation. "They made me the keeper of the vineyard, but my own vineyard have I not kept !"

540. THE HEART.

THE first thing for one to do is to take care of his or her own heart.

541. EXPERIENCE.

IF our own piety be thin our work will be inefficient. If we have been much with Christ, and have deep personal experiences, we will do more good in one month than with a shallow experience we could do in ten years.

542. GOSPEL WELLS FILLED UP.

MANY of the old gospel wells that our fathers dug have been filled up by the modern Philistines. They have thrown in their scepticisms and their philosophies, until the well is almost filled up, and it is nigh impossible to get one drop of the clear water. These men tell us that you ought to put the Bible on the same shelf with the Koran and the old Persian manuscripts, and to read it with the same spirit; and there is not a day but somebody comes along and drops a brick or a stone or a carcass in this old gospel well. We are told that all the world wants is development, forgetful of the fact that without the gospel the world always develops downward, and that if you should take the religion of Christ out of this world, in two hundred years it would develop into the "Five Points" of the universe.

543. THE LAST PARTING.

IT is sad to say farewell on earth, but how sad to say farewell in the judgment—to gaze eternally up toward the place where our loved ones dwell, but be ourselves thrown out! Oh, the bitterness, and the agony, and the heart-break of that last parting!

544. UNENDING REST.

OH, ye whose locks are wet with the dew of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy, because those well-known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest! There is David triumphant; but once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned; but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant; but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health; but on earth he was always sick. No *toil*, no *tears*, no *partings*, no *strife*, no *agonising cough*, no

night. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic harps. No tremor in the everlasting song; but rest—perfect *rest*—UNENDING REST.

545. SCOVILL M'CALLUM.

SCOVILL M'CALLUM, a boy of my Sunday-school, while dying, said to his mother, "Don't cry, but sing, sing, .

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,"

Then, putting his wasted hands over his heart, said, "There is rest for me."

546. "SOMETHING THE MATTER."

I PASSED down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the finest houses on the street. He said, "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity. In that one a dissipated son. In that a dissolute father. In that an idiot child. In that the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

547. JOIN SOME CHURCH.

LOOK over the whole list of churches and clergymen, and I think that you will find one good enough for your soul. Keep, if you will, your prejudice against all other institutions, but love that one. To some of you I commend the Episcopalian liturgy as the best; to others, the informal worship of the Methodist. Some of you had better be sprinkled, and others had better go down to be dipped in the flood. To some of you I commend a church where the music is led by a precentor, and all the people join in the singing; to others, a church where four persons stand in the loft and conduct the music, and during the dull passages in prayer and sermon write sentimental notes or eat philopenas. Amid all the denominations there must be one place where your soul will be *blessed*.

548. "HE DIED FOR ME."

I WAS reading, a day or two ago, about a farmer who was found kneeling at a soldier's grave near Nashville. Some one came to him and said: "Why do you pay so much attention to this grave? Was your son buried here?" "No," he said. "During the war, my family were all sick. I knew not how to leave them. I was drafted. One of my neighbours came over and said: 'I will go for you; I have no family.' He went off. He was wounded at Chickamauga. He was carried to the hospital and died. And, sir, I have come a great many miles that I might write over his grave these words: '*He died for me.*'" Christ was our substitute. He went forth to fight our battles. He died. Oh! that we might write over His grave, each one of us: "*He died for me.*"

549. THE LAST BUSINESS DAY.

My hearers are coming nearer their *last business day*. You move in routine. You rise at seven o'clock, breakfast, start for the store, enter your counting-room, read your letters, and give consequent orders. You look at the prices current, and talk with customers. You sell and you buy. You run over to the bank or insurance company. You come back and look into the cash-drawer, and see by the book how much money your partner has drawn out. You run out to lunch. You come back. You drive out the street-peddlers, who have razors, or apples, or books to sell. At five or six o'clock you start for Fulton, Wall, or South Ferry. That order goes on day after day, and year after year. Yet a day is not far distant which may seem to be like all the others, but shall be entirely different. It will have two twilights—that of the morning and that of the evening. There will be a meridian. You will go to business—you will come back. Yet it will be, in the calendar of eternity, as marked a day as though it had no twilight; as though every hour the sky rang a fire-bell; as though faces looked out from all the clouds; as though the wind had voices; as though every hour an angel shot past your store door. It will be your last business day. Unknown and unexpected by yourself, you will terminate all your business engagements. You will shut your cash-drawer, will close

your portfolio, will slam shut the money-safe, will take your hat and go out. Nothing that ever happens in the store can take you back again. After ten, twenty, or thirty years being seen in business places, or the exchange, or at the broker's, you will not appear. Men will ask about you, and say, "Where is So-and-so?" and your friend will say, "Have you not heard the news?" and will take a paper from his pocket, and point to your name on the death-list,

550. THE FOGS OF DOUBT SHALL BE CLEARED AWAY.

I STOOD on the top of the Catskills one bright morning. On the top of the mountain was a crown of flashing gold, while all beneath was rolling, writhing, contorted cloud. But after a while the arrows of light, shot from heaven, began to make the glooms of the valley strike tent. The mists went skurrying up and down like horsemen in wild retreat. The fogs were lifted, and dashed, and whirled. Then the whole valley became one grand illumination; gradually, they moved off. The green valleys looked up. Then the long flash of the Hudson unsheathed itself, and there were the white flocks of villages lying amid the rich pastures, golden grain-fields, and the soft, radiant cradle of the valley, in which a young empire might sleep. So there hangs over all the graves, and sepulchres, and mausoleums of the ages a darkness that no earthly lamp can lift; but from above the Sun of Righteousness shines, and the dense fogs of scepticism having lifted, the valleys of the dead stand in the full gush of the morning of the resurrection.

551. THE LORD'S GIFT OF CHILDREN.

HAVE you children round about your table? Have they eyesight, when so many have been born blind? Have they hearing, when so many have been born deaf? Can they talk and sing, when so many have been born dumb? Have they the use of leg and foot, when so many have been born cripples? Who gave you those glad, healthy, romping children? How much will you take for them? If I should offer you the Kohinoor diamond for one, you would laugh *me to scorn!* You would not sell the eldest one, because

it is the first-born ; you would not sell the youngest one, because it is the youngest and the pet ; nor this one, because it is the very image of its father ; nor that one, because it looks like its mother ; nor this one, because it has always been sick, and you especially love it ; nor that one, because it is so healthful that you could not think of giving it up. I do not want you to give them up. I only want you, if gold and diamonds and all the earth cannot buy them, to think of the magnitude of the question : "How much owest thou unto my Lord?"

552. THE SUBLIME STORY.

If you were told in another place of a man who had done as much for his country as Christ has done for you and me, you would break forth in long and loud acclaim, and clap your hands, and stamp your feet, to show your enthusiasm. But oh ! how few eyes weep when I tell of the cross.

553. A GOOD WIFE.

HAVE you a companion who is kind, gentle, sympathetic, helpful—sympathetic with all your joys and sorrows? Was it good luck or the merry sleigh-ride that gave her to you? No. "A prudent wife is from the Lord."—Proverbs xix. 14.

554. "NOTHING TO ME NOW."

AMONG the Sierra Nevada Mountains I was walking with some of the passengers to relieve the overladen stage, and one of them gave me his history. He said : "With my wife I came to California twenty years ago. We suffered every hardship. I went to the mines, but had no luck. I afterwards worked at a trade, but had no luck. Then I went to farming, but had no luck. We suffered almost starvation. Everything seemed to go against us. While we were in complete poverty, my wife died. After her death I went again to the mines. I struck a vein of gold which yielded me forty thousand dollars. I am now on my way to San Francisco to transfer the mine, for which I am to receive *one hundred thousand dollars.*" "Then," said I, "you are

worth one hundred and forty thousand dollars." He said, "Yes; but it comes too late. My wife is gone. The money is nothing to me now."

555. "LIKE THE GREAT MOUNTAINS."

THE traveller on the Pacific railroad, going towards California day after day, asks, "Why, where are the Rocky Mountains?" The fact is, that the train goes up so very gradually for hundreds and hundreds of miles, the traveller does not see the precipices and the rocks that he expected to see; so that when he gets to Sherman, where he is eight or nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, he cannot appreciate the fact that he is at so great an altitude. We have been going on in this path of life, over the mountain of God's blessing, rising higher and higher, until we are not aware of the great altitude of benediction to which we have been lifted; yet, here we stand to-night, thousands of feet above the level of that great sea of want and woe upon which millions of our fellow men are tossed, and we cannot appreciate the elevation. Oh! you need to pile the Sierra Nevada and the Wahsatch on the top of the Rocky Mountains to appreciate the meaning of the Psalmist when he says, "*Thy righteousness is like the great mountains!*"

556. GOD'S PROVISION OF FOOD FOR US.

WE have been sitting at God's table ten, thirty, fifty, seventy years. From the apples you ate in the orchard when a boy, to the fruit last night upon your tea-table, it all came out of the same hand. From the horn that called you from the hay-field years ago, to the silver bell that tinkled on your table at noon to-day, you have never known the pang, the sickening horror of having nothing to eat. We pay the butcher, the baker, and the fruit-dealer, but we do not pay that God who makes the food, and who gives us the money with which to buy it. If on Saturday night, or at the end of the month, they with whom we board present the bill, and we do not pay it, we are put out; but year after year, and for scores of years, have we been permitted to sit at God's table without pay, and the luxuries are *greater now than ever before.*

557. "HOW MUCH OWEST THOU UNTO MY LORD?"

WHEN the first of January comes, you will take an account of stock, and you will bring up in a balance-sheet all the values and all the indebtedness. Indeed, often during the year you ask yourself the questions, "What am I worth?" "How much do I owe?" I suppose that you could put down on a piece of paper, in five minutes, in round figures, your whole indebtedness to men. And yet how you halt and stumble when the question is put to you to-night, that was propounded by the steward to the debtors of his master: "How much owest thou unto my Lord?"

558. THE LAST MOMENT OF LIFE.

THAT is often the most cheerful moment. John Howard talked of it with exhilaration, and selected his own burial-place, saying to his friend, "A spot near the village of Dauphiny would suit me nicely." When John Doule was dying in the triumph of the Gospel, someone said, "Let us pray." "No," said another Christian, "let us *sing* him over the Jordan!" But it will be a dark moment if we are unfitted for it. When we get in the last two minutes of our lives, there will be no time left for anything. You might as well try to strike a match and get a light on a ship's deck in the midst of a hurricane as to prepare for eternity when the winds of death are in full blast. It is a poor time to start to get your house insured when the flames are bursting out of all the windows, and it is a poor time to attempt to prepare for death when the realities of eternity are taking hold of us.

559. THE PRECIPICE—DEATH.

IF you come to a precipice, and look a thousand feet down, you get dizzy and want to hold fast. How, then, must the unprepared soul feel when it comes to the brink of this life and looks down—further than a stone could drop in a thousand years, and irresistible forces are pushing it to the verge, and it knows that there is nothing to clutch, *nothing* to brace itself against!

560. GOD'S BOUNTY TO AMERICA.

THE Jews were God's *ancient* people ; Americans are God's *modern* people. And we have the advantage over them. They wandered forty years through the desert ; we have gone for nigh a hundred years through a garden. God struck *one* rock for them, and the water came down to slake their thirst ; *all* the rocks of this land are struck to supply our thirst. One flock of quails came down to the Israelites, and they ate and died ; this land is full of quails, and grosbeaks, and robins, and prairie-fowl, and the nation eats and lives. Manna came down in the dew to the Israelites, but if it was not picked right up, it became wormy ; God drops the manna down on all the wheat-fields from Pennsylvania to California, and we gather it into the granaries.

561. A CAGED BIRD SUGGESTIVE.

IN the down of its breast you can see the glow of Southern climes ; in the sparkle of its eye you can see the flash of distant seas ; in its voice you can hear the song it learned in the wild wood. It is a child of the sky in captivity. Now the dead bird of my text, captured from the air, suggests the *Lord Jesus, who came down from the realms of light and glory.*

562. GOD'S REVEALED WORD.

SCIENTIFIC men are trying to show us, through the newspapers and through philosophic papers, that our race is descended from the monkey. But we, who believe in God's Word, read there that God made man in his own image, and not in the image of a monkey. Get out of my way with your theories ! Scientific men cannot understand the origin of this world. We open our Bibles, and we feel like the Christian Arab, who said to the sceptic, when asked by him why he believed that there was a God : " How do I know that it was a man instead of a camel that went past my tent last night ? Why, I know him by the tracks." Then, looking over at the setting sun, the Arab said to the sceptic, " Look there ! that is not the work of a man ; that is the *track* of a God." We have all these things revealed.

in God's Word. It is a very different book from what it once was to me. I used to take it as a splendid poem, and read it as I read John Milton. I took it up sometimes as a treatise on law, and read it as I did Blackstone. I took it as a fine history, and read it as I did Josephus. Ah! now it is not the poem; it is not the treatise of law; it is not the history. It is simply a *family album* that I open, and see right before me the face of God, my Father; of Christ, my Saviour; of heaven, my eternal home.

563. THE OLD TESTAMENT,

To very many people, is a great slaughter-house strewn with the blood and bones and horns and hoofs of butchered animals. But to the intelligent Christian the Old Testament is a magnificent corridor, through which Jesus advances. As He appears at the other end of the corridor, we can only see the outlines of His character; coming nearer, we can descry the features. But when, at last, He steps upon the platform of the New Testament, amid the torches of evangelists and apostles, the orchestras of heaven announce Him with a blast of minstrelsy that wakes up Bethlehem at midnight.

564. WORLDLY HONOURS HOLLOW.

THE very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster: "What a statesman! What wonderful exposition of the Constitution! A man fit for any position." That same world said, after a while, "Down with him! He is an office-seeker. He is a sot. He is a libertine. Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. While Charles Mathews was performing in London, before immense audiences, one day a worn-out and gloomy man came into a doctor's shop, saying, "Doctor, what can you do for me?" The doctor examined his case, and said, "My advice is that you go and see Charles Mathews." "Alas! alas!" said the man, "I myself am Charles Mathews." Jeffrey thought if he could only be judge, that would be the making of him; got to be judge, and cursed the day on which he was born. Alexander *wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; sub-*

merged it, and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favour of courts and princes ; won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets and orators and duchesses were adoring his genius, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt on the day when he wrote of the

“Daisy, wee modest, crimson-tipped flower.”

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power ; made it tremble, then died, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots, which he insisted on having on his feet when dying.



565. CHRIST OUR DELIVERER.

WHATEVER be the form of evil habit, Christ is able fully and finally to deliver that man. Though he be eaten up with dissipations ; though he be sunk to the lowest depths of shame ; though every physical, mental, and spiritual force be crippled, Christ will make him a whole man, and lift him to usefulness and respectability here, and to glory hereafter.



566. LAY HOLD OF THAT ALMIGHTY ARM,

OH, ye dying captives ! Notwithstanding all your past misdoings, there is no need that you miss heaven ; there is grace enough to save every one of you ; not merely letting you escape by the skin of your teeth, but giving you an abundant entrance into the kingdom of our Lord. The feet of God's host are already at the foot of the wall. They come on with the blood-stained flag of the cross. They mount the steep. Under their drawn sword your evil passions go down. Where sin abounded, grace does much more abound. Victory over your sin ! Victory through the Lord Jesus Christ !



567. YOUR HEART TAKEN FOR CHRIST,

YOUR bad habits fall, your mental difficulties fly, and in *one struggle* your entire nature is redeemed.

568. NONE BEYOND HOPE.

I HAVE heard men spoken of as so far gone that they could not be rescued. I denounce the horrible infidelity. The Lord's arm is omnipotent, and the worst wretch that ever crawled into the ditch would no more puzzle or confound God than the case of the most elegant and polished sinner that ever came to him.

569. YOURS IS A SINNING HEART.

AND Christ alone can cleanse it. Yours is a proud heart, and Christ alone can humble it. Yours is a rebellious heart, and Christ alone can subdue it.

570. THROW OPEN EVERY DOOR,

AND ward, and closet of your heart to the conquering Jesus. Be not like Hiram, the king, who contributed toward building the Temple of God at Jerusalem, while at the same time he was helping to construct the temples of Hercules. Your heart swept clean of the last idol, let Christ have full possession.

571. THE TIDE OF ETERNITY.

A GENTLEMAN, wandering along on the beach of Scotland, where the high rocks came near the sea, was unmindful of the fact that the tide was rising, which would cut off his retreat. A man on the top of the rocks shouted, "Hallo! the tide is rising, and this is the last place through which you can make your escape; you had better climb up on to the rocks." The man laughed at the warning, and went on. After a while he thought it was time to return; he came back and found retreat cut off. He tried to scale the rocks; he clambered half way up—could get no farther. The wave came to his feet—came to his waist—came to his chin—and with a wild shriek for help he perished. The tides of eternity are rising. Those only will be saved who get on to the Rock of Ages. Yet men saunter along in their sin and play in the sand. We come out and shout, "*Hallo! hallo! the tide is rising.*" They laugh at our

excitement, and say that there is no danger. After a while they resolve to return, but it is too late. The waters of eternal destruction gather about their feet; they try to climb, but get no farther than the foot of the rock, and, with eyes rolling in horror, and hands flung up, and a shriek of despair that rolls among the mountains of death with long, reverberating echo, they drop for ever. Lord God keep us from such a catastrophe!

572. A SISTER'S DEATH-BED.

LAST week I sat by the deathbed of my sister Mary. Her soul has for many days been struggling to get loose. When she threw off her bonnet, and I threw off my hat for the race, how we sped down the lane! I shut my eyes, for it seems a dream. How we made the haymows and the meadows ring with the racket! She was sunshine. She always was sunshine. She is on her way to everlasting sunshine. As I sat on her bedside, she said, "Oh, De Witt, no doubts, no fears! What a mistake I would have made if I had waited to get ready until now!"

573. A LEGEND IN ICELAND

SAYS, that when Jesus was a boy, playing with His comrades one Sabbath day, He made birds of clay; and as these birds of clay were standing upon the ground, an old Sad-ducee came along, and he was disgusted at the sport, and dashed the birds to pieces; but the legend says that Jesus waved His hand above the broken birds, and they took wing, and went singing heavenward. Of course that is a fable among the Icelanders; but it is not a fable that we are dust, and that, the hand of divine grace waved over us once, we go singing towards the skies.

574. GOOD OR EVIL

EVERY man has a thousand roots and a thousand branches. His roots reach down through all the earth; his branches spread through all the heavens. He speaks with voice, with eye, with hand, with foot. His silence often is thunder, and his life is an anthem or a doxology. There is *no such thing as negative influence*. We are all positive in

the place we occupy, making the world better or worse, on the Lord's side or on the devil's, making up reasons for our blessedness or banishment; and we have already done a mighty work in peopling heaven or hell. I hear people tell of what they are going to do. A man who has burned down a city might as well talk of some evil that he expects to do, or he who saved an empire talk of some good that he expects to do. By the force of your evil influence you have already consumed infinite values, or you have, by the power of a right influence, won whole kingdoms for God.



575. THE WORLD IS OFF THE TRACK!

You might as well stand at the foot of an embankment, amid the wreck of a capsized rail-train, proving by elaborate argument that something is out of order. Adam tumbled over the embankment sixty centuries ago, and the whole race, in one long train, has gone on tumbling in the same direction. Crash! crash! The only question now is, By what leverage can the crushed thing be lifted? By what hammer may the fragments be reconstructed?



576. THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

"A HOARY head is a crown of glory" if it be found in the way of righteousness. There may be no colour in the cheek, no lustre in the eye, no spring in the step, no firmness in the voice, and yet around the head of every old man whose life has been a Christian, there hovers a glory brighter than ever shook in the white tops of the almond-tree. If the voice quiver, it is because God is changing it into a tone fit for the celestial choral. If the back stoop, it is only because the body is just about to lie down in peaceful sleep. If the hand tremble, it is because God is unloosing it from worldly disappointments to clasp it on ringing harp and waving palm. If the hair is turned, it is only the grey light of heaven's dawn streaming through the scant locks. If the brow, once adorned by a luxuriance of auburn or raven, is smitten with baldness, it is only because God is preparing a place to set the everlasting crown. The falling of this aged Christian's staff will be the signal for the heavenly gate to swing open. The scattering of the almond blossoms will only discover the setting of the fruit.

577. THE ALMOND-TREE.

IN January, Palestine is adorned with the blossoming of the almond-tree. It breathes its life into that winter month as a promise of God's sometimes lights up and sweetens the coldness and desolation of a sorrowing spirit. It was not a useless tree, made just to bloom and die, or, like the willow by the water-courses, to stand weeping into the stream, but it disputed with terebinth and cassia for a high place in the commerce of the world. Its wealth bore down the dromedaries of the desert, and in ships of Tarshish struggled with the sea. Its rugged trunk parted into gracefulness of branch and burst into a lavishness of bloom, till the Temple imitated it in the golden candlestick, and Jeremiah beheld its branches shaking in his dream. The pomegranate had more pretentious colour, and rung out its fragrance with red blossoming bells, but the almond-tree stood in simple white. The almond-tree in full bloom looked like some tree before our window on a winter's morning after a nightfall of snow, when its brightness is almost insufferable, every stem a white and feathery plume.

578. A MOTHER'S HAND.

God's hand is a mother's hand. What it touches it heals. If it smite you, it does not hurt as if it were another hand. Oh! you poor wandering soul in sin, it is not a bailiff's hand that seizes you to-day. It is not a hard hand. It is not an unsympathetic hand. It is not a cold hand. It is not an enemy's hand. No. It is a gentle hand, a loving hand, a sympathetic hand, a soft hand, a mother's hand.

579. AN AGED MINISTER SOLD.

GENERAL FISK says that he once stood at a slave-block where an old Christian minister was being sold. The auctioneer said of him, "What bid do I hear for this man? He is a very good kind of a man; he is a minister." Somebody said "twenty dollars;" somebody else "twenty-five"—"thirty"—"thirty-five"—"forty." The aged Christian minister began to tremble; he had expected to be able to buy his own freedom, and he had just seventy dollars, and *expected with the seventy dollars to get free.* As the bids

ran up the old man trembled more and more. "Forty"—"forty-five"—"fifty"—"fifty-five"—"sixty"—"sixty-five." The old man cried out "*seventy*." He was afraid they would outbid him. The men around were transfixed. Nobody dared bid; and the auctioneer struck him down to himself—done—done!

580. A CHRISTIAN

Is not afraid of Sinai. The thunders do not frighten him. You have seen two thunder-showers meet. One cloud from this mountain, and another cloud from that mountain, coming together, and responding to each other, crash to crash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! And then the clouds break and the torrents pour, and they are emptied perhaps into the very same stream that comes down so red at your feet, that it seems as if all the carnage of the storm-battle has been emptied into it. So in this Bible I see two storms gather, one above Sinai, the other above Calvary, and they respond one to the other—flash to flash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! Sinai thunders, "*The soul that sinneth, it shall die!*" Calvary responds, "*Save them from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom.*" Sinai says, "*Woe! woe!*" Calvary answers, "*Mercy! mercy!*" and then the clouds burst, and empty their treasures into one torrent, and it comes flowing to our feet, red with the carnage of our Lord—in which, if thy soul be plunged, it shall go forth FREE—FREE!

581. FAILURE OF SCEPTICISM.

SCEPTICISM seems to do quite well in prosperity, but it fails in adversity. A celebrated infidel, on shipboard, in the sunshine, caricatured the Christian religion, and scoffed at its professors. But the sea arose, and the waves dashed across the hurricane-deck, and the man cried out, "O my God, what shall I do? what shall I do?" A father went down to see his dying son in a Southern hospital during the war. Finding that the boy was dying, he went to the chaplain and said, "I wish you would go and see my boy, and get him prepared for the future." "Why," said the chaplain, "I thought you did not believe in religion!"

"Well," said he, "I don't, but his mother does; and I would a great deal rather the boy would follow his mother. Go and get him prepared." Scepticism may do tolerably well to live by, but it is a poor thing to die by. The fortification of your soul this hour gives way; and the Christ, who seemed to have been overcome by argument, and by profound questions, and elaborate analysis, now, by the force of love, *overcomes at the last!*

582. POWER OF EXAMPLE.

WHEN, in the Mexican war, the troops were wavering, a general rose in his stirrups and dashed into the enemy's lines, shouting, "*Men, follow!*" They, seeing his courage and disposition, dashed on after him, and gained the victory. What men want to rally them for God is an example to lead them. All your commands to other to advance amount to nothing, so long as you stay behind. To affect them aright, you need to start for heaven yourself, looking back only to give the stirring cry of—"MEN, FOLLOW!"

583. FORWARD, YE TROOPS OF LIGHT,

To the next circumvallation of the heart, namely, *per-nicious habit*. I do not believe that it is necessary to be a teetotaler in order to be a Christian (although I wish all were teetotalers), but I do say that a man who is excessive in the use of strong drink cannot love Christ. He will not dispute with you the supremacy of the bottle.

584. BOYHOOD SABBATHS.

WHERE did you pass your boyhood Sabbaths? You say in a New-England village. You remember the church, and the green in front; and the cry of the swallows in the tower as the tap of the bell scattered them; and the quiet graveyard beside it, some of the stones leaning over, and the moss almost covering the letters; the long line of horses at the hitching-post; the group at the church door; the minister, plain, and earnest, and affectionate; the children, with whom you exchanged mischievous glances; and the aged *men and women*, to whom you looked up with veneration,

though they were sometimes asleep at the head of the pew—all of them sound asleep now, in the shadow of the church that once they frequented: With some of you it was the Scotch kirk, or the English chapel, or the city church. Somehow, ever since then you loved Sunday to come. Its sunrise seems more golden; its noonday more bright; its evening more suggestive; and although you feel, before God, that many of your Sundays have been wasted, you will say, "Sweet Sabbath! Messenger from God! Pillow on which to put the aching head! Day fragrant of all sweet memories! How I love thee!"

585. THE APPETITE AS A BARRIER.

THE appetite is to-day the mightiest barrier against God. There are men who would rather brave eternity, unpardoned, than give up their bondage. They have been throwing up this embankment of evil habit for five, ten, or twenty years, until it is very high and very great. Temperance societies, grand as they are, will not capture it. Christ, the Son of God, alone can take the fortification.

586. YOUR LAST SABBATH.

IF you are forty years of age, two thousand and eighty of your Sabbaths are gone. Indeed, the whole flock of them is started, and the last of them will soon spread wing. It will break from the east. The bells will ring. There will be the shuffle of young feet and old on the way to church. The baptismal waters will be shed, the sacramental wine poured, the evening service will pass, the *Amen* will finish the benediction, the lights will be lowered, the gates will jar shut, and the sexton will turn the key in the lock. Nothing peculiar in the looks of the wall that night, or in the sound of the music. But that will be the ending of your Sabbaths. Can you not have one more? Not one more. It will come for others, but not for us. The last hymn. The last sermon. The last benediction. The last Sabbath. *The last time!*

587. THE LAST YEAR.

THAT year will open with the usual New Year congratulations. It will revel in the same orchard-blossoming;

it will roar with the same Fourth of July rejoicings ; it will close with the same Christmas festivals ; and yet it will be unlike all others, in the fact that it will be our closing year. The spring grass may be cleft of the spade to let us down to our resting-place ; or, while the summer grain is falling to the sickle, we may be harvested for another world ; or, while the autumnal leaves are flying in the November gale, we may fade and fall ; or the driving sleet may cut the faces of the black-tasselled horses that pull us out in our last ride. But it will be the year in which our body and soul part ; the year in which for us time ends and eternity begins. All other years are as nothing. The year in which you were born, the year in which you were married, the year in which you began business for yourself, the year in which your father died—all of them are of less importance than this last year of your life.

588. THE DEAD OF THE YEAR.

DURING the year that expires to-night, how many have gone into the next world ? About five million five hundred thousand souls. It was their last year. Some of them may have expected it, but the great majority of them, if foretold that this would be their closing year, would have laughed outright and said, "Is not my arm strong ? Is not my eye clear ? Is not my lung sound ? Who can skip, or climb, or lift, or run better than I ?" Yet those five million five hundred thousand have gone.

589. MAN'S CAPACITY FOR ENJOYMENT.

I LOOK at man's moral nature. Made in the image of God. Vast capacity for enjoyment, capable at first of eternal joy, and though now disordered, still through the recuperative force of heavenly grace, able to mount up to more than its original felicity : faculties that may blossom and bear fruit inexhaustibly. Immortality written upon every capacity : a soul destined to range in unlimited spheres of activity long after the world has put on ashes, and the solar system shall have snapped its axle, and the stars that, in their courses, fought against Sisera, shall have been slain, and buried amid the tolling thunders of the last day.

590. GOD'S PROVISION FOR OUR COMFORT.

You see that God has adapted everything to our comfort and advantage. Pleasant things for the palate; music for the ear; beauty for the eye; aroma for the nostril; kindred for our affections; poetry for our taste; religion for our soul. He gives the sun to shine on us, and the waters to refresh us, and food to strengthen us; and the herbs yield medicine when we are sick, and the forest lumber when we would build a house, or cross the water in a ship. The rocks are transported for our foundation; and metals upturned for our currency; and wild beasts must give us covering; and the mountains must be tunnelled to let us pass; and the fish of the sea come up in our net; and the birds of the air drop at the flash of our guns; and the cattle on a thousand hills come down to give us meat. For us the peach-orchards bend down their fruit, and the vineyards their purple clusters. To feed and refresh our intellect, ten thousand wonders in nature and providence—wonders of mind and body, wonders of earth, and air, and deep, analogies and antitheses; all colours and sounds; lyrics in the air; idyls in the field; conflagrations in the sunset; robes of mist on the mountains; and the "Grand March" of God in the storm.

591.—SEE HOW SUITED TO MAN'S CONDITION
IS WHAT GOD HAS DONE FOR HIM.

MAN is a sinner; here his pardon. He has lost God's image; Christ retraces it. He is helpless; Almighty grace is proffered. He is a lost wanderer; Jesus brings him home. He is blind; and at one touch of Him who cured Bartimeus, eternal glories stream into his soul.

592. GOD'S ARCHITECTURE.

GEOLOGISTS have spent years in finding the track of a bird's claw in the new red sandstone. There is enough of God's architecture in a snipe's bill or a grouse's foot to con- found all the universities.

593. GREAT WORK WILL BE DONE

WHEN we can send Christian merchants to carry the Gospel on 'Change and into all the life of barter.

594. THE PEOPLE'S ORDINATION.

THERE are hundreds of thousands of men who will never come to church. The only kind of pulpit that will reach them is a dry-goods-box or a drayman's cart at the street-corner. We want hundreds of men every Sabbath to be preaching the gospel in our great city parks. "What!" you ask, "would you let them preach without ordination?" I answer: If Conferences and Presbyteries will not put their hands upon your head, then I would have you ordained in another way. I would take you down into the haunts of suffering and crime within ten minutes' walk of our best churches, and there have you tell the story of Christ, until men, redeemed from their cups, and women, elevated from a life of pollution, and children, whose bare, bleeding feet are on the road to death, should be by your instrumentality saved. Then I would have these converted suffering ones put their hands of ordination on your head, setting you apart for the holy ministry in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Ah! that would be an ordination as good as the laying on of hands by Conferences and Synods—an ordination that would be most bright in the day when,

"Shrivelled like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll."

595. "AS LITTLE CHILDREN."

ZACCHEUS had mounted the sycamore-tree out of mere inquisitiveness. He wanted to see how this stranger looked—the colour of his eyes, the length of his hair, the contour of his features, the height of his stature. "Come down," said Christ. So many people, in this day, get up into the tree of curiosity or speculation to see Christ. They ask a thousand queer questions about His divinity, about God's sovereignty, and the eternal decrees. They speculate and criticise, and hang on to the outside limb of a great sycamore. But they must come down from that if they want to be saved. We cannot be saved as philosophers, but as little children.

596. THE GREAT QUESTION.

WHAT matters it who are elected to be saved, when you know that unless we believe and repent we shall all be

damned? Why be perplexed about the way sin came into the world, when the great question is—How we shall get sin driven out of our hearts?

597. WILLIAM PENNINGTON

WAS one of the wisest men of this country—a governor of his own State, and afterward Speaker of the House of Representatives. Yet, when God called him to be a Christian, he went in, and sat down among some children who were applying for Church-membership, and said to his pastor, "Talk to me just as you do to these children, for I know nothing about it." There is no need of bothering ourselves about mysteries when there are so many things that are plain.

598. THE PATH TO HEAVEN.

THE path to heaven is so plain that a fool need not make any mistake about it, and yet men stop and cavil. Suppose that, going toward the Pacific slope, I had resolved that I would stop until I could kill all the grizzly bears and the panthers on either side of the way. I would never have got to the Pacific coast. When I went out to hunt the grizzly bear, the grizzly bear would have come out to hunt me. Here is a plain road to heaven. Men say they will not take a step on it until they can make game of all the theories that bark and growl at them from the thickets. They forget the fact that as they go out to hunt the theory, the theory comes out to hunt them, and so they perish. We must receive the kingdom of heaven in simplicity.

599. TO-NIGHT BUILD YOUR ALTAR.

TAKE the family Bible lying on the parlour-table. Call together as many of your family as may be awake. Read a chapter, and then, if you can think of nothing else besides the Lord's prayer, say that. That will do. Heaven will have begun in your house. You can put your head on your pillow, feeling that, whether you wake up in this world or the next, all is well. In that great, ponderous Book of the Judgment, where is recorded all the important events of the earth, you will read at last the statement that *this was the day when salvation came into your house.*

600. DR. LUDLOW'S REBUKE.

DR. LUDLOW, my professor in the Theological Seminary, taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. While putting a variety of questions to him that were perplexing, he turned upon me somewhat in sternness, but more in love, and said, "Mr. Talmage, you will have to let God know some things that you don't."

601. THE CHILDREN'S SAFEGUARD.

LET it not be told on judgment day that you let your family start without the only safeguard—the religion of Christ. Give yourself no rest until your children are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Your son does just as you do. He tries to walk like you, and to talk like you. The daughter imitates the mother. Alas! if father and mother miss heaven, the children will.

602. THE RICH HARD-WORKERS.

SHOW me the man made happy by worldly accumulation. Who are the men who have the most anxiety, and work the hardest? The millionaires. Men work harder after they get five hundred thousand dollars than before. They work less at a hundred thousand dollars; still less at fifty thousand; still less at forty; still less at thirty; still less at five thousand dollars; and least of all when they have a salary to live on. The men who have the greatest freedom from care are those who live on their day's wages. Prosperity is like salt water; the more you drink of it, the thirstier you are.

603. PRAYER, AND GOD'S POWER.

I DON'T want a physician who sees no God in human anatomy to doctor my broken bones. If God made us, and if the Bible is true, then it is not strange that prayer does traverse natural cause: ay, that it introduces a new cause. When God made the law, He did not make it so strong He could not break it. If God made our bodies, when they are broken He is the one to mend them; and it is reasonable that *we should call Him in to do it.* If my furnace in the cellar

breaks down, there is no one so competent to repair it as the manufacturer. If my watch stop, there is no one so competent to set it going as the one who made it. If the body is disordered, call in the maker of it.

604. DEATH UNEXPECTED.

REMOVAL from this world is always sudden. I have heard of rare cases where persons said, "Such a day of such a month will be my last," and it was so. Even the most confirmed invalids expect to get well. They expect some new effect of medicines, or a new style of doctor, or a change of climate will help them. It is while men are calculating on long days that that decisive hour comes—while they are expecting an enlargement of business accommodations, or are getting in their crops, or are trying to draught a new barn—suddenly!

605. IMMINENCE OF DEATH.

A MINISTER of Scotland, at breakfast, asked for something more to eat, and a child started to get it, but he cried out, "Hold! Hold! my Master calleth me. I have breakfasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus to-night." And as quick as that he was gone. In Wales, a miner, not aware of the foul air of the mine, strikes a match. Instantly two hundred souls are in eternity.

606. WISE FOR TIME—FOOLISH FOR ETERNITY.

MANY men are wise for time, and foolish for eternity! They know enough, when they sell a thing, to get the worth of it, but they barter away an immortal soul for nothing. They have everything insured but their souls. They are careful to have all their titles good except that for heaven. They are prompt in their engagements with banks and brokers, but fail in their obligations to God. They pull down their barns and build greater, to hold the increasing crops, but have no shelter for their souls as good as a barn. If a man should come at them with a sly game, and try to cheat them out of a hundred dollars, they would say, "No *you don't*! I see what you are driving at!" But they allow *Satan* to swindle them out of all the riches of heaven.

607. EVERY MAN HAS TIME ENOUGH.

MEN talk as though, in order to get prepared for eternity, they must have a month or a year to go and sit down and read and pray. Why, my hearers, a prayer to God is just as acceptable while on your way to Fulton Ferry, as in your house on your knees. A thought about God on Wall Street is just as elevating as in church on Sunday. Heaven is not a cloud that touches only the tops of some high mountain : it touches the earth all over. And that man who has time to eat, or sleep, or think, has time to be saved.

608. MANY OF YOU ARE NOT SO WELL DRESSED

FOR church as you are for heaven. That dress you have on will wear out—get out of fashion ; but the robe of Christ's righteousness will never wear out, for the latest ages of heaven wear the same pattern as the earliest.

609. A FATHER'S DEATH-BED.

IF there is anyone on earth that is to be envied, it is the man who dies well. Among the eight persons who stood around my father's death-bed, not one was as well off as he. For eighty-four years he had served God as few serve Him. What had he to fear ? I do not think he had been so glad sixty-two years before—on his marriage-day—as he was that night, as he was about to go to rejoin her with whom he had companioned for fifty-five years. God said to him : "This night thy soul shall be required of thee," and his answer was : "I feel well—very well. All is well. Peace ! Peace !"

610. CONSIDER.

MEN, who have nothing but worldly success as your goal, consider ! After you get your elegant house, or your influential business firm, will you be fitted out for eternity ? Breakfasting at half-past seven in the morning, and dying at ten, where will you dine ? Taking tea at six o'clock, and dying at eleven, where will you sleep ? The Indian who, for a string

of beads, sells as much territory as will make a state, is wise compared with a man who for the trinkets of earth barter heaven.

611. A QUESTION.

If the sudden announcement of your departure should be made to you to-night, what would be the state of your families? Have you done all that you can to fit them for heaven? Could you feel—"Whatever I, as father or mother, could do, I have done."

612. DEEPER AND DEEPER.

THERE may be some here who are venturing out into sin. The marks of pollution are already upon them. At Long Branch or Cape May, some summer day, you may have stood on the beach, and seen a man go down into the breakers to bathe. He went out farther and farther, until you became anxious about him. You wondered if he could swim. You shouted to him, as he advanced in the water, "Come back! come back! You will be lost! you will be lost!" He turned around, waved his hand, and shouted, "No danger!" and still went on, until, after a while, a wave, with great undertow, swept him out—his corpse the next day washed up on the beach. So I see young men going down into the waves of sin—deeper and deeper, farther from God, and farther; and I stand on the beach to-night, and cry the warning: "Come back! come back! You will be lost! you will be lost!" Some, not heeding the warning, will jeer at the alarm, and go ahead, till, after a while, the wave of God's indignation will sweep them off, and sweep them down for ever.

613. THE DOOR OF MERCY UNLOCKED.

THERE may be some here who have ventured into sinful courses who would like to return. You came in here to-night discouraged, and feel that there is but little hope. I will tell you of a daughter who went from home into the *paths of sin*. After many months of wandering she resolved *one night to go home to her mother's house*. It was after

midnight when she arrived at the house. She supposed that the door would be locked ; but, putting her hand on the latch, the door opened. She asked her mother why it was that the door, after midnight, was unlocked. Said the mother, "That door has never been locked since you went away. I have given orders that, by day and night, it should be unfastened, for I was sure that you would come back, and when you came I did not want you to be hindered a minute." So I have to tell you that the door of God's mercy is ever unlocked. By day and by night it stands open for your coming. Though your sins were as scarlet, they shall be as snow ; though they were red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

614. "HIGH LIFE" NO PATTERN.

OH, young man, take not the manners and customs and habits of what is wrongly called "high life" for your example. Do not think that sin is less to be hated because it is epauletted and adorned. The brown stone front can no more keep back the judgments of God than can the cellar door.

615. HOW MANY WILL YOU TAKE IN ?

I ADVISE that you be busy in Christian work. How many Sabbaths in the year? Fifty-two. It is unsafe to count on all of the fifty-two Sundays. As you are as likely to go in the first half of the year as in the last half, I think we had better divide the fifty-two into halves, and calculate only twenty-six Sabbaths. Come, Christian men, Christian women, what can you do in twenty-six Sabbaths? Divide the three hundred and sixty-five days into two parts : what can you do in one hundred and eighty-two days? What, by the way of saving your family, the Church, and the world? You will not get over the dishonour and the outrage of going into glory, and having helped none up to the same place. It will be found that many a Sabbath-school teacher has taken into heaven her whole class ; that Daniel Baker, the evangelist, took hundreds into heaven ; that Doddridge took in many thousands ; that Paul took in millions ! How many will you take in ?

616. THE AVALANCHE OF SIN.

It is high time to get out of your sins. You say, "I have committed no great transgressions." But are you not aware that your life has been sinful? The snow comes down on the Alps flake by flake, and it is so light that you may hold it on the tip of your finger without feeling any weight; but the flakes gather; they compact, until some day a traveller's foot starts the slide, and it goes down in an avalanche, crushing to death the villagers. So the sins of your youth, and the sins of your manhood, and the sins of your womanhood may have seemed only slight inaccuracies or trifling divergencies from the right—so slight that they are hardly worth mentioning, but they have been piling up and piling up, packing together and packing together, until they make a mountain of sin, and one more step of your foot in the wrong direction may slide down upon you an avalanche of ruin and condemnation.

617. TEMPTATIONS OF OFFICE.

How many fine men have been ruined by official position! It is an awful thing for any man to seek office under government unless his principles of integrity are deeply fixed. Many a man, upright in an insignificant position, has made shipwreck in a great one.

618. CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.

You come from your store, and find that your house has been on fire, and that your neighbour put it out. You thank him. You say, "I shall never forget this. When you want anything, come to me." But my Lord makes an attempt to put out the eternal consuming of your soul, and you give Him no thanks, and wish Him off the premises. You come home some night and find the mark of muddy feet on your front steps. You hasten in, and find an excited group around your child. He fell into a pond, and had it not been for a brave lad, who plunged in and brought him out, and carried him home to be resuscitated, you would have been childless. You feel that you *cannot do enough* for the rescuer. You throw your arms *around him*. You offer him any compensation. You say

to him, "Anything that you want shall be yours. I will never cease to be grateful." But my Lord Jesus sees your soul drowning in wrathful waves of death, and attempts to bring it ashore, and you not only refuse Him thanks, but stand on the beach and say: "Drop that soul! If I want it saved, I will save it myself!"

619. GLORY AFTER THE RAIN.

THE chief *glory of God comes after the rain*. No shower, no rainbow; no trouble, no brightness of Christian consolation. Weavers are sometimes, by reason of their work, dusty and rough in their apparel; and so it is the coarse-clad tempest, whose hand and foot swing the shuttle, that weaves the rainbow.

620. SETTLEMENT.

IF God should put suddenly into money, or its representative, the power to return to its rightful owner, there is not a bank or a safety deposit that would not have its sides blown out; and parchments would rip, and gold would shoot, and mortgages would rend, and beggars would get horses, and stock-gamblers would go to the almshouse.

621. STORMS NECESSARY.

MANY Christians are dull, and stupid, and useless, because they have not had disaster enough to wake them up. You cannot make a thorough Christian life out of sunshine alone. There are some very dark hues in the ribbon of the rainbow: you must have in life the blue as well as the orange. Mingling all the colours of the former makes a white light; and it takes all the shades and sadnesses and vicissitudes of life to make the white lustre of a pure Christian character.

622. GIVE TO THE LORD.

THERE are hundreds of business men, Christian men, in New York City, who have gone down, for the simple reason, *as I believe, that they did not give to God that which*

belonged to him. They did not give him any percentage at all, or such a very small percentage that the Lord God collected his own bills by fire, by storm, or by death. Two men I knew very well, some years ago, on the streets of New York. They were talking about the matter of benevolence. One said to the other, "You give too much. I will wait until I get a large pile of money, and then I will give." "No," said the other, "I will give as God prospers me." Hear the sequel. The former lives in New York City to-day, dollarless; the latter gathered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

623. GIVE ENOUGH.

I BELIEVE that the reason why many people are kept poor is because they do not give enough. If a man gives in the right spirit to the Lord Jesus Christ and to the Church, he is *insured* for time and for eternity. The Bank of England is a weak institution compared with the bank that any Christian man can draw upon. That man who stands by Christ, Christ will stand by him.

624. A FREE CHURCH.

I WANT a free church with a free gospel. If the great mass of the people of this country are ever to be brought to Christ, it will be only when the churches are thrown wide open and the *people* are invited to come in. Let those who can give a thousand dollars, or a hundred dollars, for the support of the Gospel give it. Let those who can give but a dollar, or a penny, give that. God's blessing sometimes goes with the one penny in more tremendous power than with the ten thousand.

625. HOW IMPUDENT DEATH IS!

It would not seem so bold if it went into that fisherman's hut and took a life. But here it comes stumbling along, not stopping to look at the full barns, or to examine the olives, or to count the herds. It does not even knock. *It goes in* as though it owned the whole place, and says, "Come, you must go with me."

626. THE WANT IS JESUS.

If you looked out of your window and saw me going up our front steps, you would not wait, but go yourself to open the door. Will you keep Jesus standing on the outside, his locks wet with the dews of the night? This day is salvation come to thy house. The great want of your house is not a new carpet, or costlier pictures, or richer furniture—is Jesus!

627. RESTITUTION.

THERE is no need of our trying to come to Christ as long as we keep fraudulently a dollar or a farthing in our possession that belongs to another. You have committed a fraud, and there is no mercy for you until you have made restitution. You say, "I cannot make restitution. The parties whom I swindled are gone." Then I say, "Take the money up to the American Bible Society and consecrate it to God."

628. ROUGHING IT.

THE best way to start life is astride a farm-horse, with a loose halter. In that way you learn to rough it. You are prepared for hard bounces on the road of life; you learn to hold on; you get the habit of depending on your own heels, and not upon other people's stirrups; you find how to climb on without anybody to give you a boost. It does not hurt you so much when you fall off. And some day, far on in life, when you are in the midst of the hot and lusty city, and you are weary with the rush and din of the world, in your imagination you call back one of these nags of pleasant memory. You bring him up by the side of your study, or counting-room table, and from that you jump on, and away you canter through the old-time orchard, and by the old-time meeting-house, or down the lane in front of the barn, dashing into the cool, sparkling water of the meadow, where he stops to take his morning dram; or you hitch him up to the rocking-chair in which you have for twenty years sat rheumatic and helpless; and he drags you back some Sunday morning to the old country church, where many years ago he stood tied to the post, while you, with father

and neither at either end of the row was leaning of the sort where there is no lean and inn which John looked, and said, "I saw a white horse."

629. BACKBONE FOR MINISTERS.

ALAS, for the increasing contempt among families, that when, because of physical incompetency a man is fit for nothing else, he is fit to be a "legate of the skies." Religion will never make up for lack of liver and backbone.

630. FRAUD, LAWFUL AND UNLAWFUL.

SOMETIMES a man who seems to succeed is at every step a failure. There is more lawful fraud committed than unlawful. Penitentiaries and the Court of "Oyer and Terminer" are for those clumsy rogues who do not know how to steal. The purloining of one cabbage ends in the "Tombs," but the absconding with one hundred thousand dollars wins a castle on the Rhine. So you see that men get into jail not because they steal, but because they do not steal enough.

631. THE HORSE AT BROOK.

WHERE once thoroughly mounted, the rope-halter is helm and sail sufficient. It is very easy to guide a thirsty horse when you want to take him to water. A poke of your bare feet into his ribs, and a strong pull of the rope, are enough to bring him back from any slight divergencies. Passing through the bars, all you have to do is to gather up your feet on his warm, smooth back, and having passed the post, again drop anchor. Nothing looks more spirited or merry than a boy's feet bouncing against the sides of a glistening bay. The horse feels them, and the more briskly gallops down the lane. At his first plunge into the brook, his sudden stop would have sent the boy summersaulting into the stream, but for a quick digging of the heels into the side, and a clutch of the scant lock of hair at the end of the mane. With lip and nostril in the stream, the horse cares nothing for what his young rider wills. There may be a clearer place below that the boy chooses for the watering.

but the horse lifts not his head to the shout, or the jerk of halter, or stroke in the flanks. He wants to drink just there; intent upon that are mouth, and gullet, and fetlock, and spot in the face. Sitting astride, the boy feels the jerk of each swallow, and sees the accompanying wag of the pony's ears. The horse lifts his head, takes a long breath, clashes his teeth, and rinsing his jaws, drops the tuft of hay that lingered in his mouth, with right foot paws up the gravel from beneath, giving notice that he is ready, if you are, throws himself back on his hind feet till his front lift from the mud, gives a quick turn, and starts for the barn. In a minute he has made the length of the lane, and stands neighing for the barn-door to open.

632. CHIPS.

THE world has learned that a thing is not necessarily good because it is dry. There is no religion in chips. We never could see any sanctity in husks. The donkey hath no hilarity in his voice, and no nonsense in the twitch of his ear. He never was known to dance—yet he never gets higher than his feed-box, while the robin and the lark, from the tip of bill to tip of claw, all life and joy and merriment, with their wings brush the door-latch of heaven. I would like it the more if the editor dips his pen in the dew to tell me of the morning, and in roseate to describe the sunset, and into the purple vats to suggest the vineyards; and if then he fasten his sheets together with a blue band, torn from the forehead of heaven. There is yet to be such a thing as holiness on the bells of the horses; and when Religion shall have completed the conquest of the earth, I expect to see all the diamonds of the universe flashing in the rim of her tiara.

633. FRESHNESS.

GIVE us more spice in our family newspaper. We meet in our daily walks so much that is depressing, give us in our family newspaper whole bundles of spice: jokes that you can understand without laborious explanation, conundrums, quips and quirks, harmless satire, caricatures of the world's foibles, and looking-glasses in which to see our failings. Yes, give place occasionally to the much-abused *pun*. Those only despise the pun who cannot make one. Take

the quill, and after you have made the split in it, sharpen it down until the point is keen enough to puncture the toughest inconsistency. Let the sheet be fresh and healthy, in it a smell of cedar and new-cut grass. Let us hear in the rhythm of some of the sentences the moan of an untraveller wood, and the sweep of the wing of a partridge. Instead of the artificial dye of stale imagery, crush against the printed leaf a bunch of huckleberries and sumac. We are tired out with all this about the nightingale; for pity's sake, catch for us a brown-thresher, and let us hear a hen cluck. Instead of riding Bucephalus to death, halter that sorrel colt. Talk not so much to us about frankincense, to the neglect of pennyroyal and brookmint.

634. AN ENTERTAINING WORLD.

THIS is a grand old world if you would only let us see it as it is. The book-worm who sits down to write, having learned only of trees and mountains and waters from his library, knows nothing about them. You have to put on your high-top boots, and wade right out up to your waist to pluck a water-lily, if you would see it to the best advantage. I had been with many a picnic party to see "Buttermilk Falls," but not until the other day when I went alone, and had a stolen interview with that cascade, did I really see her perfect beauty, as, shoving aside her white veil of mist, and throwing back her ribbons of rainbow, she told me all about her tragical leap from the rocks.

635. THE SCOFFER'S QUESTION.

"CAN you tell me how far it is to hell?" said a young man, as, on Sunday, on horseback, he dashed past a good Christian deacon. At the next turn in the road the horse threw the scoffing rider, and he was dead. He wanted to know how far it was to hell, and found out without the deacon's telling him.

636. "WOULD THAT ALL THE WORLD WERE PROPHETS."

THERE is great excitement in the ancient tabernacle. Two good men, by the name of Eldad and Medad, begin to

pray and to preach and to instruct. Not having been regularly ordained to the work, the jealousy of "the regulars" in the service is aroused; and they come to Moses, asking that these unordained men be silenced. But Moses, instead of stopping them, says he wishes that all the people would go to preaching, and praying, and exhorting. "Would God that *all* the people were prophets."

637. CHRIST THE LIGHT,

CHRIST the Sacrifice, Christ the Rock, Christ the Star, Christ the Balm, Christ the Guide. If a minister should live one thousand years, and preach ten sermons each day, those subjects would not be exhausted. Do you find men tempted? Tell them of Christ the Shield. Or troubled? Tell them of Christ the Comfort. Or guilty? Tell them of Christ the Pardon. Or dying? Tell them of Christ the Life.

638. MEN ARE AROUSED BY UNEXPECTED MEANS.

IF Jonah had been told one year before that a heathen sea-captain would ever awaken him to a sense of danger, he would have scoffed at the idea; but here it is done. So now, men in strangest ways are aroused from spiritual stupor. A profane man is brought to conviction by the shocking blasphemy of a comrade. A man attending church, and hearing a sermon from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner," &c., goes home unimpressed, but crossing his barn-yard, an ox comes up and licks his hand, and he says, "There it is now—'the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib,' but I do not know God." The careless remark of a teamster has led a man to thoughtfulness and heaven. The child's remark, "Father, they have prayers at uncle's house—why don't we have them?" has brought salvation to the dwelling.

639. CHRIST IN THE HOUSE.

Now suppose Christ should come into your house. First the wife and the mother would feel his presence.

Religion almost always begins there. She may not make any fuss about it, but, somehow, everybody in the house knows that there is a change in the wife and mother. She chides the children more gently. Her face sometimes lights up with an unearthly glow. She goes into some unoccupied room for a little while, and the husband goes not after her, nor asks her why she was there. He knows without asking that she has been praying. The husband notices that her face is brighter than on the day when, years ago, they stood at the marriage altar, and he knows that Jesus has been putting upon her brow a wreath sweeter than the orange blossoms. She puts the children to bed, not satisfied with the formal prayer that they once offered, but she lingers now, and tells them of Jesus who blessed little children, and of the good place where they all hope to be at last. And then she kisses them good-night with something that the child feels to be a heavenly benediction—a something that shall hold on to the boy after he has become a man forty or fifty years of age; for there is something in a good, loving Christian mother's kiss that fifty years cannot wipe off the cheek.

640. LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HOUSE.

Do not bolt the hall door, or the parlour door, or the kitchen door, or the bedroom door against him. Above all, do not bolt your heart.

641. EVERY FARTHING

You spend in sin Satan will swindle you out of. He promises you shall have thirty per cent., or a great dividend. *He lies.* He will sink all the capital.

642. HOMELY EARNESTNESS.

I HAVE heard finely educated men in prayer-meeting talk in sentences of Miltonic affluence, yet their words fell dead upon the meeting; but when some poor, uneducated man arose, and said, "I suppose you fellows think that because I don't know nothing, I haven't no right to speak. *But Christ has converted my soul, and you know I was the*

miserablest chap in town ; and if God will pardon me, He will pardon you. Come to Jesus ! Come now !" the prayer-meeting broke down with religious emotion.

643. WHAT WITHOUT CHRIST.

WHAT is this glorious One to you, my hearer ? Have you seen Him ? Have you heard His voice ? Have you walked this earth and never seen in the bent grass where His feet had just been ? Of all the stars in the midnight heavens, has not one pointed you to where He lay ? Trudging on across this desert with thy burden of sins, have you never made the camels kneel ? Is this one, the First and the Last of Heaven, nothing to thee ? Poor wanderer, without Christ, what of thy death hour ? what of the judgment-day ? what of eternity ? If it shall be found at the last that thou hast rejected this thy only hope, in what dark hole of the universe wilt thou lay thyself down to suffer and gnash thy teeth and howl forever ?

644. NUISANCES AT THE PRAYER-MEETING.

ONE of the chiefs of the barbarian tribe of Prayer-meeting Killers is the expository man. He is very apt to rise with a New Testament in his hand, or there has been some passage that during the day has pressed heavily on his mind. It is probably the first chapter of Romans, or some figurative passage from the Old Testament. He says, for instance : " My brethren, I call your attention to Hosea, 7th and 8th : ' Ephraim is a cake not turned.' You all know the history of Ephraim. Ephraim was—ah—well ! He was a man mentioned in the Bible. You all know who he was. Surely no intelligent audience like this need to be told who Ephraim was. Now the passage says that he was a cake not turned. There are a good many kinds of cake, my brethren ! There is the Indian cake, and the flannel cake, and the buckwheat cake. Now Ephraim was a cake not turned. It is an awful thing not to be turned. My friends, let us all turn ! " It sometimes happens that this religious pest confines himself to the meetings of his own church. Interesting talkers are sometimes detained at home by sickness ; but his health is always good. Others

dare not venture out in the storm ; but all the elements combined could not keep him from his place. He has the same prayer now that he has used for the last twenty years. There is in it an allusion to the death of a prominent individual. You do not understand who he means. The fact is, he composed that prayer about the time that General Jackson died, and he has never been able to drop the allusion. He has a patronising way of talking to sinners, as much as to say : " Ho ! you poor, miserable scalawags, just look at me, and see what you might have been ! "

645. STARTING FOR GOD.

MEN talk as though starting for God were putting out on a trackless moor, or wandering through the sands of a great Sahara. No, no ; it is coming to the warmest and the best of homes, " as doves to the windows."

646. MEN LIKE THEMSELVES.

RELIGION will make headway in hat-factories when you can send there, baptized by the spirit, a Christian hatter. We want men in all the occupations, in the name of God, to throttle the sins of their own trade. Religion will never conquer the plumber's shop, or the mason's wall, or the carpenter's scaffolding, or the tinner's roof, or the printer's type-room, until converted plumbers, and masons, and carpenters, and tanners, and printers carry it there. Some men are so profound in their education they do not seem qualified for this mission.

647. THE TABERNACLE FREE COLLEGE.

WE need this college to make practical men and women. We, the clergy, generally go from our mother's apron-strings to school ; from school to college ; from college to theological seminary ; and, graduating, we stand on the corner of the pulpit with our sermon in our hand, " shivering on the brink, and fear to launch away." What do *we* know of the world ? The world is on its guard in our presence, and does not appear in its true character. Before our professional look and dress, men shrink within themselves. Long ago I

dropped the ministerial dress, because men seemed to feel bound to talk piously in my presence, especially if they were half drunk. Now, from this college, we hoped to turn upon society a company of Christian men and women who have for ten, twenty, and thirty years been down in the world, and who know all its ins and outs.

648. WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

OH! prepare for it. Leave it not until the last hour. Leave it not until you get sick: you may never be sick. Leave it not until you get more time: you may never get more time. Leave it not until you get old: you may never get old. Leave it not until the spirit strives more powerfully: it may never strive again. Leave it not until to-morrow. This night—*this night*, thy soul may be required of thee.

649. CHRIST THE ONLY SHELTER.

CHRIST is the only shelter of the soul in trouble. What can you do without Him when sorrow comes? This world has no balsam for a wounded soul, no shelter for a bruised spirit. The dove, in the time of the deluge, flew north, and it was all water; and south and east and west, and it was all water, in which were tossed the carcasses of the dead world; and the first solid thing the dove's feet touched was the window of the ark. So the soul in trouble goes out in one direction, and finds nothing substantial to rest upon; and in another direction, and every whither, but there is no rest for the dove save the ark.

650. ALL HANDS LAY HOLD.

LET us quit this grand farce of trying to save the world by a few clergymen, and let all hands lay hold of the work. Give us in all our churches two or three hundred aroused and qualified men and women to help. In most churches to-day five or ten men are compelled to do all the work. A vast majority of churches are at their wit's end how to carry on a prayer-meeting if the minister is not there, when there ought to be enough pent-up energy and religious fire to make a meeting go on with such power that the minister would never be missed.

651. A BEGGAR IN THIS LIFE—A PRINCE IN ETERNITY.

A MAN may be beggared for this life, but be a prince in eternity. A cluster of old rags was the entire property of Lazarus. His bare feet and ulcered legs were an invitation to the brutes—his food the broken victuals that were pitched out by the housekeeper, half-chewed crusts, rinds, peelings, bones, gristle—about the last creature out of which to make a prince, yet for eighteen hundred years he has been one of the millionaires of heaven. No more waiting for crumbs. He sits at the same table with the kings of eternity, himself one of them. What were the forty years of his poverty compared with the long ages of his royalty !

652. WORKERS EDUCATED AND NOT EDUCATED.

WE want men who have had opportunity of most thorough and elaborate culture in theological seminaries, and who have been set apart, by the laying on of hands, for special work which they, and only they, are competent to do. But until the right and the duty of all private Christian men and women to work for Christ, in any way they think they can serve Him best, is acknowledged, the Church of God will fail to perform its mission ; and the forces of sin will discomfit the forces of righteousness. God has promised victory to the Church of God, but not as long as out of five hundred troops four hundred and ninety-nine refuse to shoulder the musket and fill the canteen.

653. THE DEVIL IS A POOR FINANCIER.

WHEN the gold and the silver were laid down in the earth they were sworn to serve the cause of righteousness, and they never go into the coffers of the dishonest without committing perjury. Lawful enterprise in the long run will declare larger dividends than dishonest scheming.

654. FRAUDULENT ESTATES

Do not average a continuance of more than five years. Occasionally, an old man, having gathered large property

by ignoble means, may die in its possession, bequeathing it to his heirs ; but when the boys get it, what with their wine, and what with their fast horses—ha ! how they will scatter it !

655. BOWS OF PROMISE.

As at Niagara Falls I saw, one day, ten rainbows spanning the awful plunge of the cataract, so over the abyss of the Christian's trial hover the rich-hued wings of all the promises.

656. EARLY PROCLIVITIES.

No doubt Samson, when he was a boy, sometimes gave premonition of what he was going to be, amusing himself by carrying off gates, and in chasing his playmates with the jawbone of a bleached carcass, and, long before he fired off the three hundred fox-tails among the corn-shocks of the Philistines, had tried the same extreme measures on the cats of his father's house.

657. CHRIST'S CALL TO PREACH.

THOUGH the colleges may give you a diploma, and presbytery lay their hands on your head, if Christ send you not forth, you go on a fool's errand ; and though the schools reject you as incompetent, if the Lord God tells you to preach you have a right to go.

658. MORE TROOPS FOR THE BATTLE.

WHAT are the few thousand ministers in this country compared to the thirty millions of the population ! We are numerically too small. You might as well have sent ten brigadier-generals, without any troops, to conquer the Southern confederacy. Sin, with its army of drunkenness and lust and crime, has not yet put out half of its strength, for it can beat us, and not half try. Who is getting the victory in our cities to-day—sobriety or intemperance ? Honesty or fraud ? Purity or uncleanness ? Infidelity or the gospel ? Light or darkness ? Heaven or hell ? If you *are an honest man*, you confess that the latter have gained

the victory. What is the matter? Are the gospel weapons insufficient? Is the sword of the Spirit dull? Are the great howitzers of truth at too short range to throw the bombshells into the enemy's fortress? No, no! The great want, and the only want, is *more troops*! Instead of five or ten thousand ministers, we want two million men and women, sworn that they will neither eat nor sleep until they have slain iniquity.

659. PREACH CHRIST.

A SERMON devoted to metaphysics is a stack of dry corn-stalks, after the corn has been ripped out with the husking-peg. A sermon given up to sentimental and flowery speech is as a nosegay flung to a drowning sailor. A sermon devoted to moral essay is a basket of chips to help on the great burning. What the world wants now is to be told in the most flat-footed way of Jesus Christ, who comes to save men from eternal damnation.

660. ORIENTAL WELLS.

IN Oriental lands a well of water is a fortune. If a king dug one, he became as famous as though he had built a pyramid or conquered a province. Great battles were fought for the conquest or defence of wells of water; castles and towers were erected to secure permanent possession of them. The traveller to-day finds the well of Jacob dug one hundred feet through a solid rock of limestone. These ancient wells of water were surrounded by walls of rock. This wall of rock was covered up with a great slab. In the centre of the slab there was a hole through which the leathern bottle or earthen jar was let down. This opening was covered by a stone. When Jacob, a young man of seventeen years, was courting Rachel, he won her favour, the Bible says, by removing the stone from the opening of the well. He liked *her* because she was industrious. She liked *him* because he was clever.

661. "ATONEMENT."

THE word itself means *at-one-ment*. Man is a sinner and *deserves to die*. Jesus comes in and bears his punishments

and weeps his griefs. I was lost once, but now I am found. I deserved to die, but Jesus took the lances into His own heart until His face grew pale and His chin dropped on His chest, and He had strength only to say, "It is finished." The boat swung round into the trough of the sea, and would have been swamped, but Jesus took hold of the oar. That which must have been the Waterloo of my defeat now becomes the Waterloo of my triumph, because Blucher has come up to save. Expiation ! expiation ! The law tried me for high treason against God, and found me guilty. I was asked what I had to say why sentence of eternal death should not be pronounced upon me, and I had nothing to say. I stood on the scaffold of God's justice ; the black cap of eternal death was about to be drawn over my eyes, when from the hill of Calvary One came. He dashed through the ranks of earth and heaven and hell. He rode swiftly. His garments were dyed with blood, His face was bleeding, His feet were dabbled with gore, and He cried out, "Save that man from going down to the pit. I am the ransom." And He threw back the coat from His heart, and that heart burst into a crimson fountain, and He dropped dead at my feet ; and I felt of His hands, and they were stiff ; and I felt of His feet, and they were cold ; and I felt of His heart, and it was pulseless ; and I cried, "Dead !" Around this great well of the Atonement, the chief battles of Christianity are to be fought.

662. SLUMBER AMID PERILS.

MEN sleep soundly now amid perils infinite. In almost every place, I suppose, the Mediterranean might be sounded, but no line is long enough to fathom the profound depth beneath every impenitent man.

663. NO GHOSTS.

WE have made up our minds that the obstacles in life do not walk on the wind, but have either two legs or four. The only ghosts that glide across the room are those of the murdered hours of the past. When the door swings open without any hand, we send for the locksmith to put on a better latch. Sheetings have been so high since the war, that *apparitions* will never wear it again. Friday is an unlucky

day only when on it we behave ill. If a salt-cellar upset, it means no misfortune, unless you have not paid for the salt. Spirits of the departed have enough employment in the next world to keep them from cutting up monkey-shines in this.

664. IN THE WRONG PLACE.

THERE are thousands of persons in places where they do not belong. The bird's wing means air, the fish's fin means water, the horse's hoof means solid ground; and what would happen if the bird tried the water, and the fish tried the air, happens when men get out of their natural element. In my watch, the spring cannot exchange places with the wheels, nor the cogs with the pivots. "Stay where I put you!" cries the watchmaker, "if you want to keep good time!" Now, the world is only a big watch that God wound up, and the seasons are the hands which tell how fast the time is going. "Stay where I put you!" says our great Creator.

665. PREACHING WHICH TOLD.

Do you know what Livingstone, the Scotch minister, was preaching about in Scotland when three hundred souls under one sermon came to Christ? He was preaching about the human heart as unclean, and hard, and stony: Do you know what George Whitefield was preaching about in his first sermon, when fifteen souls saw the salvation of God? It was this: "Ye must be born again." Do you know what is the last subject he ever preached upon? "Flee the wrath to come."

666. THE FOREMOST AGENT.

THE great majority of women have not come to the usefulness for which Christ intended them. While we leave to the politician the discussion of the question as to whether she shall have any political rights, we will not leave to the politician the discussion of the question that belongs to the ministry: *What shall be her work in the Church of God?* Much of the work that she has done has been under the bans, and prejudices, and superstitions that have reached over

from the dark ages. And yet I believe that she who, in the Bethlehem manger, gave Jesus to the world, will yet be the foremost agent in carrying Jesus to all the nations.

667. WOMEN AMONG THE HEATHEN, AND
AMONG CHRISTIANS.

Now what is the difference between the condition of women there and here, then and now! The only difference is that which is made by the Gospel of the Son of God. O women! to-day you would have been hitched to the plough, or you would have been leaping upon the funeral-pyre, or you would have been ground under the heel of man's cruelty and insolence, were it not for the fact that in this land and in this age the Lord Jesus Christ appeared, with love in His voice, and omnipotence in His arm, and stood above this grave of womanhood, and said, "*Come forth*;" and she has come forth in the dignity of a Christian hope.

668. NO SORROWS.

AFTER one of Napoleon's battles, it was found that the fight had been so terrific that when the muster-roll was called of one regiment, there were only three privates and one drummer-boy that answered. An awful fight that! Oh! that Christ to-day might come so mightily for the slaying of your troubles and sorrows, that when you go home and call the muster-roll of the terrible troop, not one—*not one*—shall answer, Christ having salved every gash, and wiped every tear, and made complete extermination.

669. WOMAN'S SPHERE.

IF there be a family of four, five, or six children, after the mother has trained them for God and heaven, provided for their wants, cultured them, corrected their evil habits, and looked after their manners and morals, she will not have much time for anything else, and, in most cases, no time at all left for outside fields of work. Mark, then, the fact that *home* is to many the chief sphere, to many the only sphere of usefulness. I consider it the curse of this day that so many mothers have resigned the responsibilities of the household—turning, through the week-day, their children

over to the day-school, and, on the Sabbath, to the Sabbath-school, and in all the evenings of the week giving over their children to hired servants. The day-school has its work ; the Sabbath-school has its work ; hired servants have their work ; but they can never take the place of the mother. It is the finest sphere imaginable.

670. THE GLORIES OF NIGHT.

WHAT a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid Arctic severities! Calm night on Roman Campagna! Awful night among the Cordilleras! Glorious night 'mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are light-houses on the coast, toward which, I hope, we are all sailing, and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the harbour.

671. THEY INVITED MEN TO COME.

How was it that in the days of Daniel Baker, and Truman Osborne, and Nettleton, so many thousands came to Jesus? Because those men did nothing else but invite them to come. They spent their lifetime uttering invitations, and they did not mince matters either. Where did John Bunyan's pilgrim start from? Did he start from some easy, quiet, cosy place? No; if you have read John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, you know where he started from, and that was the *City of Destruction*, where every sinner starts from.

672. WOMAN ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THERE never was a better illustration given of how well women can help in the camp, if she tries to, than during our late war. *Men* forged the cannon. *Men* fashioned the musketry. *Men* manned the guns. *Men* unlimbered the batteries. *Men* lifted the wounded into the ambulances. *But women* scraped the lint. *Women* administered the cordials. *Women* watched the dying pillow. *Women* wrote

the last messages of love to the home circles. A woman was the mourner, the only mourner, at many a burial where there were, beside herself, four men with a spade.

673. PREACHING IN THE ABSTRACT.

RELIGIOUS address in this day, for the most part, has gone into the abstract and essayic. The word "sinner" is almost dropped out of the Christian vocabulary; it is not thought polite to use that word now. It is methodistic, or old fashioned. If you want to tell men that they are sinners, you must say they are spiritually erratic, or have moral deficits, or they have not had a proper spiritual development; and I have not heard in twenty years that old hymn,

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy."

In the first place, they are not sinners; and in the second place, they are neither poor nor needy! I have heard Christian men in prayer-meetings, and elsewhere, talk as though there were no very great radical change before a man becomes a Christian; all he has got to do is to stop swearing, clear his throat a few times, take a good wash, and he is ready for heaven! My friends, if every man has not gone astray, and if the whole race is not plunged in sin and ruin, then that Bible is the greatest fraud ever enacted, for from beginning to end it sets forth that they are.

674. WOMANLY ACTIVITY.

I WILL ask all the women of this church to seek out some field of usefulness, and occupy it. If it is in the family: be it there. If it is in the hospital of suffering: be it there. If it is in the hovel of the poor: be it there. If it is in the Sabbath-school: be it there. Anywhere, where she can yield an influence for Christ and make the world better.

675. CHEERFUL NIGHTS.

WHILE "night," in all languages, is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright, and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above, or silvered wave tossing up

light from beneath—murky, hurtling, portentous, but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night-parade; and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations, and the sons of God were shouting for joy. Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecandle, and the trapper on the vast prairie, and the belated traveller by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly, and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a-ringing—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace; good will toward men."

676. KEEP YOUR PLACE.

LET the young be sure to begin right. Not once in a thousand times does a man successfully change occupations. The sea of life is so rough that you cannot cross over from one vessel to another except at great peril of falling between. Many have fallen down to nothing between the mason's trowel and the carpenter's saw; between the lawyer's brief and the author's pen; between the medicine-chest and the pulpit. It is no easy matter to switch off on another track this thundering express-train of life. A daffodil and a buttercup resolved to change places with each other, but in crossing over from stem to stem, they fell at the feet of a heart's-ease. "Just as I expected!" said Heart's-ease. "You might better have stayed in your places!"

677. TACT FOR RELIGIOUS WORK.

WE want to teach men common-sense in religious matters. While a young man was standing amid rollicking companions, full of mirth and repartee, a good Christian man came and asked him: "What is the first step of wisdom?" The young man turned and said: "The first step of wisdom is for every one to mind his own business!" A coarse answer; but it was a very abrupt question, considering the place in which it was put. There are religious pedlars who go around making a business of displaying their whole stock of wares in the most obtrusive manner. It is no time, while an accountant is puzzling his brain with a long line of figures, to ask him, "How his account stands with God;" or to

stop the sportsman on the play-ground, while running between the hunks, and ask, "Whether, in a religious sense, he is running the race set before him." We want tact and adaptation for this work.

678. "COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE, MY PEOPLE."

THESE words came to Isaiah after Jerusalem had been wasted with fire and famine and war; and I wish, to-night, from these leaves of the tree of life, to compound a salve for a very sore burn.

679. HOME AND ABSENT.

STANDING to-day in this brilliant academy, by its trustees so kindly afforded us, our first feeling is one of gratitude to God and to them for so grand a refuge; but notwithstanding it is so much costlier a place than we are used to, we feel home-sick. The wanderer in a strange land, amid palaces and temples and cathedrals, sits down and says to himself: "I would give the whole world for one hour under the thatched roof of my humble home." "Home, sweet home; there is no place like home."

680. OUR TABERNACLE.

OUR Tabernacle is gone! The bell that hung in its tower last Sabbath morning rang its own funeral knell. We gathered from our homes to hear what Christ had of comfort and inspiration for His people. We expected to meet cheerful smiles and warm hand-shakings, and the triumphant song, and the large brotherhood that characterised that blessed place; but coming to the doors we found nothing but an excited populace and a blazing church. People who had given until they deeply felt it saw all the results of their benevolence going down into ashes, and on that cold morning the tears froze on the cheeks of God's people as they saw they were being burned out. Brooklyn Tabernacle is gone! The platform on which it was my joy to stand with messages of salvation; the pews in which you listened and prayed and wept and rejoiced; the altars around which you and your children were consecrated to

God ; the communion-table where we celebrated the Saviour's love—all that scene, which to us was the shining gate of heaven ; is gone.

681. SORROWS.

SORROWS are loathsome things, but they are necessary. They are leeches that suck out the hot inflammation from the soul.

682. WHAT IS NOT BURNED UP.

The spirit of Christian brotherhood. You never greeted the members of our church with such cordiality as this week on the street, in cars, and on the ferries. You stood on no cold formalities. The people who, during the last two years, sat on the other side of the aisle, whose faces were familiar to you, but to whom you had never spoken, you greeted them this week with smiles and tears as you said : "Well, the old place is gone." You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the sleeve near the corner of the eye, and pretended it was the sharp wind that made your eyes weak. Ah ! there was nothing the matter with your eyes ; it was your soul bubbling over. I tell you that it is impossible to sit for two or three years around the same church-fireside and not have sympathies in common. Somehow you feel that you would like those people on the other side of the aisle, about whom you know but little, prospered and pardoned and blessed and saved. You feel as if you are in the same boat, and you want to glide up the same harbour, and disembark at the same wharf. If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in sufficient heat, they will melt into a conglomerate mass ; and I really feel that last Sabbath's fire has fused us all, grosser and finer natures, into one. It seems as if we all had our hands on a wire connected with an electric battery, and when this Church sorrow started, it thrilled through the whole circle, and we all felt the shock.

683. THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

On the dark day when Jesus died, the lightning struck it, the flames of hell dashed up against it. That tearful,

painful, tender, blessed cross still stands. On it we hang all our hopes ; beneath it we put down all our sins ; in the light of it we expect to make the rest of our pilgrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, who can feel he has it hard ? In the sight of such a symbol, who can be discouraged, however great the darkness that may come down upon him ? Jesus lives ! The loving, patient, sympathizing, mighty Jesus. I come down to-night, and place both my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cry out with an exhilaration that I never felt since the day of my soul's emancipation, " Victory ! victory ! through our Lord Jesus Christ ! "

684. HEAVEN.

THE new Jerusalem is fire-proof. There will be no engines rushing through those streets ; no temples consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that church, we will find them open, resonant with songs, not cries of fire. O, my dear brother and sister ! if this short lane of life comes up so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying ? I have felt a good many times this last week like Father Taylor, the sailor preacher. He got in a long sentence while he was preaching one day, lost himself, and could not find his way out. He stopped, and said : " Brethren, I have lost the nominative of this sentence, and things are generally mixed up, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow. " And during this last week, when I saw the rushing to and fro and the excitement, I said to myself, " I do not know just where we shall start again, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow. " I do not want to go just yet. I want to be pastor of this people until I am about eighty-nine years of age, but I have sometimes thought that there are such glories ahead that I might be persuaded to go a little earlier ; for instance, at eighty-two or eighty-three ; but I really think that if we could have an appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, we would want to go to-night, stepping out of the Academy of Music into the glories of the skies. See that light in the window. I wonder who set it there. " Oh ! " you say, " my father, who went into glory, must have set that light in the window. " No ; guess again. " My mother, who died fifteen years ago

in Jesus, I think, must have set that light there." No ; guess again. You say, "My darling little child, whom last summer I put away for the resurrection, I think she must have set that light there in the window." No ; guess again. *Jesus* set it there, and He will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door and go in to be at home for ever. Oh ! when my sight gets black in death, put on my eyelids that sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I cannot take another step, just help me to put my foot on that door-sill. When my ear catches no more the voices of wife and child, let me go right in, to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harps, whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free. Heaven never burns down ! The fires of the last day will after a while break through the crust, and the plains and the mountains and the sea will be consumed, and the flames will fling their long arms into the skies ; but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window-glass of the house on yonder hill-top. O, blessed land ! But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacle rebuilt.



685. CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

LAST Sabbath morning, at nine o'clock, we had but one church ; now we have twenty-five, all at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees say : "You may take our main audience-rooms, you may take our lecture-rooms, you may take our church parlours, you may baptize in our baptisteries, and sit on our anxious-seats." Oh, if there be any larger-hearted ministers or larger-hearted churches anywhere than in Brooklyn, tell me where they are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millennium has come. People keep wondering when it is coming. It *has* come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old-time bigots with their swords fighting through that great fire on Schermerhorn Street last Sabbath. I am sure the swords would have melted, and they would have learned war no more. I *can never* say a word against any other denomination of *Christians*. I thank God I never have been tempted to do

it. I cannot be a sectarian. I have tried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the thing most done, there comes a fire, or something, and all is gone. My dear brethren, we cannot afford to be severely divided. Standing in front of the great foes of Christianity, we want to put on the whole armour of God, and march down in solid column, shoulder to shoulder! One commander! One banner! One triumph!

686. GOOD-BYE, TABERNACLE!

YOUR career was short, but blessed; your ashes precious. In the last day may we be able to meet the songs there sung, and the prayers there offered, and the sermons there preached. Good-bye, old place, where some of us first felt the Gospel peace, and others heard the last message ere they fled away into the skies! Good-bye, Brooklyn Tabernacle. But welcome our new church (I see it as plainly as though it were already built). Your walls firmer; your gates wider; your songs more triumphant; your gatherings more glorious. Rise out of the ashes, and greet our waiting vision. Burst on our souls, O day of our church's resurrection! By your altars may we be prepared for the hour when the fire shall try every man's work!

687. OUR DETERMINATION IS TO GO FORWARD.

THERE was a king of olden time who prided himself on doing that which his people thought impossible; and it ought to be the joy of the Christian Church to accomplish that which the world thinks cannot be done. But it will require more prayer than we have ever offered, and more hard work than we have ever put forth. Mere skirmishing around the mercy-seat will not do. We have got to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. We have got to march on, breaking down all bridges behind us, making retreat impossible. Throw away your knapsack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword-arm free. Strike for Christ and His kingdom while you may. No people ever had a better mission than you are sent on. Prove yourselves worthy. If I am not fit to be your leader, set

me aside. But I am not afraid to lead you. I have a few hundred dollars; they are at your disposal. I have health; it is yours. I have enthusiasm of soul; I will not keep it back. I have some faith in God, and I shall direct it toward the rebuilding of our new spiritual house. Come on, then, I will lead you! Come on, ye aged men; give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in mid life, harness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young man, put the fire of your soul in this work. Let women consecrate their persuasiveness and persistence to this cause, and they will be preparing benedictions for their dying hour and everlasting rewards; and if Satan really did burn that Tabernacle down, as some people say he did, he will find it the poorest job he ever undertook.

688. THE EDITOR.

THE editor must understand something of everything. He wants more than a scissors and a bottle of mucilage. If he merely retail the ideas of others, the public will prefer to go up and get the thing at the wholesale establishment. He must be able, with strong and entertaining pen, to discuss governments, religions, educational enterprises, social changes, books, amusements, men, institutions, everything. He must have strength to take a thought on the end of his pen and fling it a thousand miles, till it strikes within an inch of the point at which he aimed it.

689. SPEAK IT OUT.

IF a man must be born again in order to see the kingdom of God, and if a man is absolutely ruined unless Christ check his course, why not proclaim it?

690. WOMAN AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

WHEN the generals came back from the war, the people clapped their hands, and raised their triumphal arches, and the brass bands gave us grand music; but the story will *never be told* in this world of Mrs. Brady, who went among *the sick in the swamps* of the Chickahominy; of Anna Ross

in the Cooper Shop Hospital of Philadelphia ; of Margaret Breckenridge, who came to the men who had lain for weeks in the swamps unattended, part of the time frozen to the ground ; of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission, carrying blankets and sheets and cordials down to the suffering men, so that, whenever they saw her coming, they shouted, " Three cheers for the Sanitary Commission ! God bless the women at home ! " and then sitting down to take the dying message as the soldier dictated.

691. A WORTHY AMBITION.

WE wonder not at the ambition that aims for the editorial chair. All other modes of affecting the public mind are narrow and weak compared with it. The pen is a lever that moves the world, and the ink-roller of the printing press the battering-ram that smites into the dust the walls of ignorance and sin. But the press is a strong team to drive ; and one must be sure of the harness and the wheels, or, coming along a steep place, there will be a capsizing, and a wreck from under which the literary adventurers will not have strength to draw themselves. Phæton's attempt to drive the chariot of the sun ended in a grand smash up.

692. NATURE'S INDICATIONS.

NATURE invariably hints for what she has made a child. Here is a boy cunning at a bargain. At school he is extravagantly fond of trading. He will not come home twice with the same knife, or hoop, or kite. To-morrow morning he will leave the house with an ignominious yarn-ball—a great trial to a boy on the play-ground—but at night will come back with one of India-rubber, which, under the stroke of the bat, will soar almost out of sight, and then come down with long-continued bounce ! bounce ! Some morning, calculating on the lowness of the apple market, he will take a satchel full to school. Immediately there is a rush in the market. He monopolizes the business. He sells at just the right time. Can you doubt for a moment for what occupation he was designed ? He must be a merchant. *Here is a boy of different liking.* Across the brook

he has thrown a dam, and whirling around is a water-wheel. He can construct anything he chooses—sleds for the winter, waggons for the summer, and boats for the river. His knife is most of the time out on a whittling excursion. Down on your best carpets he plants his muddy tools. You are so pestered on the Saturdays when there is no school, it requires all of Sunday, and sharp sermons at that, to get your patience unwrinkled. Pigeon-coops on the barn and bird-houses in the trees attest his ingenuity. Give him a trade. He must be a mechanic.

693. HUSBAND'S SLIPPERS AND NEWSPAPER.

YOUR husband's thoughtlessness is an exceeding annoyance. He is a good man, no better husband since Adam gave up a spare rib as a nucleus around which to gather a woman. But he is careless about where he throws his slippers. On the top of one of your best parlour books he has laid a plug of pig-tail tobacco. For fifteen years you have lectured him about leaving the newspaper on the floor. Do not let such little things interfere with your domestic peace.

694. ANTIQUITY.

AGE, in the abstract, excites not my veneration. I must first know whether it is an old saint or an old sinner. The worst characteristic about some things is their longevity. A newly-laid egg, boiled just two minutes and a half by the watch, and placed on the table beside a clean napkin, is a luxury to bless the palate withal; but some of us remember that once in our boarding-house at school, we chanced at the morning meal to crack the shell of a Pre-Raphaelite egg, and, without "returning thanks," precipitately forsook the table. Antiquity may be good or bad.

695. FARMING.

THERE are only two conditions in which farming pays. The first, when a man makes agriculture a lifetime business, *not yielding* to the fatal itch for town, which is depopulating the country and crowding the city with a multitude of men

standing idle, with their hands in their own or their neighbours' pockets. The other condition is, when a citizen with surplus of means, and weary of the excitements and confinements of city life, goes to the country, not expecting a return of dollars equal to the amount disbursed, but expects, in health and recreation and communion with nature, to find a wealth compared with which all bundles of scrip and packages of Government securities are worthless as the shreds of paper under the counting-room desk in the waste-basket. Only those who come out of the heats of the town know the full enchantment of country life. Three years ago, on the prongs of a long fork, with which we tossed the hay into the mow, we pitched away our last attack of "the blues." We can beat back any despondency we ever knew with a hoe-handle. Born and brought up in the country, we have, ever since we left it, been longing to go back, though doomed for most of the time to stay in town. The most rapturous lay of poet about country life has never come up to our own experiences.

696. WOMAN AT HOME.

THANK God, O woman ! for the quietude of your home, and that you are queen in it. Men come at eventide to the home ; but all day long you are there, beautifying it, sanctifying it, adorning it, blessing it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. It may be a very humble home. There may be no carpet on the floor. There may be no pictures on the wall. There may be no silks in the wardrobe ; but by your faith in God and your cheerful demeanour, you may garniture that place with more splendour than the upholsterer's hand ever kindled.

697. SIMPLICITY IN PREACHING.

A WOMAN went to hear the great Dr. Alexander preach, and came home disappointed, saying, "I do not think he is such a great man after all, for I could understand every word he said." When we learn to call things by their plain names, we will be getting back to the old Bible way of *teaching*.

698. YOUR MOTHER'S RELIGION.

I SAW an account the other day of a little boy who was to be taken by a city missionary, with some other boys, to the country to find homes. He was well clad, and had a new hat given him ; but while the missionary was getting the other children ready to go, this boy went into a corner and took the hat he had thrown off, and tore the lining out of it. The missionary said, "What are you doing with that hat? You don't want it. What are you tearing the lining out of it for?" "Ah!" said the boy, "that was made out of mother's dress. She loved me very much before she died, and I have nothing to remember her by but the lining." And so the boy tore it out and put it in his bosom. Oh! would you not like to have one shred of your mother's religion to remember her by?

699. OUR BIRTHPLACE.

CÆSAR boasted of his native Rome; Lycurgus of Sparta; Virgil of Andes; Demosthenes of Athens; Archimedes of Syracuse; and Paul of Tarsus. I should suspect a man of base-heartedness who had no feeling of complacency in regard to the place of his residence; who gloried not in its arts, arms, behaviour, prosperity, embellishments, and its scientific attainments. Men never like a place where they have not behaved well. Swarthout did not like New York; nor Dr. Webster, Boston. Men who have free rides in prison vans never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I see in history Argos, Rhodes, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, and several other cities claiming Homer, I conclude that Homer behaved well.

700. IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

How may we know if we are in our right place—not an inch above, not an inch below? If you can perform your work *easily*, without being cramped or exhausted, that is the right place. That man is in a horrible condition who is ever making prodigious effort to do more than he can do. *It is just as easy for a star to swim in its orbit as for a mote to float in a sunbeam.* Nature never sweats. The great

law of gravitation holds the universe on its back as easily as a miller swings over his shoulder a bag of Genesee wheat. The winds never run themselves out of breath. The rivers do not weary in their course. The Mississippi and the Amazon are no more tired than the meadow-brook. Himalaya is not dizzy.

701. FITS.

MANY a man looks back, and finds that his life has been a series of fits. Perhaps very young in literature, he had a fit Tupperian. Passing on a few years, and he was taken with a fit Byronian. Getting into calmer waters of life, he was attacked with a fit metaphysical. As might be expected, from being out so much in the fog, he took a violent fit Carlylean. Then at the close of life he reviewed his intellectual gyrations; and, disgusted with his ramblings, he had a fit of common sense, which was so sudden a change from anything preceding that it killed him.

702. CONSECRATION OF WOMEN.

O YOUNG women of the Church! have you given your hearts to Christ? Have you tried to live on the garbage which this world offers to your soul? The Lord this morning calls you to glorious service on earth, and to glorious triumph in heaven. You have a work to do. Let the lightning of your soul strike dead at your feet all the modern temptations to dissipation, to godless frivolity and fashion. Consecrate your soul to Jesus Christ.

703. WOMEN IN THE CAMP.

MEN did their work with shot and shell and howitzer. Women did their work with cordials administered and bandages placed, with Scripture lessons read, and by stroking with gentle hand the hot temples, and with the story of that heaven where there are no sick. Men came to the wounded on the battle-field, and said: "To what regiment do you belong? How did you come to get into the war?" Women said: "Where are you hurt? What can I do for you? What makes you cry?"

704. TRASHY BOOKS.

Now the children's library is filled with books of large type and tasteful vignettes, and lids ridged and flowered and scrolled and columned and starred with all the fascinations of the book-bindery. There is now danger that what is called the "milk for babes" shall become nothing but chalk and water. Many of the Sabbath schools are doing much to foster a taste for trashy literature.

705. A REAL INVITATION.

Do you know why more men do not come to Christ? It is because men are not invited that they do not come. You get a general invitation from your friend: "Come around some time to my house and dine with me." You do not go. But he says, "Come around to-day at four o'clock and bring your family, and we'll dine together." And you say, "I don't know that I have any engagement; I will come." "I expect you at four o'clock." And you go. The world feels it is a general invitation to come around some time and sit at the great gospel feast, and men do not come because they are not specially invited. It is because you do not take hold of them and say, "My brother, come to Christ; come now, come now!"

706. REMARKABLE AWAKENINGS.

By strangest way and in most unexpected manner, men are awakened. The gardener of the Countess of Huntingdon was convicted of sin by hearing the countess on the opposite side of the walk talk about Jesus. John Hardoak was aroused by a dream, in which he saw the last day, and the Judge sitting, and heard his own name called with terrible emphasis—"John Hardoak, come to judgment!" The Lord has a thousand ways of waking up Jonah.

707. GRACE,

Like flower seed, needs to be sown in spring. The first fifteen years of life, and often the first six, decide the eternal destiny.

708. RELIGIOUS SPOOKS.

ON Sunday night your child does not want to go to bed. He cries when compelled to go, and looks under the bed for some of the religious hobgoblins that come out of the Sunday-school library. Religious spooks are just as bad as any other spooks. A child is just as afraid of Floras, Pomonas, sylphs, oreads, and fairies, as of ghosts.

709. THE FIRST THING TO DO WITH A LAMB IS TO PUT IT IN THE ARMS OF THE GREAT SHEPHERD.

OF course we must observe natural laws. Give a child excessive meat diet, and it will grow up sensual, and catechism three times a-day, and sixty grains in each dose, won't prevent it. Talk much in your child's presence about the fashions, and it will be fond of dress, notwithstanding all your lectures on humility. Fill your house with gossip, and your children will tattle. Culture them as much as you will, but give them plenty of money to spend, and they will go to destruction. But while we are to use common sense in every direction respecting a child, the first thing is to strive for its conversion, and there is nothing more potent than family prayers.

710. INFLUENCE OF FAMILY PRAYERS.

NO child ever gets over having heard parents praying for him. I had many sound thrashings when I was a boy; but the most memorable scene in my childhood was father and mother at morning and evening prayers. Your son may go to the ends of the earth, and run through the whole catalogue of transgressions, but he will remember the family altar, and it will be a check, and a call, and perhaps his redemption.

711. BLESSINGS ON THE KIND MAN.

THERE are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. *May such a kind man always have a carriage to ride in, and a horse not too skittish! As he goes down*

the hill of life, may the breeching-strap be strong enough to hold back the load ! When he has ridden to the end of the earthly road, he will have plenty of friends to help him unhitch and assist him out of the carriage. On that night it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a lifetime, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were struggling.



712. THE DAY MUST BE IN HARMONY WITH THE PRAYER.

FAMILY prayer fails when the whole day is not in harmony with it. A family prayer, to be worth anything, ought to be twenty-four hours long. It ought to give the pitch to all the day's work and behaviour. The day when we get thoroughly mad upsets the morning devotion.



713. THE LIFE

MUST be on the same key with the devotion.



714. PARENTS.

If you are a parent, and are not a professor of religion, and do not feel able to compose a prayer, get some one of the many books that have been written, put it down before you, and read prayers for the household.



715. LIVELY BOYS.

HAVE at least one book in your library in which all the good children did not die. My early impression from Sunday-school books was that religion was very unhealthy. It seemed a terrible distemper that killed every boy and girl that it touched. If I found myself some day better than common, I corrected the mistake for fear I should die. But I do believe that children may have religion and yet live through it. Indeed, the best boys I ever saw occasionally upset things and got boisterous, and had the *fidgets*. The goody-goody kind of children make namby-pamby men. I should not be surprised to find that a colt

which does not frisk becomes a horse that will not draw. It is not religion that makes that boy sit by the stove while his brothers are out snowballing, but the "dumps." The boy who has no fire in his nature may, after he has grown up, have animation enough to grease a wagon-wheel, but he will not own the wagon nor have money enough to buy the grease. The best boy I ever knew, before he went to heaven, could strike a ball till it soared out of sight, and, in the race, as far as you could see, you would find his red tippet coming out ahead. Look out for the boy who never has the fingers of a good laugh tickle him under the diaphragm.

716. GOOD RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

OH ! for a religious literature that shall take for its model of excellence a boy that loves God, and can digest his dinner two hours after he eats it ! Be not afraid to say, in your account of his decease, that the day before you lost him, he caught two rabbits in his trap down on the meadow, or soundly thrashed a street-ruffian who was trying to upset a little girl's basket of cold victuals. I do not think that heaven is so near to an ill-ventilated nursery as to a good gymnasium. If the church of God could trade off three thousand hogsheads of religious cant for three thousand hogsheads of fresh air and stout health, *we* should be the gainers, but the fellow with whom we traded would be cheated mercilessly and for ever.

717. THE SCHOOL OF WORK.

How account for the success of such persons as Elihu Burritt and Hugh Miller—the former a blacksmith, yet showing unbounded capacity for the acquisition of language ; the latter a stone-mason, and yet, as though he were one of the old buried Titans come to life, pressing up through rocks and mountains, until, shaking from his coat a world of red sand-stone, and washing off from his hands the dust of millions of years, he takes the professor's chair in a college ? We answer, different men want different kinds of colleges. The anvil was the best school-desk for Elihu Burritt, and quarry-stone for Hugh Miller. The former, among the cinders and horse-shoes, learned that patient toil which was the secret of his acquisition in the languages.

The latter, from observations made while toiling with chisel and crowbar, laid the foundation of his wonderful attainments, one shelf of rock being worth to him more than the hundred shelves of a cottage library.



718. THERE MUST BE ADAPTATION.

OUR happiness and success depend on being where we belong. A scow may be admirable, and a seventy-four-gun ship may be admirable, but do not put the scow on the ocean, or the ship of the line in a mill-pond. Fortune is spoken of as an old shrew, with hot water, shovel, and tongs, pursuing the innocent. But, though sometimes losing her temper, she mostly approves those who are in their sphere, and condemns those who are where they do not belong.



719. INTELLECT AND FASHION.

THE endless studies of propriety and etiquette, patterns and styles, is bedwaring to the intellect. How belittling the study of the cut of a coat, or the tie of a cravat, or the wrinkle in a shoe, or the colour of a ribbon! How they are worried if something gets untied, or hangs awry, or is not nicely adjusted! With a mind capable of measuring the height and depth of great subjects; able to unravel mysteries; to walk through the universe; to soar up into the infinity of God's attributes,—hovering perpetually over a new style of mantilla! I have known men, reckless as to their character, and regardless of interests momentous and eternal, exasperated by the shape of a vest-button.



720. A PROTEST.

WE now and here declare the inhumanity, cruelty, and outrage of that father and mother who pass their daughters into womanhood, having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Madame de Staël said: "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facility in ten occupations, in any one of which I could make a livelihood."

721. OLD ASHBEL GREEN,

AT fourscore years, when asked why he kept on working, said, "I do so to keep out of mischief." Of the thousand prosperous and honourable men that you know, nine hundred and ninety-nine had to work vigorously at the beginning.

722. TURNER'S LIGHT.

Who can forget the light that Turner pours on Venice, the Campanile of San Marco, the Dogana—light falling with the positiveness of a pebble, but the diffusiveness of a liquid—light that does not strike on the water and stop there, but becomes transfused and intermixed—nay, which, by matchless chemistry of colour, becomes a part of the wave, so that you cannot say which is light and which is water: gondolas variegated, dropping all their hues into the wave—gondola above, gondola beneath, and moving keel to keel? Light, though so subtle that it flies from other touch, Turner picked up, nor let it slip through his fingers till it touched the canvas. John Martin, the Northumberland painter, tried to catch the light, but instead thereof caught the fire that burns up many of his fine pictures. Turner's light is neither a hot element to consume nor a lifeless thing that might be called a mere pallor on the cheek of the darkness, but so natural you hardly know whether it drops from the sky-window into the gallery, or was kindled by the hand which for twenty years has been mouldering in the crypt of Saint Paul's Cathedral.

723. TURNER'S WATER.

WHAT water Turner painted! The waves of the sea knew him. No man could pour such moonlight upon the Thames as he; or could so well run the hands of the sea up and down the sides of a stranded ship; or could so sadden the Hellespont with the farewell of Leander; or toss up the water in a squall so natural that you know the man in the fishing-smack must be surprised at the suddenness; or so infuriate the Channel at Calais that you wish you did not, on your way home, have to cross it; or could have dropped a castle-shadow so softly and yet so deep into a

stream. The wave of William Turner was not, as in many pictures, merely wet white-wash, but a mingling of brightness and gloom, crystal and azure, smoothed down as a calm morning tramples it, or flung up just as the winds do it.

724. POST-MORTEM JUSTICE.

AFTER Turner was lifeless, the world gathered up his body, played a grand march over it, and gave it honoured sepulture. *Why did they not do justice to him while living?* What are monuments worth to a dead man? Why give stones when they ask for bread? Why crack and crush the jewel, and then be so very careful about the casket? Away with this oft-repeated grave-yard farce! Do not twist into wreaths for the tomb the flowers with which you ought to have crowned the heated brow of a living painter.

725. THE DONKEY.

EVEN the donkey is introduced with a loving touch in Landseer's pictures. Now, a man who can favourably regard mule or ass is a marvel of sympathy. I am in fresh memory of a mule in the Alps. He might as well have lived on Newark Flats, for all the good fine scenery did him. With what an awkward tread he carried me up to the *Mer de Glace*, jerking backward and forward, so that I was going both ways at once, but, nevertheless, slowly advancing, because the jerk forward was somewhat in excess of the jerk backward. The flies were ravenous, and to catch one of them he would stop mid-cliff, throw one foot up till he struck my foot in the stirrup, as though he proposed to get on himself, and then would put his head back, till nothing save a strong grip of the saddle kept me from seeing the Alps inverted. But have the fly he *would*, reckless of shout and whip and thump of heel in the side. Mules are stubborn, crafty—unlike men, in the fact that they look chiefly after their own interests (?); but these brutes are not very intelligent, considering, from their ears, how large an opportunity they have of hearing. They have most imperfect intonation, and but little control over *their* voice. When a donkey begins to bray, it seems he *does not* know when he will be able to stop, or whether the

voice will rise or fall in its cadences. But donkeys cannot help this, and for their sins they are to be pitied. Therefore, Edwin Landseer calls them into his pictures. What a kind man he must be! Blessed the dog that fawns at his feet, the horse that draws his carriage, the cat that mews on his window-sill, the deer that ranges through his park! Thrice blessed their master!

726. LANDSEER'S BLOODHOUND.

No one so well as Landseer can call up a bloodhound, and make him lie down in the right place—a decided case of armed peace. You treat him so well, not so much because of your respect for dogs, as out of consideration for your own interest. Walk softly about him and see the great reefs of hide—more skin than a dog needs, as though he had been planned on a larger scale, but after he had begun to be filled in, the original plan had been altered. See the surplusage of snarl in that terrier and of hair on that poodle, and how damp he is on the end of his nose!

727. THE MARE SHOD.

Was ever a bay mare more beautifully shod than, in Kensington Museum, Landseer shoes her? The blacksmith's shop is just such a one as we rode to, with rope halter on the horse's head, and when, barefoot, we dismounted, the smith of the leathern apron, and rusted spectacles, and hands seemingly for five years an exile from wash-basins, bade us look out how we trod on the hot iron. Does anything sound more clearly through the years than the wheeze of the old bellows, and the clang of the sledge-hammer, and the whistle of the horse-tail brush with which we kept off the flies; while, with the uplifted and uneasy foot of the horse between the workman's legs, he clenched the nail, clipped off the raggedness of the hoof, and filed smooth the surface, the horse flinching again and again, as the nail came too near the quick? And then the lightning of the sparks as the hammer fell on the red-hot iron, and the chuck and hiss and smoke of the bar as it plunged into the water-bucket! Oh! there was a rugged poetry in a blacksmith shop, and even now the sound of the old wagon-tire

at the door rouses me up like a war-whoop, and in the breath of the furnace I glow with memories. Only a few months ago, I walked into a city blacksmith-shop, and asked if at any time I could get a horse shod there. You see, there might be a time when I would buy a horse, and he might need such services ; but my chief reason for going in was that I wanted to see if such a place looked as it did of yore.

728. ROSA BONHEUR'S HAY SCENE.

IN Luxembourg Gallery, at Paris, hanging in a very poor light, or rather first-rate darkness, is a hay-gathering scene, by Rosa Bonheur. After for hours looking upon helmets, and swords, and robes, and prim parterres, where grass does not grow without asking the gardener, and there are impossible horses on impossible roads, carrying impossible riders, I came upon this country scene, in imagination threw myself down on the grass, and unbuttoned my shirt collar to let the air of the fields strike the skin clear down to the chest. The weather is showery. It will rain in twenty minutes. The men, aware of this, are hastening in the load. The hair of this workman is soaked with sweat, and hangs in strings, as if just out of a dripping bath. The women work so awkwardly you feel that the place for them is the house. The one on the load is evidently not so anxious to pack the hay as to save her own neck, in case the oxen should start. She feels it a risky business on an uneven field to stand on a rocking load. A rosy, white-capped maiden, of seventeen years, standing with rake in hand, does not work very fast. She is at an age when maidens are apt to take it somewhat easy. She does not think it will hurt the hay much if it does get wet. Besides that, the shower may pass around. A workman is looking at her bright face. He, too, has forgotten the showery weather. No use, my dear fellow ! You are too old for her. From her absent look, I know she is thinking now of the nightfall, and of some one who will come in clean smock, tying his horse at the gate. The oxen stand waiting for orders to go on, calm, stupid, honest, sinewy-necked, a skein of foam hanging from their lower lip. On this ox's back a fountain of sweat starts, but is dissipated in the thick gloss. In this dark ox, the night of the face is dawn-

ing into light beyond the hill of the shoulder. They look like the yoke that answered our own command of "Whoa! haw! gee!" needing to have the language translated by an occasional stroke of the goad, determined to get into the shadow of a tree though the load upset, taking plenty of time, with the exception of some very uncertain starts in fly-time, hardly ever so resigned as when it is their duty to stand still.

729. A RAPHAEL.

You would hardly expect children in Raphael's "Peter and John healing the Lame Man." You expect that the majesty of the scene will crowd out all familiarities. You would say that children ought to get out of the way when such exciting work is going on. There lies a lame man, his hand in the hand of the apostle. The sufferer looks up with a face that has anguish scorched into every feature; for though born a cripple, he had never got used to it. No man that I ever saw before wanted so much to get well. His twisted foot no human doctor could straighten. The muscles that bound it on the wrong side might have been cut, but the muscles on the other side would not have drawn it back to the right place. There lay the helpless, distorted foot, making its dumb prayer. Yonder is another deformed beggar hobbling up. If Peter is successful with the first case, this lame man would like to have his limbs looked at. Still, he is not anxious. He is angry with the world and angry with heaven. His manner seems to say, "How did God dare to make me thus?" The wretch had been kicked off people's steps, and jeered at by the boys of the town, till he did not much care what became of him. A face full of everything hard, bitter, malicious. He is ready either to receive help at the hand of the apostle, or to strike him with the crutch. Does not much believe there is any cure, does not much care. Has not heard a kind word for twenty years, and would not be at all surprised if he were howled away now. A foul face—even the hair on the chin curls with scorn. He has the fierceness of an adder, which, trod on, curls up to bite its pursuer. The distortion of the body has struck in and deformed the soul. You feel that your only safety in his presence is that he cannot walk. *His figure haunts a man for days.*

730. CHILDREN IN A PICTURE.

IT is a stubborn sea of trouble that will not divide when four baby feet go paddling in it. We are glad that Raphael did not choose for the picture cherubs with wings fastened at the backbone, ready any moment to fly away with them, but children that look as if they had come to stay. Rather thinly dressed, indeed, for cool weather. Raphael's picture-children did not cost him much for clothes. You know it was a warm climate. Though a bachelor, Raphael knew the worth of children in a picture. With their little hands they open the inside door of the heart, and let us pass in, when otherwise we might have been kept standing on the cold steps, looking at the corbels and caryatides of the outside architecture. It was a little maid that directed Naaman to the Jordan for healing, and it is a child in the picture that shows the leper of harsh criticism where to wash his scales off. It is by the introduction of children into their paintings that Canaletto gives warmth to the ice-white castles of Venice, and Gainsborough simplicity to the hollowness of a watering-place, and Turner pathos to the "Decline of Carthage," and Ruysdale life to a dead landscape; and Giotto and Tacconi and Orcagna and Joshua Reynolds follow in the track of a boy's foot. "And a little child shall lead them."

731. THE MADONNA.

MOST of the ancient artists tried their hand at the Virgin and the Child, always evidencing their own nationality in the style of infantile beauty selected. The Dutch school gives a Dutch child, the Roman school a Roman child, the Spanish school a Spanish child. Ruben's Christ was not born at Bethlehem, but at Antwerp. And as parents are not apt to undervalue their children, it is probable that they took the model which sat in their own nursery, gathering around it their own ideal of the infant Jesus. Francesco Tacconi represents the Holy Child as very thoughtful, a young philosopher at one year of age, with very red hair. Vivarini gives us a startled child. Duccio paints for us a child wrapped up in admiration of its mother. But Lo Spagna gives us the look of a glad child that would romp if it were not afraid of jumping out of the picture. Why not a glad

child? The burdens had not yet rolled over on Him. Those were good days to him. Joseph and Mary walked and trudged, but He always had a soft carriage to ride in—that of His mother's bosom. He had enough to wear, for He was wrapped in swaddling-clothes. He probably had enough to eat, for mothers in those days were not pinched to death with corsets, and so the child need not go outside its mother's arms for abundant supply. But any pleasant afternoon when the children of our city are out taking an airing, I could find a score of infant faces more like Jesus than any I have seen on ancient canvas. Perhaps, after a while, an American artist will give us the Virgin and the Child. It would be more apt to be impartial than that of any of the ancients. They put their own nationality into the picture, and it was a German Christ, or a Venetian Christ, or a Tuscan Christ; but the American, having in him the blood of many lands, and in his face a commingling of the features of all nations, when he gives us upon canvas Mary and the child, it will be a world's affection bending over a world's Christ.

732. OLD PAINTINGS.

No one can forget the place, or the day, or the hour, when he first gazed on a genuine work of one of the old masters. We have seen for years pieces of canvas which pretended to have come from Italy or Germany, and to be three or four hundred years old. The chief glory of them was that they were cracked and wrinkled and dull and inexplicable, and had great antiquity of varnish, immensity of daub, and infinity of botch. The great grandfather of the exhibitor got the heirloom from a Portuguese peddler, who was wrecked at Venice in the middle of the last century; and went ashore just as one of the descendants of the celebrated Braggadocia Thundergusto, of the fourteenth century, was hard up for money, and must have a drink or lie.

733. HEROIC TREATMENT.

WE do not get well of sin because we do not realize what a dire disease it is, and that we cannot cure it with a *spiritual panacea*, a gentle antidote, a few grains of *spiritual*

morphine, or a few drops of peppermint on white sugar. We want our pride killed, and we read an essay on the sweet grace of humility, and we go on as proud as ever. The pleasant lozenge does not do the work. Rather let us set ourselves to do that for Christ which is most oppugnant to our feelings.

734. NOT THE LAZY MEN.

It is not once in a hundred times that a lazy man ever becomes a Christian. There is but little hope for the man who has nothing to do.

735. EVERY ONE HAS A MESSAGE.

EVERY Christian ought to have something to say. Every man is a walking eternity. The plainest man has Omnipotence to defend him, Omniscience to watch him, Infinite Goodness to provide for him. The tamest religious experience has its poems, tragedies, histories, Iliads, Paradise Lost, and Paradise Regained. If you were ever in the army you know what it is to see an officer on horseback dash swiftly past, carrying a despatch. You wondered as he went, what the news were—was the army to advance, or was an enemy coming? So every Christian carries a despatch from God to the world. Let him ride swiftly to deliver it. The army is to advance, and the enemy is coming. Go out and fulfil your mission.

736. A WEEK-NIGHT SERVICE

THRUSTS religion in the secularities of the week. It is as much as to say, "This is God's Wednesday, or God's Thursday, or God's Friday, or God's week!" You would not give much for a property the possession of which you could have only one-seventh of the time, and God does not want that man whose services he can have only on the Sabbath. If you paid full wages to a man, and found out that six-sevenths of the time he was serving a rival house, you would be indignant; and the man who takes God's goodness and gives six-sevenths of his time to the world, the *flesh*, and the devil, is an abomination unto the Lord. The

whole week ought to be a temple of seven rooms dedicated to God. You may if you will make one room the holy of holies, but let all the temple be consecrate.

737. BLASPHEMY.

ONE wild, terrific wave of blasphemy is sweeping over the land. See the effects of this wide-spread profanity in the increasing perjury. If men in ordinary conversation so commonly use the name of God, is it wonderful that in the jury-box, and in the alderman's office, and in the custom-house, so many swear falsely? Notice the way an oath is administered. They toss the Bible at a man, and in the most trivial way say, "So help you God—kiss the book." I suppose enough lies are every day told in the custom-house to sink it. Smuggling, although it be done against positive oath, is in some circles considered a grand joke. Men more easily break their solemn oaths than formerly. What strange verdicts juries do sometimes render! What peculiar charges judges do sometimes make! What unaccountable slowness sheriffs and their deputies sometimes exhibit in the execution of their writs! What erratic railroad enterprises suddenly pass at our State capitals!

738. THE STORM AND THE CLEARING UP.

ONE summer among the New England hills there was an evening memorable for storm and darkness. The clouds, which had been all day gathering, at last unlimbered their batteries. The Housatonic, that flows in silence save as the paddles of pleasure parties rattle in the rowlock, was lashed into foam and its waves staggered, not knowing where to lay themselves. The hills jarred at the rumbling of God's chariots. Blinding sheets of rain drove the cattle to the bars, and beat against the window-pane as if to dash it in. The corn-fields crouched in the fury, and the ripened grain-fields threw their crowns of gold at the feet of the storm-king. After the night shut in, it was a double night. Its black mantle was rent with the lightnings, and into its locks were twisted the leaves of uprooted oaks, and shreds of canvas torn from the masts of the beached shipping. *It was such a night as makes you thank God for shelter, and*

bids you open the door to let in even the spaniel howling outside with the terror. We went to sleep under the full blast of heaven's great orchestra, and the forests with uplifted voice, in choiring hosts that filled all the sides of the mountains, praising the Lord. We waked not until the fingers of the sunny morn touched our eyelids. We looked out, and the Housatonic slept as quiet as a baby's dream. Pillars of white cloud set up along the heavens looked like the castles of the blest, built for hierarchs of heaven on the beach of the azure sea. The trees sparkled as though there had been some great grief in heaven, and each leaf had been God-appointed to catch an angel's tear. It seemed as if God our Father had looked down upon earth, his wayward child, and stooped to her tear-wet cheek, and kissed it. Even so will the darkness of our country's crime and suffering be lifted. God will roll back the night of storm, and bring in the morning of joy. Its golden light will gild the city spire, and strike the forests of Maine, and tinge the masts of Mobile; and with one end resting upon the Atlantic beach, and the other on the Pacific coast, God will spring a great rainbow arch of peace, in token of everlasting covenant that the land shall never again be deluged with crime.

739. WHITE LIES.

THERE are ten thousand ways of telling a lie. A man's entire life may be a falsehood, while with his lips he may not once directly falsify. There are those who state what is positively untrue, but afterwards say, "may be," softly. These departures from the truth are called "white lies;" but there is really no such thing as a white lie. The whitest lie that was ever told was as black as perdition.

740. HEARTFELT WRITING.

WHEN men paint, or write, or act from the heart, they are potent. By the time that a thought, starting from the artist's brain, can come down through the neck into the shoulder, and through the right arm to the fingers, and off the finger-tips to the point of the pencil, it has lost its momentum, and languishes on the canvas; but a thought

that starts from the brain, and streams to the heart, there to be taken with a strong throb, and as by the stroke of a piston, forced through the arm to the canvas, arrives unspent and redoubled. The old masters succeeded not in depicting what they thought so well as in what they felt. Thoughts are often hard and green and tough, till the warm sunshine of the heart ripens them.

741. THE FLOOR TIMBERS.

THE Church is the dry-dock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage, the first need is sound timber. The floor timbers ought to be of solid stuff. The truths of God's Word are what I mean by floor timbers. Away with your lighter materials. Nothing but oaks, hewn in the forest of divine truth, are staunch enough for this craft.

742. THE HELM.

You must have Love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither Pride, nor Ambition, nor Avarice will do for a rudder. Love, not only in the heart, but flashing in the eye, and tingling in the hand—Love married to Work, which many look upon as so homely a bride.

743. THE PROW.

THERE must also be a prow, arranged to cut and override the billow. That is Christian perseverance. There are three mountain surges that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—the world, the flesh, and the devil; and that is a well-built prow that can bound over them. For lack of this, many have put back and never started again.

744. THE ANCHOR.

HAVE a good, strong anchor. "Which hope we have as an anchor." By this strong cable and windlass, hold on to your anchor. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father."

745. THE SAILS.

FAITH is our canvas. Hoist it, and the winds of heaven will drive you ahead. Sails made out of any other canvas than Faith will be slit to tatters by the first north-easter. Strong faith never lost a battle. It will crush foes, blast rocks, quench lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a shield to the warrior ; a crank to the most ponderous wheel ; a lever to pry up pyramids ; a drum whose beat gives strength to the step of the heavenly soldiery ; and sails to waft ships laden with priceless pearls from the harbour of earth to the harbour of heaven.

746. THE RUNNING RIGGING.

YOU must have what seamen call the *running rigging*. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew-lines, and such like. Without these, the yards could not be braced, the sails lifted, nor the canvas in anywise managed. We have *prayer* for the running rigging. Unless you understand this tackling you are not a spiritual seamen. By pulling on these ropes, you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whither. The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless you have strong prayer for a halliard.

747. THE COMPASS.

YOU must have a compass—which is the Bible. Look at it every day, and always sail by it, as its needle points towards the star of Bethlehem. Through fog, and darkness, and storm, it works faithfully. Search the Scriptures. "Box the compass."

748. STEERAGE. PASSENGERS.

ALLOW your appetites and passions only an under-deck passage. Do not allow them ever to come up on the promenade deck. Mortify your members which are upon the earth. Never allow your lower nature anything better than a steerage passage. Let Watchfulness walk the decks as an armed sentinel; and shoot down with great promptness *anything* like a mutiny of riotous appetites.

749. ICEBERGS.

BE sure to look out of the fore-castle for icebergs. These are cold Christians floating about in the Church. The rigid-zone professors will sink you

750. THE LOG-BOOK.

KEEP a log-book during all the voyage—an account of how many furlongs you make a day. You ought to know every night, as well as every year, how things are going. When the express train stops at the depôt, you hear a hammer sounding on all the wheels, thus testing the safety of the rail-train. Bound, as we are, with more than express speed toward a great eternity, ought we not often to try the work of self-examination?

751. COLOURS.

BE sure to keep your colours up! Let it ever be known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on the very front, with the figure of a cross, a crown, and a dove; and from the mast-head let float the streamers of Emmanuel.

752. THE PILOT.

BEFORE you gain port you will smell the land breezes of heaven; and Christ, the Pilot, will meet you as you come into the Narrows of Death, and fasten to you, and say, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

753. WINTER IN GREAT CITIES

TRIES our moral character. It is the winter months that ruin, morally and for ever, many of our young men. We sit in the house on a winter's night, and hear the storm raging on the outside, and imagine the helpless crafts driven on the coast; but if our ears were only good enough, we could, on any winter night, hear the crash of a hundred moral shipwrecks. Look out how you spend your winter nights!

754. WHO IS THAT MAN

FALLEN against the kerbstone, covered with bruises and beastliness? He was once a bright-faced lad. His mother prayed for him, fondled him, would not let the night air touch his cheek, and held him up and looked down into his loving eyes, and wondered for what high position he was being fitted. He entered life with bright hopes. The world beckoned him, friends cheered him, but the archers shot at him; vile men set traps for him; bad habits hooked fast to him with their iron grapples; and there he lies. Was that uncombed hair once toyed with by a father's fingers? those bloated cheeks ever kissed by a mother's lips? did that thick tongue once make a household glad with its innocent prattle? Help him up. Put the hat over that once manly brow. Brush the dust from that coat that once covered a generous heart. Show him the way to the home that once rejoiced at the sound of his footstep, and with gentle words tell his children to stand back as you help him through the hall. That *was* a kind husband and indulgent father. He will kneel with them no more as once he did at family prayers—the little ones with clasped hands looking up into the heavens with thanksgiving for their happy home. But now at midnight he will drive them from their pillows and curse them down the steps, and howl after them as, unclad, they fly down the street, in night-garments, under the calm starlight.

755. WHO BLASTED THAT HOME?

WHO plunged those children into worse than orphanage—until the hands are blue with cold, and the cheeks are blanched with fear, and the brow is scarred with bruises, and the eyes are hollow with grief? Who made that life a wreck, and filled eternity with the uproar of a doomed spirit? Those who mix the cup that glows and flashes and foams with enchantment!

756. PHYSICAL AND MORAL EVIL.

SHALL I be nervous about a stagnant pool of water, lest it breed malaria, and be careless when there are in the very heart of our city thousands of houses, devoted to various

forms of dissipation, which day and night steam with miasma, and pour out the fiery lava of pollution, and darken the air with their horrors, and fill the skies with the smoke of their torment, that ascendeth up for ever and ever? If a slaughter-house be opened we have the nuisance abated. And say nothing against a hundred thousand slaughter-houses in our American cities!

757. SIN IS A GIANT,

BLACK with the soot of the forges where eternal chains are made, and feet rotting with disease, and breath foul with plagues, and eyes glaring with woe, and locks flowing in serpent fangs, and voice from which shall rumble forth the blasphemies of the damned. *It is a lazaret-house of disease.* The walls drip, drip, drip with the damps of sepulchres. The victims, strewn over the floor, writhe and twist among each other in contortions indescribable, holding up their ulcerous wounds, tearing their matted hair, weeping tears of blood: some hooting with revengeful cry; some howling with a maniac's fear; some chattering with idiot's stare; some calling upon God; some calling upon fiends; wasting away; thrusting each other back; mocking each other's pains; tearing open each other's ulcers; dropping with the ichor of death!

758. IN THE JUDGMENT.

IN the wild tumult of the last day—the mountains falling, the heavens flying, the thrones uprising, the universe assembling; amid the boom of the last great thunder-peal, and under the crackling of a burning world—what will become of the fop and the dandy? Shall not chariots of salvation come down to the other side of the Jordan, and escort him up to the palace? Shall not the angels exclaim—"Turn out! a prince is coming." Will the bells chime? Will there be harpers with their harps, and trumpeters with their trumpets? No! No! No! There will be a shudder, as though a calamity had happened. Standing on heaven's battlement, a watchman will see something shoot past, with fiery downfall, and shriek: "Wandering star—for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever!"

759. ANIMALS.

OH, that the cruelty of man to bird and beast might come to an end ! They have more right to the world than man, for they preceded him in the creation, the birds having been made on Friday, and the cattle on Saturday morning, and man coming in at the fag-end of the week. No wonder that these aborigines of the world sometimes resist, and that the bees sting, and the bears growl, and the cats get their backs up, and dogs bark, and eagles defend their eyries with iron beak, the crags echoing with the clangour of this flying squadron of the sky.

760. RUM ON NEW YEARS.

OFTEN has the delicate hand of woman kindled a young man's taste for strong drink, who, after many years, when the attraction of that scene was forgotten, has cowered in her rags, desolation, and woe, under the uplifted hand of the drunken monster who, on that Christmas morning so long ago, took the glass from her hand. And so, the woman stands on the abutment of the bridge, on the moonlit night, wondering if, down under the water, there is not some quiet place for a broken heart. She takes one wild leap—and all is over ! Ah ! mingle not with the harmless beverage of your festive scene this poison of adders ! Mix not with the white sugar of the cup the snow of this awful leprosy. Mar not the clatter of cutlery at the holiday feast with the clank of a madman's chain ! I look into the window of that pawnbroker's shop with a shudder as though I had seen into a window of hell. Whose elegant watch ? It was a drunkard's ! Whose furs ? A drunkard's wife's ! Whose flute ? Whose shoes ? Whose scarf ? A drunkard's child's ! If I could, I would take the three brazen balls hanging at the doorway, and clang them together until they tolled the awful knell of the drunkard's soul.

761. ENCOURAGEMENT FOR CHILDREN.

WHEN a child earns parental applause he ought to have it. *If he get up head at school, give him a book or an apple. If he saw a bully on the playground trampling on a sickly*

boy, and your son took the bully by the throat so tightly that he became a little variegated in colour, praise your boy, and let him know that you love to have him the champion of the weak. Perhaps *you* would not do right a day, if you had no more prospect of reward than that which you have given him. If on commencement-day he make the best speech, or read the best essay, tell him of it. Truth is always harmless, and the more you use of it the better. If your daughter at the conservatory take the palm, give her a new piece of music, a ring, a kiss, or a blessing.

762. CHRONIC COMPLAININGS.

At times we should talk over our distresses, and seek sympathy, but perpetual discourse on such themes wears out the patience of our friends. You always see the young people run from the groaning valetudinarian; and the minister fails in his condolence, for why speak of the patience of Job to one who says that boils are nothing to his distresses. The hobby he rides is wounded and scabbed and torn with all the diseases mentioned in farriery.

763. LET CHILDREN KNOW SOMETHING

OF the worth of money, by earning it. Over-pay them if you will, but let them get some idea of equivalents. If they get distorted notions of values at the start, they will never be righted.

764. FRESH AIR.

WE have wrecked too many sermons and lectures on ill-ventilated audience-rooms, not to understand the value of pure air. There are not twenty properly ventilated lecture-halls east of the Alleghany Mountains. We have more veneration for every other antiquity than for stale air. Atmosphere that has been bottled up for weeks is not quite equal to "Balm of Thousand Flowers." Give us an old log across the stream to sit on, rather than an arm-chair in the parlour that is opened chiefly on Christmas and Thanksgiving Days. While waiting for this year's turkey to get browned, we do not want to smell last year's. There are

church-basements so foul that we think some of those who frequent them for devotion get sooner to the end of their earthly troubles than they would if there were less dampness in the walls ; some of them suffering from what they suppose to be too much religion, when it is nothing but wind-colic.

765. GOOD HEARERS.

WE hear a great deal about good speakers and poor speakers, but I think that we have yet to recognize in the Church of God that it requires just as much skill, just as much grace aright to hear as aright to speak. When we stand at last before the Throne of Judgment, and I shall give an account of the manner in which I have talked to you of Jesus Christ, and of the things of eternity, I do not suppose that my account will be any more serious than will be yours who have listened.

766. OUR EVERY LIFE IS A SERMON.

OUR birth is the text from which we start. Youth is the introduction to the discourse. During our manhood we lay down a few propositions and prove them. Some of the passages are dull, and some sprightly. Then come inferences and applications. At seventy years we say, "Fifthly and Lastly." The Doxology is sung. The Benediction is pronounced. The Book closed. It is getting cold. Frost on the window-pane. Audience gone. Shut up the church. Sexton goes home with the key on his shoulder.

767. THE MEN AND WOMEN.

THESE so-called ragamuffins are coming up to be the men and women. That spark of iniquity which you might put out with one drop of the water of life, will flame up into a conflagration of every green thing that God planted in the soul and that which was intended to be a temple of the Holy Ghost, will be a scarred and blasted ruin, every light quenched, and every altar in the dust. Oh, what a terrible force there is in iniquity, when uneducated, unrestrained, and unblanched, it goes on concentrating, and deepening, and

widening, and gathering momentum, until it swings ahead with a very triumph of desolation, drowning like surge, scorching like flame, crushing like rocks !

768. CHILDREN IN THE MORNING.

CHILDREN *will* wake up early in the morning. Perhaps you have been disturbed, in the night, and gone wandering around the room in your somnolent state, as much confused as ourselves on one occasion, when, at midnight, we heard a croupy cough in the nursery, and gave the ipecac to the wrong baby. Just as you begin your last morning nap, you hear a stir in the adjoining room. The trundle-bed is evidently discharging a lot of bare feet on the floor. You hear suppressed laughter at the door, slipping out into an occasional shout as one of them applies the force of a tickle to the bottom of the other's feet. You are provoked to be interrupted at such unseasonable hours, and proclaim children a nuisance. You are glad that the door is locked. But they rattle the knob. They blow through the keyhole. They push slips of paper under the door, and, getting more and more bold, they knock. Ten fingers, tipped with the rosy tints of the morn, are running races up and down the panel. Your indignation begins to cool, and your determination not to admit is giving way. The noise of fingers is intermingled with the stroke of dimpled fists. At last you open the door, and there bursts in a snow-flurry of night-gowns, and they bound along, brunette and blonde, wild as young Arabs. The lock that would have confounded burglar, and the bolt that strongest hand could not have broken, flew open at the touch of the tip-end of a baby's finger.

769. FASHION.

FOR thousands of years she hath sat queen over all the earth, and the revolutions that rock down all other thrones have not affected her domination. Other constitutions have been torn, and other laws trampled ; but lords, dukes, kings, and queens have been the subjects of her realm. She arranged the mantle of the patriarch, the toga of the Roman ; the shoe of the Chinese, the turban of the Turk ; and the furs of the Laplander. Her laws are written on parchment

and palm-leaf, on broken arch and cathedral tracery. She arranged the Egyptian mummy, Cæsar's ride, and how the Athenians should speak. Her voice is heard in the gold mart, in the roar of the street, in the shuffle of the crowded bazaars, in the rattle of the steam-presses, and in the songs of the churches. It makes the rules of behaviour; helps to make up religious belief; decides to what church we shall go; the style of the gown in the pulpit, and the style of the rhetoric. Fashion has been one of the most potent reformers, and one of the vilest usurpers; sometimes an angel from heaven, and at others the mother of harlots.

770. THE RAGAMUFFINS.

It has got to be a question of stupendous import, What is to be done with the destitute children of our country, or the *ragamuffins*, as society contemptuously calls them? We must act upon them, or they will act upon us. We must Christianise them, or they will heathenise us.

771. THE LOSS AND GAIN.

HOLD up your head amid financial disaster, like a Christian! Fifty thousand subtracted from a good man leaves how much? Honour; Truth; Faith in God; Triumphant Hope; and a kingdom of ineffable glory, over which he is to reign for ever and ever. If a millionaire should lose a penny out of his pocket, would he sit down on a kerbstone and cry? And shall a man possessed of everlasting fortunes wear himself out with grief because he has lost worldly treasure? You have only lost that in which hundreds of wretched misers surpass you; and you have saved that which the Cæsars and the Pharaohs and the Alexanders could never afford.

772. NEW YORK CROTON WATER.

THE thousand-armed machinery sends streaming down from the reservoir the clear, bright, sparkling, God-given water that rushes through our aqueducts, and dashes out of the hydrants, and tosses up in our fountains, and hisses in our steam-engines, and showers out the conflagration, and sprinkles from the baptismal font of our churches; and with

silver note, and golden sparkle, and crystalline chime, says to hundreds of thousands of our population, in the authentic words of Him who made it—*"I will : be thou clean !"*

773. A BABE IN THE HOUSE.

A WELL-REGULATED home is a millenium on a small scale—the lion and leopard nature by infantile stroke subdued—and "a little child shall lead them." Blessed the pillow of the trundle-bed on which rests the young head that never ached ! Blessed the day whose morning is awakened by the pattering of little feet ! Blessed the heart from which all the soreness is drawn out by the soft hand of a babe !

774. WORKER'S WIT.

IT is the earnest man, with an earnest work to do, who in unexpected moments puts the pry of his witticism under your soul, and sends you roaring with a laughter that shuts your eyes, and rends your side, and makes you thankful for stout waistcoat, which seems to be the only thing that keeps you from explosion. Working men have a right to be facetious. We have no objection to a hen's cackle, if it has first laid a large round egg for the breakfast-table. But we had on our farm a hen that never did anything but cackle. The most rousing wit ever uttered was by stalwart men like Robert South and Jean Paul Richter. With them wit was only the foaming flake on the wave that carried into port a magnificent cargo. It was only the bell that rang you to a banquet of stalled ox and muscovy. But lackaday ! if when at the ringing of the bell we went to find nothing but a cold lice of chuckle, a hash of drollery, jokes stewed, and jokes tuffed, and jokes panned, and jokes roasted, and jokes with gravy, and jokes without gravy. Professor Wilson, the peerless essayist, could afford to put on "Sporting Jacket," and mould the snowball for the "Bicker of Pedmount," and go a picnicing at Windermere, and shake up into ollicking glee Lockhart, Hamilton, Gillies, and his other *Blackwood* cronies, if, in that way refreshed for toil, he could come into the University of Edinburgh to mould and shape the heart and intellect of Scotland, with a magic touch that will be felt a thousand years. He is the most entertaining man who mixes in proper proportion work and play.

775. IT IS A RUINOUS POLICY

To be parsimonious with children. If a boy find that a parent has plenty of money, and he, the boy, has none, the temptation will be to steal the first cent he can lay his hand on. Oh, the joy that five pennies can buy for a boy! They seem to open before him a paradise of liquorice-drops and cream-candy. You cannot in after-life buy so much superb satisfaction with five thousand dollars as you bought with your first five cents. Children need *enough* money, but not a superfluity. Freshets wash away more corn-fields than they culture.

776. GLOOM IN THE FAMILY.

Boys and girls are often spoiled by parental gloom. The father never unbends. The mother's rheumatism hurts so, she does not see how little Maggie can ever laugh. Childish curiosity is denounced as impertinence. The parlour is a parliament, and everything in everlasting order. Balls and tops in that house are a nuisance, and the pap that the boy is expected most to relish is Geometry, a little sweetened with the chalk of blackboards. For cheerful reading the father would recommend "Young's Night Thoughts" and Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs." At the first chance the boy will break loose. With one grand leap he will clear the catechisms. He will burst away into all riotous living. He will be so glad to get out of Egypt that he will jump into the red sea. The hardest colts to catch are those that have a long while been locked up. Restraints are necessary, but there must be some outlet. Too high a dam will overflow all the meadows.

777. LIFE AND A MASQUERADE BALL.

At masquerade balls gentlemen and ladies appear in the dress of kings or queens, mountain bandits or clowns, and at the close of the dance throw off their disguises; so, in this dissipated life all unclean passions move in mask. Across the floor they trip merrily. The lights sparkle along the wall, or drop from the ceiling—a very cohort of fire! The music charms. The diamonds glitter. The feet bound. Gemmed hands, stretched out, clasp gemmed hands.

Dancing feet respond to dancing feet. Gleaming brow bends low to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flash, and rustle, and laughter, and immeasurable merry-making. But the langour of death comes over the limbs, and blurs the sight. *Lights lower!* Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddens into a wail. *Lights lower!* The maskers can hardly now be seen. Flowers exchange their fragrance for a sickening odour, such as comes from garlands that have lain in vaults of cemeteries. *Lights lower!* Mists fill the room. Glasses rattle as though shaken by sullen thunder. Sighs seem caught among the curtains. Scarf falls from the shoulder of beauty,—a shroud! *Lights lower!* Over the slippery boards, in dance of death, glide jealousies, disappointments, lust, despair. Torn leaves and withered garlands only half hide the ulcered feet. The stench of smoking lamp-wicks almost quenched. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voices hushed. LIGHTS OUT!

778. HONOURABLE FOR WOMEN TO TOIL.

It was considered honourable for women to toil in olden time. Alexander the Great stood in his palace showing garments made by his own mother. The finest tapestries at Bayeux were made by the Queen of William the Conqueror. Augustus the Emperor would not wear any garments except those that were fashioned by some member of his royal family. So let the toiler everywhere be respected.

779. OIL VILLAINS REPENTING.

BEFORE the great day of account shall come I warn you—Disgorge! you infamous stock gamblers! Gather together so many of your company as have any honesty left, and join in the following circular:—"We, the undersigned, do hereby repent of our villanies, and beg pardon of the public for all the wrongs that we have done them; and hereby ask the widows and orphans whom we have made penniless to come next Saturday, between ten and three o'clock, and receive back what we stole from them. We hereby confess that the wells spoken of in our circular never yielded any oil; and that the creeks running through our ornamented map were an entire fiction; and that the elder who piously

rolled up his eyes and said it was a safe investment, was not as devout as he looked to be. Signed by the subscribers at their office, in the year of our Lord, 1871."

780. SEWING WOMEN.

THERE are thirty-five thousand sewing-girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the darkness of this night I hear their death-groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, pinched, ghastly, hunger-struck! Look at their fingers, needle-pricked and blood-tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! Hear that dry, hacking, merciless cough! At a large meeting of these women held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered; but a needle-woman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and, with her shrivelled arm, hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out of the horrors of her own experience.

781. THE DISCIPLE OF FASHION.

WHAT an insult to her sex! Her manners are an outrage upon decency. She is more thoughtful of the attitude she strikes upon the carpet than how she will look in the judgment; more worried about her freckles than her sins; more interested in her bonnet-strings than in her redemption. Her apparel is the poorest part of a Christian woman, however magnificently dressed, and no one has so much right to dress well as a Christian. Not so with the godless disciple of fashion. Take her robes, and you take everything. Death will come down on her some day, and rub the bistre off her eyelids, and the rouge off her cheeks, and with two rough, bony hands, scatter spangles and glass beads, and rings and ribbon, and lace and brooches, and buckles and sashes, and frisettes and golden clasps.

782. THE BROKER GUILTY OF "CORNERING,"

As well knows that he is sinning against God and man, as though the flame of Mount Sinai singed his eyebrows. He hears that a brother broker has sold "short," and immediately

diately goes about with a wise look, saying : " Erie is going down—Erie is going down ; prepare for it " . Immediately the people begin to sell ; he buys up the stock ; monopolizes the whole affair ; drags down the man who sold short ; makes largely, pockets the gain, and thanks the Lord for great prosperity in business. You call it " cornering. " I call it gambling, theft, highway robbery, villany accursed ! It is astonishing how some men, who are kind in their families, useful in the church, charitable to the poor, are utterly transformed of the devil as soon as they enter the Stock Exchange !

783. STOCK SWINDLE AND SEWING-WOMEN.

THERE are scores of men to-day on the streets whose costly family wardrobes, whose rose-wood furniture, whose splendid turn-outs, whose stately mansions are made out of the distresses of sewing-women, whose money they gathered up in a stock swindle. There is human sweat in the golden tankards. There is human blood in the crimson plush. There are the bones of unrequited toil in the pearly keys of the piano. There is the curse of an incensed God hovering over all their magnificence. Some night the man will not be able to rest. He will rise up in bewilderment and look about him crying : " Who is there ? " Those whom he has wronged will thrust their skinny arms under the tapestry, and touch his brow, and feel for his heart, and blow their sepulchral breath into his face, crying : " Come to judgment ! "

784. HOW TO SPOIL A CHILD.

IT is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him. At ten years of age have Bridget tie his shoe-strings. Let him strike auntie because she will not get him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obeisance and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster, *which with knife he will proceed to open.* If that does not

spoil him, buy him a horse. We congratulate any man who can afford to own a horse ; but if a boy own one, he will probably ride on it to destruction. He will stop at the tavern for drinks. He will bet at the races. There will be room enough in the same saddle for idleness and dissipation to ride, one of them before, and one of them behind. But if the child be insensible to all such efforts to spoil him, try the plan of never saying anything encouraging to him. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly ; but if he do well, keep on reading the newspaper, pretending not to see him. But if you have a child invulnerable to all other influences, and he cannot be spoiled by any means already recommended, give him plenty of money, without any questions as to what he does with it.

785. INJUSTICE TO WOMAN.

LAST Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church, after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium, she said, gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterwards that she was making garments for eight cents a-piece, and that she could make but three of them a-day! Hear it! Three times eight are twenty-four! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

786. VILLANY TO WOMAN.

SOME of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done, it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused, and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case, where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says: "I hear you

going to leave me?"—"Yes," she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said: "Are you not going to pay me?"—"Yes," he said, "I will pay you;" and *he kicked her down the stairs.*

787. CALL UP THAT CHILD;

PUSH back that hair. Shall this face be ever brightening up with benevolence, or scarred and pinched and bloated with low excesses? Shall those eyes become more and more intelligent, or shall they acquire the dishonest glance and the servile downcast? Put your hand on that child's heart. Shall it always heave with noble impulses, or will it be a thief's heart, a coward's heart, a traitor's heart?

788. AN UPSETTAL.

ACCORDING to the notion of some, change of heart is only a "removal of the cloth" after the banquet is closed, and you are ready for "the toasts." It has been a course of pride, and a course of worldliness, and a course of sinful indulgence. Now religion comes in, removes the ordinary viands, and puts on the table a little rarer wine, and calls out a little finer exhilaration. Now my idea is that the first thing religion does is to upset the table, and dash to pieces the poisoned cups, and tell the guests, "Away with this swine-trough, and come to banquet with King Jesus!"

789. IF GOD SOMETIMES HIDES HIS FACE FROM YOU,

OH, Christian soul, be not utterly discouraged. It is necessary that in somehow your experience should be tried. God would not lead you down through the valley of humiliation if it were not better for you there to go.

790. REDEMPTION OF THE OUTCAST.

I HAVE so much faith in the advancement of our race under the Gospel, that I suppose the rising generations are to have in their number more noblemen than their predecessors. I suppose that every day we are walking unconsciously among Enochs, and Augustines, and Wilber-

forces, and Clarksons, and Moffats, and Robert Halls. There they are! on the back-seat in the mission-school. There they are! playing marbles in the low alley, their knees out, their elbows out, their toes out, their hats rimless, and their souls Christless; and in double columns there is printed on their countenances a tragedy of unutterable pain. But they shall be gathered in. Sabbath-schools will do their work. Tract and Bible Societies will do their work. A Christian printing-press will do its work. And they who are now scoffed at as ragamuffins, will pass on to be the men of might, and the men of God in future years.

791. BE THOROUGH.

UNLESS you make the world feel its guilt and danger, it will never repent. The first thing to do is to cut down the grain. Be kind, be gentle, be sympathetic in this presentation of truth, but be thorough, with no mincing of the matter. By the law is the knowledge of sin!

792. LIFE IS TOO SHORT,

AND the work too great, to allow disputation about non-essentials. If a drowning man is to be pulled out of the floods, it makes but little difference whether the hand you reach out to him has on it buckskin mitten or kid glove.

793. BLESSING IN PAIN.

THE forces of our life go on so regularly we don't realize what God gave us when He gave us a hand, or a foot, or an eye, or an ear. We don't appreciate our blessings until the rheumatism drops upon the muscle, and neuralgia upon the nerve, and deafness upon the ear, and blindness upon the eye, and the palsy upon the arm. Then, for the first time, we wake up and say how good God was. There is not one man out of a thousand who appreciates what the psalmist meant when he said: "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, who healeth all my diseases, who redeemeth my life from destruction, and crowneth me with loving kindness and tender mercy." Oh, child of Jesus, realize that although you may be bent under sickness—although you may have

aches and pains of which the world knows nothing, or knowing, could not appreciate, remember always that God knows best where the shadow ought to drop.

794. LET US ALL GO TO PREACHING.

SEND polished Paul up to Athens, and plain Bartholomew down among the fishing-smacks by the sea. Do not look so anxiously into your pockets for your diploma. Quick! Let us find our work. *You* preach a sermon—*you* give a tract—*you* hand a flower—*you* sing a song—*you* give a crutch to a lame man—*you* teach the Sabbath class their A, B, C—*you* knit a pair of socks for a foundling—*you* pick a splinter from a child's finger. Do something! Do it now! *We will be dead soon!*

795. THE FUTURE OF CHILDREN.

THERE are many about us in boyhood and girlhood in comfortable circles that are going to be something very good or very bad—very bright or very ignorant—and they will yet make their parents glad with an infinite gladness, or pain them with an infinite sorrow. They go bounding through the hall; they shout in the yard; they sing in the school. This activity that now strikes the ball, and runs the race, and rolls the hoop, and flies the kite, will soon be ready for the higher game of life, where fortunes are to be made, and reputations jeopardized, and kingdoms of glory won.

796. GRANDMOTHER'S SPECTACLES.

GRANDMOTHER'S pair had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a play-thing, and all the grandchildren had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second-sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision.

Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometimes they would lie for weeks untouched on the shelf in the red morocco case, the flap unlifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening, in her rocking-chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a vapour floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapour that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever seen before on the horizon, and on the top of it a King's castle. The motion of the rocking-chair became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child, hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried: "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spake again. Second-sight had come! Her vision had grown better and better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now *through a glass darkly*! Grandmother had no more need of spectacles!

797. ALL THE INVITATIONS

OF the Gospel amount to nothing unless we accept them. We may have medicines in the house when we are sick, but if we do not take them we will not be cured. We may have a very good musket, but if we do not carry it with us in the conflict, we will be driven back in defeat. We must take the great truths of the Gospel, and apply them to our hearts and consciences; and when a brother rises to speak, let us take the truths he so utters to our hearts, and not be disturbed by any imperfect utterance.

798. ALL SCRIPTURE IS TO BE EXPOUNDED

As far as possible; but one part is not to absorb attention to the neglect of others. Let us not be so pleased

with the lily that Christ points out in His sermon that we cannot see the raven that flies past; nor while we examine the salt to find if it has lost its savour, forget to take the candle from under the bushel. The song of the morning stars at the creation must have response in the Doxology of the hundred and forty and four thousand. David's harp and the resurrection trumpet are accordant. The pennon swung from the cedar masts of ships of Tarshish must be answered by the sail of fishing-boat on Genessaret. Into this great battle for God we are to take Gideon's sword, and David's sling, and the white horse of Victory on which Immanuel triumphs. Hiddekel and Jordan must be confluent. Pisgah and Moriah, Sinai and Calvary, must all stand in the great Scriptural ranges. No solo or quartette in this Bible music, but the battle chorus of all the patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, and apostles. In the wall of heaven are beautifully blended jasper and emerald, beryl and sardonyx amethyst and chrysoprasus. No one doctrine, however excellent, must be ridden constantly.

799. TAKE CARE OF THE OUTCASTS

SOME have said, "Let the church, through its regular services, do this work." We reply, there are a great number of the destitute who do not come under the ministrations of the pulpit. "Oh!" said a poor boy to a good man, who reproved him for wickedness, "it is very easy for you, master, to be good, but I tell you the poor chaps hain't got no chance. My father died when I was very small, and I have to pick rags for a living, and when I can't get the rags I has to steal. You see we poor chaps hain't got no chance." When they got up from their hands and knees to walk, their first step was on the road to ruin, and every day since they have been plunging down to lower depths and wilder despair and deeper darkness. And we who have been ordained to preach the Gospel may stand in our pulpits till the blast of the archangel's trumpet, and we will not reach them.

800. GOD MAKES NO MISTAKES.

I NEVER knew a business man who had escaped all *perplexities*. Every twenty years God upsets the whole

commercial world. Why these great commercial changes come, I cannot exactly tell. One reason is, that God would take the money that is in one man's hands and place it in the hands of another man. He finds the wealth of the world in places where it ought not to be, and he shifts it into some other position. I think the more general reason is, that He wants men to see that this world is a very poor money bag, and that the man who has nothing but bonds and mortgages and securities is a pauper for eternity. If, therefore, God lets the shadow drop upon your business, remember that He can make no mistake. He knows all your worldly circumstances, all your spiritual condition, and He will manage for your best, present, and everlasting interest.

801. IT IS THE SIMPLE FACT

THAT the vast majority of people who attend religious services upon the Sabbath go to hear how they like the minister, and the thought seldom occurs to their souls—for this day's hearing I must give an account.

802. EXAMPLE.

You who move in elegant and refined associations ; you who drink the best liquors ; you who never drink until you lose your balance : consider that you have, under God, in your power the redemption of this land from drunkenness. Empty your cellars and wine-closets of the beverage, and then come out and give us your hand, your vote, your prayers, your sympathies. Do that, and I will promise three things : Firstly, that you will find unspeakable happiness in having done your duty ; secondly, you will probably save somebody, perhaps your own child ; thirdly, you will not, in your last hour, have a regret that you made the sacrifice, if sacrifice it be.

803. THE HORSE'S APPEAL.

My dear gentlemen and ladies, remember that we, like yourselves, have *moods*, and cannot always be frisky and cheerful. You do not slap your grandmother in the face, because, this morning, she does not feel as well as usual,

why, then, do you slash us? Before you pound us, ask whether we have been up late the night before, or had our meals at irregular hours, or whether our spirits have been depressed by being kicked by a drunken ostler. We have only about ten or twelve years in which to enjoy ourselves, and then we go out to be shot into nothingness. Take care of us while you may. Job's horse was "clothed with thunder," but all we ask is a plain blanket. When we are sick put us in a *horsepital*. Do not strike us when we stumble or scare. Suppose *you* were in the harness, and *I* were in the waggon, I had the whip and you the traces, what an ardent advocate you would be for kindness to the irrational creation! Do not let the blacksmith drive the nail into the quick when he shoes me, or burn my fetlocks with a hot file. Do not mistake the "dead-eye" that Nature put on my fore-leg for a wart to be exterminated. Do not cut off my tail short in fly-time. Keep the north wind out of our stables. Care for us at some other time than during the epizootics, so that we may see your kindness is not selfish. My dear friends, our interests are mutual. I am a silent partner in your business. Under my sound hoof is the diamond of national prosperity. Beyond my nostril the world's progress may not go. With thrift and wealth and comfort, I daily race neck and neck. Be kind to *me*, if you want me to be useful to *you*.

804. THE QUESTION OF SOBRIETY.

I MAINTAIN that the question of sobriety is higher than the question of availability; and that, however eminent a man's service may be, if he have habits of intoxication, he is unfit for any office in the gift of a Christian people. Our laws will be no better than the men who make them.

805. SEE WHAT YOUR CHILDREN READ.

PARENTS are delighted to have their children read, but they should be sure as to what they read. You do not have to walk a day or two in an infected district to get the cholera or typhoid fever; and one wave of moral unhealth will fever and blast an immortal nature. Perhaps, not knowing what you did, *you read a bad book*. Do you not remember it *altogether*? Yes; and perhaps you will never get over it.

806. EVENINGS AT THE CLUB-HOUSE.

I DESCRIBE the history of thousands of households when I say that the tea is rapidly taken, and while yet the family linger the father shoves back his chair, has "an engagement," lights his cigar and starts out, not returning until after midnight. That is the history of three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, except when he is sick and cannot get out. How about home duties? Have you fulfilled all your vows? Would your wife ever have married you with such a prospect? Wait until your sons get to be sixteen or seventeen years of age, and they too will shove back from the tea-table, have an "engagement," light their cigars, go over to their club-houses, their night-key rattling in your door after midnight—the effect of your example. And as your son's constitution may not be as strong as yours, and the liquor he drinks more terribly drugged, he will catch up with you on the road to death although you got the start of him. And so you will both go to hell together.

807. TWO HOUSES.

I SKETCH two houses. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal, gratulation, and sympathy, and laughter. Music in the parlour. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well-clad household. Plenty of everything to make home happy. — House the second. Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewellery sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door-bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering steps in the hall. Door opens. Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries—"Out! Out! What are you doing here!" Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum imbruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook its fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell!

808. A BED IN EDINBURGH.

YOU are not called, as in many an American hotel, to sleep on a promontory of mattresses, not certain on which side you may fall off into the sea. There are no lumps in the bed that take you in the middle of the back, or hardnesses in the pillow that make you dream like Jacob on the stones, barring out the ladder and the angels. The foot-board is not so near the head-board that the sleeper is all the night long reminded of his end. There are no stray points of feathers thrust through the linen to tickle you under the ribs. The covers do not come within just three inches of being large enough when you pull them up, making bare the foot, or when, by the grasp of the "comfortable" between the large toe and the fatty portion of the foot, you pull them down, exposing the shoulder, so that you fancy, in your disturbed slumber, that you are perishing in a snow-bank. But a broad, smooth, affluent couch, on which you may sublimely roll, reckless of covers, and confident that beyond the point at which you stop there is still further expanse of comfort and ease.

809. EDINBURGH AND BOSTON.

IN Boston, literature has a Unitarian tinge; in Edinburgh, a Presbyterian. In this Scotch capital, religion, politics, science and literature are inextricably mixed. The late Sir James Y. Simpson, M.D., whose face is in all the photographic show-windows of the city, and whose life was spent in surgery, recently made an address on "Dead in Trespasses and Sins;" and Doctor Brown, a practising physician on Rutledge Street, wrote of "Paul's Thorn in the Flesh;" and the collection-boxes of the Scotland Bible Society are set in the railroad stations; and Reverend Doctor Arnot, last Sabbath, at the close of his sermon, turned around and bowed to the judges of the court seated in the gallery; and over a door in "Lady Stair's Close" is the inscription: "Fear the Lord and depart from evil." In this city, acutest analysis could hardly tell where literature or politics ends or theology begins. But since the brain and the heart are only about a foot and a half apart, I know not why there should be such effort to separate the intellectual from the spiritual.

810. NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

As you go into the gate, an old man, who was with the great Frenchman at St. Helena, will sell you a poor picture of something that no photographer can catch. It is a cathedral three hundred and twenty-three feet high, having cost two million dollars, dedicated to one dead man. Under its burnished dome is a concentration of wonders. Not his ashes resting there, but the embalmed and undecayed body of Napoleon in military suit, in a red sarcophagus of Finlander quartzite, polished to the last perfection by skillful machinery, and resting on a block of green granite, surrounded by twelve funeral lamps of bronze, and twelve marble statues of great size, one with a wreath as if to crown ; another with a pen, as if to make record for the ages ; another with a key, as if to open the celestial gate for a departed spirit ; another with trumpet, to clear the way for the coming of a king !—the pavement enamelled into a crown of laurels, from which radiates on all sides a living star. There are gilded gates, and speaking cenotaphs and radiant canopy, and elaborate basso-relievos and embossed pillars, and two Persian statues, holding on cushions a sceptre and a world, and ceilings a-blossom with finest frescos by French and Italian masters, their light dripping down the marble in blue, and saffron, and emerald, and gold. Oh ! it is a dream of beauty ! If the dead Giant could wake up and look around, he might think he lay in the Moscow palace that he coveted, and the glistening whiteness around were the morning sun shining on Russian snows, or that universal empire had come to him ; and to make his palace Egypt had sent its porphyry, and Switzerland its marble, and Greece its sculpture, and Rome its pictures, and France its bronze ; and that the reverential spectators in all kinds of national costume, leaning over the balustrade to look, were the adoring subjects of a universal reign.

811. AN UNKNOWN TONGUE.

MANY of our countrymen are exceedingly annoyed at their lack of skill in the use of the European languages. After a vain attempt to make a Parisian waiter understand *French*, they swear at him in *English*. But we remembered

the art of the physician who put all the remains of old prescriptions in one bottle,—the oil, and the calomel, and the rhubarb, and the assafoetida,—and when he found a patient with “complication of diseases,” would shake up his old bottle and give him a dose. And so we have compounded a language for European travel. We take a little French, and a little German, and a little English, with a few snatches of Chinese and Choctaw, and when we find a stubborn case of waiter or landlord that will not understand, we shake up all the dialects and give him a dose. It is sure to strike somewhere. If we do not make him understand, we at any rate give him a terrible scare.

812. FOUNTAINS IN PARIS.

PASSING on, you come upon another circle of fountains six in number—small, but beautiful, infantine fountains, hardly born before they die, rocked in cradle of crystal, then buried in sarcophagus of pearl. The water rises only a short distance and bends over, like the heads of ripe grain, as though the water-gods had been reaping their harvest, and here had stacked their sheaves.

813. THE TUILERIES.

FROM the foot of the obelisk, looking east through a long aisle of elms, chesnuts and palms, is the palace of the Tuileries, confronting you with one thousand feet of façade, and tossed up at either side into imposing pavilions, and sweeping back into the most brilliant picture-galleries of all the world, where the French masters look upon the Flemish, and the black marble of the Pyrenees frowns upon the drifted snow of Italian statuary: a palace poising its pinnacles in the sun, and spreading out balustrades of braided granite. Its inside walls adorned with blaze of red velvet cooling down into damask overshot with green silk. Palace of wild and terrific memories, orgies of drunken kings, and display of coronation festivity. Frightful Catharine de Medicis looked out of those windows. There, Maria Antoinette gazed up toward heaven through the dark lattice of her own broken heart. Into those doors rushed the Revolutionary mobs. *On that roof the Angel of Death alighted and flapped its*

black wings on its way to smite in a day one hundred thousand souls. Majestic, terrible, beautiful, horrible, sublime palace of the Tuileries! The brightness of a hundred *fiat* days sparkle in its fountains! The gore of ten thousand butcheries redden the upholstery!

814. PARISIAN SPLENDOURS.

ON your way through the street you wander into grottos, where, over coloured rocks, the water falls, now becoming blue as the sea, now green as a pond, and now, without miracle, it is turned into wine. There are maiden-hair trees, and Irish yews, and bamboo, and magnolias, and banks of azaleas, and hollies, and you go through a Red Sea of geraniums and dahlias dry-shod. You leave on either hand concert-castles, and party-coloured booths, and kiosks inviting to repose, till you come to the foot of the Arc de Triomphe, from the foot of which radiate eleven great avenues, any one of which might well be a national pride, and all of them a-rumble with pomp and wealth, and the shock of quick and resonant laughter. On opposite sides of the archway are two angels, leaning toward each other till their trumpets well-nigh touch, blowing the news of a hundred victories. Surely never before or since was hard stone ever twisted into such wreaths, or smoothed into such surfaces. Up and down frieze and spandrel are alti-relievi with flags of granite, that seem to quiver in the wind, and helmets that sit soft as velvet on warrior's brow; and there are lips of stone that look as if they might speak, and spears that look as if they might pierce, and wounds that look as if they might bleed, and eagles that look as if they might fly. Here stands an angel of war, mighty enough to have been just hurled out of heaven. On one side of the Arch, Peace is celebrated by the sculptor with sheaves of plenty, and chaplets of honour, and palms of triumph. At a great height, Austerlitz is again enacted, and horse and horsemen and artillery and gunners stand out as though some horror of battle had chilled them all into stone. By the time that you have mounted the steps, and stand at the top of the Arch, the evening lamps begin a running fire on all the streets. The trees swing lanterns, and the eleven avenues concentrating at the foot of the Arch pour their brightness to your feet a very chorus of fire. Your eye treads all the

way back to the Tuileries on bubbles of flame, and stopping half-way the distance to read, in weird and bewitching contrivance of gas-light, an inscription with a harp of fire at the top, and an arrow of fire at the bottom, the charmed words of every Frenchman, *Champs Elysées* !

815. THE LION.

If young Americans, wanting quills to write with, have plucked the American eagle till, featherless, and with an empty craw, it sits on the top of the Rocky Mountains wishing it were dead, the English have paid quite as much attention to the lion. You see it done up in every shape, sitting or standing, everywhere. The fountains are guarded with lions ; the entrances of houses flanked with lions ; the signs of stores adorned with lions—fighting lions, sleeping lions, crying lions, laughing lions, couchant lions. English artists excel with this animal. When French and German sculptors attempt one, it is merely a lion in the abstract, too weak to rend a kid, and never having seen a jungle. But lying on the base of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square, are four lions, that look as though they had a moment before lain down there and curled their long tails peacefully around, or had just stopped there a few minutes to see what was going on at Charing Cross and the Cockspur. On the top of Northumberland House is a lion with mouth open and tail extended in rigid rage, so that it is uncertain which way to run, as you know not with which end he will assault you. There are more lions in London than in Numidia. Beef and mutton are liked well by the Englishman, but for regular diet, give him lion.

816. ST. BERNARD DOGS.

EUROPEANS caress the dog. He may lie on the mat or sit near the table. Among the Alps we had a wretched dinner—not lacking in quantity or variety, but in quality. There was enough of it, such as it was. The eggs had seen their best days, and the mutton must have been good for two or three weeks after they killed it. A St. Bernard dog sat near by, petitioning for a morsel. The landlord was out—we saw by the bill of fare we should have high rates to pay—we could do nothing ourselves toward clearing

the plates, and so we concluded to feast our friend of St. Bernard. We threw him half an omelet, assuring him first, that the amount we gave him would depend on the agility with which he caught it. Either not understanding French, or being surprised at the generosity of the provision, he let half the omelet fall on the floor, but he lost no time in correcting the failure. We threw him a mutton chop. With a snap of the eye and a sniff, and a long sweep of the tongue over the jaw, he said by his looks, as plainly as if he had spoken with his lips: "I like that better. I never get mutton chops. I think they will agree with me." When the landlord came in, he suspected that some unusual proceeding had taken place between his guests and the dog, and so he kicked him out of the room. The remaining sin within us suggested our treating the landlord as he had treated the mastiff, but our profession, and more especially the size of the man, restrained us. I left the inn more sorry to leave Bernard than his keeper.

817. EUROPEAN HORSES.

EUROPEAN horses look better satisfied than American. They either have more fodder or less drive. The best kept horses I ever found are in Antwerp. I saw but one lean nag in that city, and that one, I think, was an emigrant just arrived. When good American horses die, they go to Antwerp.

818. PASTOR AND PARISHIONER.

WE sat in the country parsonage, on a cold winter day, looking out of our back window toward the house of a neighbour. She was a model of kindness, and a most convenient neighbour to have. It was a rule between us that when either house was in want of anything, it should borrow of the other. The rule worked well for the parsonage, but rather badly for the neighbour, because, on our side of the fence, we had just begun to keep house, and needed to borrow everything, while we had nothing to lend, except a few sermons, which the neighbour never tried to borrow, from the fact that she had enough of them on Sundays. *There is no danger that your neighbour will burn a hole in your new brass kettle if you have none to lend. It will*

excite no surprise to say that we had an interest in all that happened on the other side of the parsonage fence, and that any injury inflicted on so kind a woman would rouse our sympathy.

819. CARLO'S ADVENTURE.

ON the wintry morning of which we speak, our neighbour had been making ice-cream, but there being some defect in the machinery, the cream had not sufficiently congealed, and so she set the can of the freezer containing the luxury on her back steps, expecting the cold air would completely harden it. What was our dismay to see that our dog Carlo, on whose early education we were expending great care, had taken upon himself the office of ice-cream inspector, and was actually busy with the freezer! We hoisted the window, and shouted at him, but his mind was so absorbed in his undertaking he did not stop to listen. Carlo was a greyhound, thin, gaunt, and long nosed, and he was already making his way on down toward the bottom of the can. His eyes and all his head had disappeared in the depths of the freezer. Indeed, he was so far submerged that when he heard us, with quick and infuriate pace, coming up close behind him, he could not get his head out, and so started with the incumbrance on his head, in what direction he knew not. No dog was ever in a more embarrassing position—freezer to the right of him, freezer to the left of him, freezer on the top of him, freezer under him. So, thoroughly blinded, he rushed against the fence, then against the side of the house, then against a tree. He barked, as though he thought he might explode the nuisance with loud sound, but the sound was confined in so strange a speaking-trumpet that he could not have known his own voice. His way seemed hedged up. Fright and anger, and remorse and shame, whirled him about without mercy. A feeling of mirthfulness, which sometimes takes me on most inappropriate occasions, seized me, and I sat down on the ground, powerless at the moment when Carlo most needed help. If I only could have got near enough, I would have put my foot on the freezer, and, taking hold of the dog's tail, dislodged him instantly; but this I was not permitted to do. At this stage of the disaster, my neighbour appeared with a look of consternation, her cap-strings

flying in the cold wind. I tried to explain, but the aforesaid untimely hilarity hindered me. All I could do was to point at the flying freezer, and the adjoining dog, and ask her to call off her freezer, and, with assumed indignation, demand what she meant by trying to kill my greyhound. The poor dog's every attempt at escape only wedged himself more thoroughly fast. But after awhile, in time to save the dog, though not to save the ice-cream, my neighbour and myself effected a rescue. Edwin Landseer, the great painter of dogs and their friends, missed his best chance by not being there when the parishioner took hold of the freezer, and the pastor seized the dog's tail, and pulling mightily in opposite directions, they each got possession of their own property. Carlo was cured of his love for luxuries, and the sight of a freezer on the back steps, till the day of his death, would send him howling away.

820. EASY IN, BUT NOT OUT OF, TROUBLE.

CARLO found, as many people have found, that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out. Nothing could be more delicious than while he was eating his way in, but what must have been his feelings when he found it impossible to get out? While he was stealing the freezer, the freezer stole him.

821. EVIL COUNCIL.

"COME in!" says the grey spider to the house-fly; "I have entertained a great many flies. I have plenty of room, fine meals, and a gay life. Walk on this suspension-bridge. Give me your hand. Come in my sweet lady fly. These walls are covered with silk, and the tapestry is gobelin. I am a wonderful creature. I have eight eyes, and of course can see your best interest." House-fly walks gently in. The web rocks like a cradle in the breeze. The house-fly feels honoured to be the guest of such a big spider. We all have regard for big bugs. "But what is this?" cries the fly, pointing to a broken wing, "and this fragment of an insect's foot. There must have been a murder here! Let me go back!" "Ha! ha!" says the spider. "The gate is locked, *the drawbridge is up*. I only contracted to bring you in. *I cannot afford to let you out*. Take a drop of this poison,

and it will quiet your nerves. I throw this hook of a fang over your neck to keep you from falling off." Word went back to the house-fly's family, and a choir of great green-bottled insects sang this psalm at the funeral :

" An unfortunate fly a visiting went,
And in a gossamer web found himself pent."

822. DOWN AND UP.

THE first five years of a dissipated life is comparatively easy, for it is all down-hill ; but when the man wakes up, and finds his tongue wound with blasphemies, and his eyes swimming in rheum, and the antennæ of vice feeling along his nerves, and the spiderish poison eating through his very life, and he resolves to return, he finds it hard travelling, for it is up-hill, and the fortresses along the road open on him their batteries. We go into sin hop, skip, and jump : we come out of it creeping on all fours. It is smooth all the way there, and rough all the way back. It is ice-cream for Carlo clear down to the bottom of the can, but afterward it is blinded eyes, and sore neck, and great fright. It is only eighteen inches to go into the freezer : it is three miles out. For Robert Burns, it is rich wine, and clapping hands, and carnival all the way going to Edinburgh ; but going back, it is worn-out body, and lost estate, and stinging conscience, and broken heart, and a drunkard's grave !

823. DESIRES versus ABILITY.

CARLO had that morning as good a breakfast as any dog need to have. Had he been satisfied all would have been well. But he sauntered out for luxuries. He wanted ice-cream. He got it, but brought upon his head perils and damages. As long as we have reasonable wants, we get on comfortably, but it is the struggle after luxuries that fills society with distress, and populates prisons, and sends hundreds of people stark mad. Dissatisfied with a plain house, and ordinary apparel, and respectable surroundings, they plunge their heads into enterprises and speculations from which they have to sneak out in disgrace. Thousands of men have sacrificed honour and religion for luxuries, and died with the freezer about their ears. Young Catchem has *one horse, but wants six*. Lives in a nice house on Thirtieth

Street, but wants one on Madison Square. Has one beautiful wife, but wants four. Owns a hundred thousand dollars of Erie Stock, but wants a million. Plunges his head into schemes of all sorts, eats his way to the bottom of the can, till he cannot extricate himself, and constables and sheriffs, and indignant society, which would have said nothing had he been successful, go to pounding him because he cannot get his head out. Our poor old Carlo is dead now. We all cried when we found that he would never frisk again at our coming, nor put up his paw against us. But he lived long enough to preach the sermon about caution and contentment.

824. BAD BOOKS.

HOWEVER strong and exalted your character, *never read a bad book*. By the time you get through the first chapter you will see the drift. If you find the marks of the hoofs of the devil in the pictures, or in the style, or in the plot, away with it. You may tear your coat, or break a vase, and repair them again, but the point where the rip or fracture took place will always be evident. It takes less than an hour to do your heart a damage which no time can entirely repair. Look carefully over your child's library; see what book it is that he reads after he has gone to bed, with the gas turned upon the pillow. Do not always take it for granted that a book is good because it is a Sunday-school book. As far as possible, know *who* wrote it, who illustrated it, who published, who sold it.

825. O, THE POWER OF AN INIQUITOUS PEN!

If a needle puncture the body at a certain point, life is destroyed; but the pen is a sharper instrument, for with its puncture you may kill the soul. And that very thing many of our acutest minds are to-day doing.

826. THE WAY TO RUIN IS CHEAP.

It costs three dollars to go to Philadelphia; six dollars to Boston; thirty-three dollars to Savannah; but, by the

purchase of a bad paper for ten cents, you may get a through ticket to hell, by express, with few stopping-places, and the final halting like the tumbling of the lightning-train down the draw-bridge at Norwalk—sudden, terrific, dreadful, never to rise.

827. THE SUGAR IN THE GLASS.

A MAN laughed at my father for his scrupulous temperance principles, and said, "I am more liberal than you. I always give my children the sugar in the glass after we have been taking a drink." Three of his sons have died drunkards; and the fourth is imbecile through intemperate habits.

828. OUR LIFE.

WHAT we do, we had better do right away. The clock ticks now and we hear it. After a while the clock will tick and we shall not hear it. Seated by a country fireside, I saw the fire kindle, blaze, and go out. I gathered up from the hearth enough for profitable reflections. Our life is just like the fire on that hearth. We put on fresh fagots, and the fire bursts through and up and out, gay of flash, gay of crackle—emblem of boyhood. Then the fire reddens into coals. The heat is fiercer; and the more it is stirred, the more it reddens. With sweep of flame it cleaves its way, until all the hearth glows with the intensity—emblem of full manhood. Then comes a whiteness to the coals. The heat lessens. The flickering shadows have died along the wall. The fagots drop apart. The household hover over the expiring embers. The last breath of smoke has been lost in the chimney. The fire is out. Shovel up the white remains. *Ashes!*

829. IF YOU WOULD SHUN AN IMPURE LIFE,

AVOID those who indulge in impure conversation. There are many people whose chief mirthfulness is in that line. They are full of innuendo, and phrases of double meaning, and are always picking out of the conversation of decent men something vilely significant. It is astonishing, in company, how many, professing to be *Christians*, will tell vile

stories; and that some Christian women, in their own circles, have no hesitation at the same style of talking. You take a step down-hill when, without resistance, you allow any one to put into your ear a vile innuendo. If, forgetting who you are, any man attempts to say such things in your presence, let your better nature assert itself, look the offender full in the face, and ask, "What do you mean by saying such a thing in my presence!" Better allow a man to smite you in the face than to utter such conversation before you.

830. UNCLEANNES IN HIGH LIFE.

I CHARGE our young men against considering uncleanness more tolerable, because it is sanctioned by the customs, habits, and practices of what is called high life.

831. DRUNKENNESS.

Does it not jingle the burglar's key? Does it not whet the assassin's knife? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch? Has it not sent the physician reeling into the sick-room; and the minister, with his tongue thick, into the pulpit? Did not an exquisite poet, from the very height of reputation, fall, a gibbering sot, into the gutter, on his way to be married to one of the fairest daughters of New England, and at the very hour when the bride was decking herself for the altar; and did he not die of delirium tremens, almost unattended, in a New York hotel? Tamerlane asked for one hundred and sixty thousand skulls, with which to build a pyramid to his own honour. He got the skulls, and built the pyramid. But if the bones of all those who have fallen as a prey to dissipation could be piled up, it would make a monster pyramid. Talk not of Waterloo and Austerlitz, for they were not fields of blood compared with this great Golgotha.

832. TWO MEN.

I SKETCH two men that you know very well. The first graduated from one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brother and sisters were present to see him graduate.

They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He never looked so well. Everybody said, "What a noble brow! What a fine eye! What graceful manners! What brilliant prospects!" All the world opens before him and cries, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" Man the second. Lies in the station-house tonight. The doctor has just been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted, and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody and cut. Who is the battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police and carried in drunk, and foul, and bleeding? Did I call him man the second. He is man the *first*. Rum transformed him. Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement-day. Rum cut his lip. Rum dashed out his manhood.

833. A PURE LIFE.

O, IT is beautiful to see a young man living a life of purity, standing upright where thousands of other young men fall. You will move in honourable circles all your days; and some old friend of your father will meet you and say, "My son, how glad I am to see you look so well. Just like your father, for all the world. I thought you would turn out well when I used to hold you on my knee. Do you ever hear from the old folks?" After a while you yourself will be old, and lean quite heavily on your cane, and take short steps, and hold the book off to the other side of the light. And men will take off their hats in your presence. Your body, unharmed by early indulgences, will get weaker, only as the sleepy child gets more and more unable to hold up its head, and falls back into its mother's lap: so you shall lay yourself down into the arms of the Christian's tomb, and on the slab that marks the place will be chiselled, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

834. SATAN.

POETS and painters have represented Satan as horned and hoofed. If I were a poet I should describe him with

manners polished to the last perfection ; hair flowing in graceful ringlets ; eye a little blood-shot, but floating in bewitching languor ; hands soft and diamonded ; step light and artistic ; voice mellow as a flute ; boot elegantly shaped ; conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy ; breath perfumed until it would seem that nothing had ever touched his lips save balm and myrrh. But his heart I would incase with the scales of a monster, then fill with pride, with beastliness of desire, with recklessness, with hypocrisy, with death. Then I would have him touched with some rod of disenchantment until his two eyes would become the cold orbs of the adder ; and on his lip would come the foam of raging intoxication ; and to his feet the spring of the panther ; and his soft hand should become the clammy hand of a wasted skeleton ; while suddenly from his heart would burst in crackling and all-devouring fury the unquenchable flames ; and in the affected lisp of his tongue would come the hiss of the worm that never dies. But, until disenchanted, nothing but myrrh, and balm, and ringlet, and diamond, and flute-like voice, and conversation aromatic, facile, and Frenchy.



835. THE INEBRIATE.

How far down need a man go before he becomes an inebriate ? Must he fall into the ditch ? No ! Must he get into a porter-house fight ? No ! Must he be senseless in the street ? Must he have the delirium tremens ? No ! He may wear satin and fine linen ; he may walk with hat scrupulously brushed ; may swing a gold-headed cane, and step in boots of French leather, dismount from a carriage, or draw tight rein over a swift, sleek, high-mettled, full-blooded Arabian span, but yet be so thoroughly under the power of strong drink as to be utterly offensive to his Maker, and rotten as a heap of compost.



836. LIES IN TRADE.

A MERCHANT can, to the last item, be thoroughly honest. There is never any need of falsehood. Yet how many will, day by day, hour by hour, utter what they *know* to be wrong. You say that you are selling at less than cost. *U*

so, then it is right to say it. But did that thing cost you less than what you ask for it? If not, then you have lied. You say that article cost you twenty-five dollars. Did it? If so, then all right. If it did not, then you have lied. Suppose you are a purchaser. You are "beating down" the goods. You say that that article, for which five dollars is charged, is not worth more than four. Is it worth no more than four dollars? Then all right. If it be worth more, and, for the sake of getting it for less than its value, you wilfully depreciate it, you have lied. You may call it a sharp trade. The recording angel writes it down on the ponderous tomes of eternity—"Mr. So and So, merchant on Water Street, or in Eighth Street, or in State Street; or Mrs. So and So, told one lie."

837. CHURCH MUSIC.

I PRONOUNCE much of what is called "church music" a mockery and a farce. Though I have neither a cultured voice nor a cultured ear, no man shall do my singing. When the storms and the trees and the dragons are called on to praise the Lord, I feel that I must sing, for I know more about music than do the dragons. Nothing can take the place of artistic music. The dollar that I pay to hear Parepa or Nilsson sing is far from being wasted. But when the hymn is read, and the angels of God stoop from their thrones to bear up on their wings the praise of the great congregation, let us not drive them away with our indifference.

838. "REJOICE EVERMORE."

TRUE religion does not show itself in the elongation of the face, or the cut of the garb. The Pharisee who puts his religion on his phylactery has none left for his heart. Fretfulness and complaining are not members of that family of Christian graces which move into the heart when the devil moves out. True Christianity does not frown upon amusements and recreations. Religion is neither a shrew nor a cynic. It chokes no laughter! it quenches no light! it defaces no art! Among the happy it is the happiest. It knows as well how to act on the play-ground as in the

church. It may be as graceful in a charade as in the leafing of a psalm-book. It sings as well in Surrey Gardens as it prays in St. Paul's. Christ died that we might live—He walked that we might ride—He wept that we might laugh.

839. NO LIE INSIGNIFICANT.

You may consider it insignificant, because relating to an insignificant purchase. You would despise the man who would falsify in regard to some great matter, in which the city or the whole country was concerned; but this is only a box of buttons, or a row of pins, or a case of needles. Be not deceived. The article purchased may be so small you can put it in your vest pocket, but the sin was bigger than the Pyramids, and the echo of the dishonour will reverberate through all the mountains of eternity.

840. SUNDAY RUM-SELLING.

THE Sabbath has been sacrificed to the rum traffic. To many of our people the best day of the week is the worst. Bakers must keep their shops closed on the Sabbath; it is dangerous to have loaves of bread going out on Sunday. The shoe-store is closed; severe penalty will attack the man who sells boots on the Sabbath. But down with the window-shutters of the grog-shops. Our laws shall confer particular honours upon the rum-traffickers. All other traders must stand aside for these. Let our citizens who have disgraced themselves by trading in clothing and hosiery and hardware and lumber and coal, take off their hats to the rum-seller, elected to particular honour.

841. THE POST OF DUTY.

THERE is no better place from which to see heaven than a carpenter's bench, or a mason's wall, or a merchant's counter, if the heart be right. Elisha was ploughing in the field when the prophetic mantle fell upon him. Matthew was engaged in his custom-house duties when he was commanded to "follow." James and John were busily engaged mending their nets when called to become fishers of men. *Had* they been snoring in the sun, Christ would not have

brought their indolence into the apostleship. Gideon was at work with a flail on the thrashing-floor when he saw the angel. It was when Saul was with fatigue hunting his father's asses that he got the crown of Israel.

842. AS HIS PICTURES.

A MAN is no better than the pictures he loves to look at. If your eyes are not pure, your heart cannot be. By a news-stand one can guess the character of a man by the kind of pictorial he purchases. When the devil fails to get a man to read a bad book he sometimes succeeds in getting him to look at a bad picture.

843. WE TREAT OUR SINS TOO POLITELY.

WE ought to call them by their right names. Sin is abominable. It has tusks and claws, and venom in its bite, and death in its stroke. Mild treatment will not do.

844. THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM TEACHES US

THAT while we are engaged in our occupations, we may behold Divine manifestations. Had the shepherds concluded for that night they would go into the village and risk their flocks among the wolves, they would not have heard the song of the angels. In other words, he sees most of God and heaven who minds his own business. It is only at our post of duty that we have heavenly exhibitions made unto us.

845. EVIL PICTURES.

THESE death-warrants of the soul are at every street-corner. They smite the vision of the young with pollution. Many a young man buying a copy has bought his eternal discomfiture. There may be enough poison in one bad picture to poison one soul, and that soul may poison ten, and the ten fifty, and the hundreds thousands, until nothing but the measuring line of eternity can tell the height and depth and ghastliness and horror of the great undoing. The work of death that George Sand does in a whole book the *bad engraver* may do on half a side of a pictorial.

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846. THE TEMPLE OF GRACE.

AROUND the temple of grace in the heart let us not plant the weeping-willow and night-shade, but cedars and triumphal palm. Christianity is not a groan, but a song. In a world of sin, and sick-beds, and sepulchres, we must have trouble; but Christ breaks through with infinite consolation, and in the darkest night the heavens part with angelic songs.

847. SELF-CONCEIT.

WHEN men have had a successful season in merchandise they are apt to attribute it to their own acumen or their partners in business. When men have had a successful season of husbandry, they attribute it to the phosphates used, or to the agricultural journal that gave them the right kind of information. How seldom it is that men first of all go to the Lord, who is the owner of the field, and who presides over all merchandise, and who give us all our worldly, as well as spiritual success!

848. LORD'S WORK ON THE SABBATH.

Do you ever recognise the fact that, when you are resting upon the Lord's day, all the processes of nature are being forwarded—that the corn is growing as rapidly, and that God is doing just as much for your worldly interest on the Sabbath as he is on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday?—that your bonds and your mortgages are bringing just as much interest?—that although God has given you a day of rest, He has not taken His hand from your worldly interests?

849. SABBATH-BREAKERS.

How unutterably mean is the behaviour of the Sabbath-breaker. It is as though a man had a large estate, and said to his employés: "Now, I will give you to-day for yourselves—you need not toil a particle;" and then, at the close of the day, the employer should find out that they had *been stealing out of the corn-crib, not content with the rest he had given them.* Just so those men do who, when God

tells them to rest, and gives them an opportunity to rest, employ the hours for their own enjoyment, neglecting, or entirely overlooking, the fact that God all the time on the Sabbath-day is just as busy for them as he is on any other day.

850. THE ROCK OF AGES TURNS THE BALANCE.

GET in, ye righteous! "What, with all my sin?" No time to discuss that matter. The bell of judgment is tolling. The balances are adjusted—get in you must. All your opportunities of being better and doing more good are placed on one side of the scales, and you get in on the other. You are too light to budge the balances in your favour. On your side are spread all the kind words you ever spoke, and all the Christian deeds you ever did. *Too light yet!* On your side are put all your prayers, all your repentance, all your faith. *Too light yet!* Come and get on this side—Paul, Luther, Baxter, Payson, and Doddridge—and help the Christian bear down the scale. *Too light yet!* Get on this side, all ye martyrs who went through fire and flood—Wickliffe, Ridley, and Latimer. *Too light yet!* Come, angels of God, and get on the scales, and see if ye cannot turn the balances in favour of the saints; for the judgment is ending, and let not the righteous be banished with the wicked. *Too light yet!* Place on this side all the sceptres of light, and all the palm-branches of triumph, and all the thrones of glory. *Too light yet!* But at this point Jesus, the Son of God, steps up to the balances. He puts one scarred foot on the Christian's side of the scales, and they tremble and quiver from top to bottom. He puts both feet on, and down go the scales on the Christian's side with a stroke that set all the bells of heaven a-chiming! This Rock of Ages is heavier than any other weight. But, oh, Christian! you may not get off so easily. I place on the opposite scale all the sins that you ever committed, and all the envies, and hates, and inconsistencies of a lifetime, but altogether they do not budge the scales. Christ, on your side, has settled the balances for ever. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Go free! go free! Sins all pardoned, shackles all broken, prison doors all opened. Go free! go free! *Weighed in the balance, and nothing wanting!*

851. POWER OF FORGIVENESS.

A SOLDIER in England was brought by a sergeant to the colonel. "What," says the colonel, "bringing the man here again! We have tried everything with him." "Oh no," says the sergeant, "there is one thing you have not tried. I would like you to try that." "What is that?" said the colonel. Said the man, "*Forgiveness.*" The case had not gone so far but that it might take that turn, and so the colonel said, "Well, young man, you have done so and so. What is your excuse?" "I have no excuse, but I am very sorry," said the man. "We have made up our minds to forgive you," said the colonel. The tears started. He had never been accosted in that way before. His life was reformed, and that was the starting-point for a positively Christian life.

852. PLAIN BREAD.

IF a man has been for a long time at a banquet, and five or six courses of food have passed before him, then, when plain bread is presented, he rejects it; but if you take that plain bread to men who, for forty-eight hours, have had nothing to eat, how they will clutch for it. Now, I simply say that a vast majority of the people who have been attending our Christian churches have been stuffed for these twenty years with the confections of religion, and when we present them the plain bread of the Gospel, they do not want it; but if we should gather into our churches the outside masses who are starving for the bread of life, with what earnestness and with what avidity they would seize upon it!

853. WORTH TRYING FOR.

WHEN Cæsar was marching with his army, and the people were flying without making any battle in defence of their city, Cæsar said: "If men will not fight for a city like that, what will they fight for?" And when I think of the joys at God's right hand, and of that great city of the sun into which so many of our loved ones have already gone—I say, if you will not make contention for that, a struggle for that, for what will you try?

854. GRANDFATHERS.

ON sunny afternoons, grandfather goes out in the churchyard, and sees on the tombstones the names—the very names—that sixty years ago he wrote on his slate at school. He looks down where his children sleep their last sleep, and before the tears have fallen says, “So much more in heaven !” Patiently he awaits his appointed time, until his life goes out gently as a tide, and the bell tolls him to his last home under the shadow of the church that he loved so long and loved so well. Blessed old age, if it be found in the way of righteousness !

855. A WORLD WITHOUT DEATH.

OH, this is a world of sorrow ! But, blessed be God, there will be no sorrow in heaven. The undertaker will have to have some other business there. In the summer time, our cities have bills of mortality which are frightful—sometimes in New York a thousand deaths in a week. Sometimes it has been two thousand in London ; but in that great heavenly city there will not be a single case of sickness or death ; not one black dress of mourning, but plenty of white robes of joy ; hand-shaking of welcome, but none of separation.

856. PREPARE NOW.

THERE are two things that I do not want to bother me in my last hour. The one is my worldly affairs. I want all those affairs so plain and disentangled, that the most ignorant administrator could see what was right at a glance, and there should be no standing around about the office of the surrogate, devouring widow's houses. The other thing I do not want to be bothered about in my last hour, is the safety of my soul. God forbid that I should crowd into that last feeble, languishing, delirious hour questions momentous enough to swamp an archangel !

857. DON'T FRET.

Do your best, and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and

He manages them for the best. Consider the lilies—they always have robes. Behold the fowls of the air—they always have nests. Take a long breath. Bethink, betimes, that God did not make you for a pack-horse. Dig yourselves out from among the hogsheads and the shelves, and in the light of the holy Sabbath-day resolve that you will give to the wind your fears; and your fretfulness, and your distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out.

858. AGED CHRISTIANS.

AGED Christians used to be a great discouragement to me, when I heard of their great attainments, and viewed my own spiritual backwardness; but now they are a great encouragement to me, for since I have found that they were about as I am, I have come to the conclusion that the same things which have favoured them will favour me, and I get some hint of what a good man I will be in my ninetieth year.

859. NEVER TOO MANY.

SUPPOSE a foreign despotism should attack our country. Would we be afraid of having men come too plentifully to our standard? No! We would say: "Let them come, a million men from the north, a million men from the south, and a million men from the west, and let us go out and fight the foe." The quicker they come, and the vaster the multitude, the gladder would be our huzzah. Yet there are Christians who, when they see a sudden reinforcement in the church, are afraid. Alas! that they are so unwise.

860. ALL ARE YOURS.

DEATH is an auctioneer which sells us out of all our earthly possessions, and there is nothing left when once he drops his hammer of stone on the coffin lid, crying: "Gone! gone!" But sons and daughters of God, children of an eternal and all-loving Father, mourn not when your property goes. The world is yours, and life is yours, and

death is yours, and immortality is yours, and thrones of imperial grandeur are yours, and rivers of gladness are yours, and shining mansions are yours, and God is yours. The eternal God hath sworn it, and every time you doubt it, you charge the King of heaven and earth with perjury.

861. TWO ROADS.

OH, it is an overwhelming thought to me that some who now stand together in the tenderest ties of affection will, unless they repent, or this Bible is a lie, pass their eternity in two different worlds; if these accept of Christ, and those refuse Him, they must inevitably part. If you persist in your impenitence, you had better neglect everything, and spend all your time together, for you are hastening on toward the forks of the road at which you must part. So what you have to say, say now, or never say it at all.

862. ADVANCE.

WHY not whip out our temptations, and then forward march, making one raid through the enemies' country, stopping not until we break ranks after the lost victory. Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty of combat at any rate, by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers, going on towards a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the Church of God, if we, as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Christian life, these stereotyped prayers we have been making for the past ten or fifteen years, would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh! for a higher flight in the Christian life.

863. NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

So poor is the type of piety in the Church of God at this day, that men actually caricature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did believe in eagles. But, my brethren, because we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there are *any such heights*? A man was once talking to Brunel, the

famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from London to Bristol. The engineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have, after awhile, a steamer running from England to New York." They laughed him to scorn; but we have gone so far now, that we have ceased to laugh at anything as impossible for human achievement. Then, I ask, if anything is impossible for the Lord?

864. HIGHER STILL.

I DO not believe that God exhausted all His grace in Paul, and Latimer, and Edward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached in the future ages of the Christian world. You tell me that Paul went up to the tip-top of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then, I tell you that the stork and the crane have found, above the Alps, plenty of room for free flying. We go out, and we conquer our temptations by the grace of God, and lie down. On the morrow these temptations rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of God we defeat them again; but staying all the time in the old encampment, we have the same old battles to fight over.

865. AN INDIAN SUMMER.

I HAVE noticed that in this climate, in the latter part of October, or the first of November, there is a season of beautiful weather called Indian summer. It is the gem of all the year. A haziness is in the atmosphere, but still everything is pleasant and mild. And so I see before me to-night some who have come to that season. There is a haziness on their vision, I know, but the sweetness of heaven has melted into their soul. I congratulate those who have come to the Indian summer of their life. Their grandchildren climb up on the back of the chair, and run their fingers along the wrinkles which time has for a long while been furrowing there.

866. OH! THE DEPTHS.

OH, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I come to think of it. Give me a thousand ladders, lashed

fast of each other, that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the anchor until all the cables of earth are exhausted, that we may touch the depth. Let the archangel fly in circuit of eternal ages in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the grace of God! It is so high. It is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to my God, that where man's oar gives out, God's arm begins. Why will ye carry your sins and your sorrows any longer when Christ offers to take them?

867. DEICIDE.

I TAKE the responsibility of saying that there is no man, woman, or child in this house to-day that has escaped sinful defilement. Do you say it is outrageous and ungallant for me to make such a charge? Do you say: "I have never stolen. I have never blasphemed. I have never committed unchastity. I have never been guilty of murder." I reply, you have committed a sin worse than murder. We have all committed it. We have, by our sin, re-crucified the Lord, and *that is deicide!* And if there be any who dare to plead "not guilty" to the indictment, then the hosts of Heaven will be empannelled as a jury to render an unanimous verdict against us: guilty one—guilty all.

868. DEVELOPMENT.

WITH what a slashing stroke that one passage cuts us away from all our pretensions: "There is none that doeth good, no not one." "Oh," says one, "all we want—all the race wants—is development." Now, I want to tell you that the race develops without the Gospel into a Sodom, a Five Points, a great Salt Lake City. It always develops downwards and never upwards, except as the grace of God lays hold of it. What, then, is to become of your soul without Christ? Banishment—disaster.

869. NOW OR NEVER.

If the Bible can be understood in any place, it must be understood in this place. One moment after death has

dropped upon you, the archangel, rising on his throne, rallying all the strength of his existence, could not hinder your fall, or change your destiny, or hinder the separation.

870. THE SPIDER'S WEB.

AFTER the repast is all over, shiny hat says to Natchez: "Now, what can I do for you to-night? This a great city, New York. I suppose you want to go around and see something. How would you like to go and look at the low, degraded population? You can just go in and look, and then pass out. It will do you no hurt." Stop now! Oh, fly before you go further into the spider's web. John Franklin, and Dr. Kane, and Captain Hall can afford to sacrifice themselves in Arctic discovery, and be ground, if need be, between icebergs; but no man can afford to sail so near the coast of eternal fire for the purpose of discovering how hot it is. Stand off from that exploration!

871. SIN IN HIGH LIFE.

A TRIAL in the courts, ever and anon, reveals the fact that impurity walks in robes, and dances under the palatial chandelier, and drowns on the damask upholstery. Sin is tolerable, if it is only rich. Stand back and let the libertine go by, for he rides in a three thousand dollar turn-out. The congressional galleries are thrilled by the appeals of men who on the following night fulfil what Solomon said: "He goeth after her straightway, as an ox to the slaughter and as a fool to the correction of stocks, until a dart strike through his liver."

872. THE SAFE BRIDGE.

I DO not want to make an experiment about my own soul. I cannot afford to do it. I have but one soul to be saved or lost, and if you can show to me that this Gospel of Jesus Christ is an experiment, I want nothing to do with it. I do not want to go on a trial trip. Some years ago, in the Canadas, there was a bridge built over an awful chasm. Far down beneath, the waters rushed very violently. After ~~this~~ costly and beautiful bridge was done, the day for open-

ing it came. Thousands of people assembled. Flags were flying, guns were sounding. There was a large coach drawn by six horses, a coach loaded with passengers, and at just the advertised moment, the architect of the bridge, to show that the structure was what it pretended to be, mounted the box of this coach, took the reins in his hands, and started, amid the huzzahs of thousands and thousands of people. He drove on until he came to the centre of the bridge, when the timbers cracked, and all went down—some dashed against the abutments, some whelmed in the stream. You tell me that there is a bridge built for my soul over sin, and death, and hell, and you ask me to go on it, and ask me to take all these people on it. No; unless I am sure it is a safe bridge. But there is no experiment. We are not the first to go over it. Scores, and hundreds, and thousands have gone over it. "A great multitude that no man can number" have gone over it. That bridge is buttressed at one end with the "Rock of Ages," and at the other with the throne of the Lord God Almighty, and I am not afraid to trust it.



873. TAKE SIDES.

TO-DAY I lift another flag. Do not cry treason, but hear me. It is the flag of a King, one Jesus; on it, one Star—the Star of Bethlehem, and red, striped with the blood of the cross. In view of a more horrible massacre, the fact of the killing of the Son of God, I demand that you all take sides, either for or against Him, while I cry out in the words of Moses to the camp of Israel: "Who is on the Lord's side?" You are not afraid to express your loyalty to an earthly government; are you willing to express your allegiance to Christ? Oh, King, live for ever!



874. WAITING DECISION.

GOD sends a bold line through every family, through every church, through every nation. On one side of that line is desert, is darkness, is death. On the other side is fruitful garden, is cool shadow, is leaping fountain, is streaming light. Which side are you going to be on? Eternity will feel the effects of this service. Solemn hour! Tremendous work! Awful responsibility! Stupendous decision!

875. HINDOO MYTHOLOGY.

THE Hindoos believe that Bramah—the creator—once made all things. He created the water, then moved over the water, out of it lifted the land, grew the plants, and animals, and men on it. Out of his eye went the sun. Out of his lips went the fire. Out of his ear went the air. Then Bramah laid down to sleep four thousand three hundred and twenty million years. After that, they say, he will wake up, and then the world will be destroyed, and he will make it over again, bringing up land, bringing up creatures upon it; then lying down again to sleep four thousand three hundred and twenty million years, then waking up and destroying the world again—creation and demolition following each other, until after three hundred and twenty sleeps, each one of these slumbers four thousand three hundred and twenty million years long, Bramah will wake up and die, and the universe will die with him—an intimation, though very faint, of the great change to come upon this physical earth spoken of in the Bible. But while Bramah may sleep, our God never slumbers or sleeps, and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up.

876. FOUR REVIVALS.

WHAT we want in this country is just four revivals—revivals that come like those in the days of Nettleton, and Jonathan Edwards, and George Whitefield. We want four revivals at once: one starting from the north, rolling south; one starting from the south, rolling north; one starting from the east, rolling west; one starting from the west, rolling east. And then I want to stand on the spot where the four seas meet, that I may shout: “Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.” “Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world are becoming the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

877. VICTIMS OF DRINK.

It was the same habit that smote the great man down that smote the dark villain in the alley. The one you wrapped up in a coarse cloth, and threw into a rough coffin,

and carried out in a box-waggon, and put down in a pauper's grave, without prayer or benediction ; the other gathered the pomp of the city, and the name was on the silver plate, and the lordly men walked uncovered beside the hearse with tossing plumes, on the way to a grave soon to be adorned with a marble pillar of four sides, which shall be covered with the story of the man who died of *exhaustion from patriotic services* ! The difference between the two was this : The one put an end to his existence with logwood rum at two cents a glass, and the other perished in a beverage at three dollars a bottle. I write both of their epitaphs : on a shingle over the pauper's grave, I write it with a lead-pencil ; on the white shaft over a senator's tomb, I cut it with a chisel : "*Slain by strong drink* !"

878. THE BEST MEMENTO.

A MOTHER asked her daughters for some memento to carry with her. One of the daughters brought a marble tablet beautifully inscribed ; and another daughter brought a beautiful wreath of flowers. The third daughter came and said : " Mother, I brought neither flowers nor tablet, but here is my heart. I have inscribed it all over with your name, and wherever you go, it will go with you." The mother recognised it as the best of all the mementos. Oh, that to-day our souls might go out towards the Lord Jesus Christ, towards our Father—that our hearts might be written all over with the evidences of His loving kindness, and that we might never again forsake Him. Lord God, this day be Thy Holy Spirit more upon our affections !

879. A BRIGHT SOUL.

THERE is no room lighted for birthday or marriage festival that is so bright as a soul when it is pardoned. The storm is hushed, and on the subsiding wave of the sea pours the morning light of God's forgiveness.

880. JOSEPHINE'S FUNERAL.

I SUPPOSE you have read of the fact that when Josephine was carried out to her grave there were a great many women

of pomp, and pride, and position, that went out after her; but I am most affected by the story of history that, on that day, there were two thousand of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and wailing until the air rang again, because when they lost Josephine they lost their last earthly friend. Who would not rather hear such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities. There may be no mass for the dead, there may be no costly sarcophagus, there may be no elaborate mausoleum; but in the damp cellars of the city and through the lonely huts of the mountain glen, there will be mourning—mourning—mourning, because Dorcas is dead. “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labours and their works do follow them!”

881. UNKNOWN AGONIES.

To prove how willing He is to receive us, I gather all the tears that rolled down His cheeks in sympathy for your sorrows; I gather all the drops of blood that channelled His brow, and His back, and His hands and feet, in trying to purchase your redemption; I gather all the groans that He uttered in midnight chill, and in mountain hunger, and in desert loneliness, and twist them into one cry—bitter, agonising, overwhelming; I gather all the pains that shot from spear, and spike, and cross, jolting into one pang—remorseless, grinding, excruciating; I take that one drop of sweat on His brow, and under the Gospel glass that drop enlarges until I see in it lakes of sorrow and an ocean of agony. That Being standing before you to-night, emaciated, and gashed, and gory, coaxes for your love with a pathos in which every word is a heart-break, and every sentence a martyrdom. How can you think He trifles?

882. UNSUCCESSFUL TREATMENT.

Now, if a surgeon goes into a hospital, and there are three hundred patients, and he cures twenty of them and the other two hundred and eighty die, I call that unsuccessful treatment. If the Church of God has saved some, when I compare the few that have been redeemed with the vast multitude that have perished, I say it has been a com-

parative failure ; and if the old plan of conducting the Church of Christ has failed, let us start the ship on another tack and try another plan. In other words, come back to the Gospel theory.

883. THE BOTTLE.

IN this country the temptations to intemperance in public life are so great, that more of our men in office die of *delirium tremens*, and the kindred diseases that come from intemperance and an impure life, than from all the other causes combined. There is one weapon that slays more senators, and congress-men, and legislators, and common-councilmen than any other, and that is the bottle. How few of the men who were in prominent political offices twenty-five or thirty years ago, when they died, came to honourable graves? The family physician, to relieve the family and keep them from national disgrace, said it was gout, or it was epilepsy, or it was obstruction of the liver, or it was exhaustion from patriotic services ! But God knew it was whisky.

884. AMERICANS IN HEAVEN.

HEAVEN must seem a different place, it appears to me, to Americans from what it does to other people. There is in this land such a rushing, and jostling, and treading upon one another, that I do not know how some souls will be quiet when they get there. There will have to be a radical change, or they would look upon the river of life as a waste of water power, and be planning some new cornice for the heavenly mansion, or get out some new edition of hymns for the redeemed.

885. THE REST.

WHEN the clock of Christian suffering has run down, it will never be wound up again. "The Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God will wipe away the tears from their eyes." Oh ! I would like nothing else to do from now to the day of my death but to tell the glad tidings of that rest provided for God's people.

886. ONE ONLY.

You say: "Why not have a long line of boats running from here to heaven?" I cannot say, but I simply know there is only one. You say: "Are there not trees as luxuriant as that on Calvary? more luxuriant, for that had neither buds nor blossoms; it was stripped and barked?" Yes, yes, there have been taller trees than that, and more luxuriant; but the only path to heaven is under that one. Instead of quarrelling because there are not more ways, let us be thankful to God that there is one—one name given unto men whereby we can be saved—one laver in which all the world may wash.

887. MAKE YOUR CHOICE.

So you see what a radiant Gospel this is I preach. I do not know how a man can stand stolidly and present it, for it is such a radiant Gospel. It is not a mere whim or caprice; it is life or death, it is heaven or hell! You come before your child and you have a present in your hand. You put your hands behind your back, and say: "Which hand will you take? In one hand there is a treasure, in the other there is not." The child blindly chooses. But God our Father does not do that way with us. He spreads out both hands, and says: "Now this shall be very plain. In that hand are pardon, and peace, and life, and the treasures of heaven; in *that* hand are punishment, and sorrow, and woe. Choose! Choose for yourselves!" "He that believeth, and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

888. TABLES TURNED.

THINK of a man leaving this life, where he has had everything comfortable, saying: "I had an elegant home, beautiful surroundings, large storehouses, extensive business engagements. I had everything that heart could wish, and now I come up to the verge of the eternal world, and I must go down. Look at me all ye friends who mingle with me in worldly associations. Look at me all ye business men who stood with me in the marts. Look at me as now I leap out from a world of comfort into a world of darkness—one! two! three! and I am gone for ever."

889. HAVE YOU A FIELD?

HAVE you not found your field of work yet? Then go down on your knees to-night and refuse to get up until the prayer is answered: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" There must be a field somewhere.

890. PRESENT EXPERIENCE.

SUPPOSE a time of war should come, and I could show the government I had been loyal to it twelve years ago, would that excuse me from taking an oath of allegiance now? Suppose you asked me about my physical health, and I should say I was well fifteen years ago, that does not say how I am now. The Gospel of Jesus Christ comes and demands present allegiance, present fealty, present moral health, and yet how many Christians there are seeking to live entirely on past experience.

891. JOY FOR EVER.

IN this world we have plaintive songs—songs tremulous with sorrow, songs dirgeful for the dead—but in heaven, there will be no sighing of winds, no wailing of anguish, no weeping symphony. The tamest song will be hallelujah—the dullest tune a triumphal march. Joy among the cherubim! Joy among the seraphim! Joy among the ransomed! Joy for ever!

892. HOLIDAY TIME.

MANUFACTURERS let the fires go out on Sunday in their factories; but in your minds and bodies the fires of toil never go out. Oh, thank God, there will be a terminus of it. There will be no burdens carried through that heavenly gate. There will be no rushing about of anxious and overwrought men through those streets. There will be no employer thrusting his thumb through the needlework of the overburdened sewing-girl. No drudgery, but rest. Oh, you sons and daughters of toil, I congratulate you, if you are children of God, on the coming of a long, glorious, eternal holiday.

893. THE GREATEST DUTY.

BEFORE you sit with the Sabbath-class, before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you carry a pack of tracts down the street, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of to-morrow, I charge you, in the name of God, and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment-day, oh ! woman, that you attend to the first, last, and greatest duty of your life ; the seeking for God and being at peace with Him.

894. LIFE ASSURANCE.

WHEN I was on the sea, and there came up a great storm, and officers, and crew, and passengers all thought we must go down, I began to think of my life insurance, and whether, if I were taken away, my family would be cared for ; and then I thought : Is the premium paid up ? and I said : " Yes." Then I felt comfortable. Yet there are men who are looking back to past insurance. They have let it run out, and they have nothing for the present, no hope, nor pardon—falling back on the old insurance policy of ten, twenty, thirty years ago.

895. BIBLE EULOGIZED.

SAMUEL L. SAUTHARD was mighty in the court-room and in the senate-chamber ; but he reserved his grandest eloquence for that day when he stood before the literary societies at Princeton " commencement," and pleaded for the grandeur of the Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while he was consuming Hayne, nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker's Hill—that rocking Sinai of the American Revolution—but on that day when, in the famous Girard Will Case, he showed his affection for the Christian religion and eulogized the Bible.

896. SEAT RENTS.

IF Jesus were now to alight upon earth and build a church, and assume its pastorate, would it be necessary for men to pay money in order to have seats in that church ?

897. FIDGETY PEOPLE.

THERE are some people so struck through with everlasting fidget, that I cannot imagine them in heaven except rushing up and down in the street, crying: "Get out of my way, or I will run over you!" But one wave of the beautiful serenity will roll over the redeemed, and they will be in the picked company of the universe at rest.

898. VAIN REGRETS.

INSTEAD of complaining how hard you have it, go home to-night, take up your Bible full of promises, get down on your knees before God, and thank Him for what you *have*, instead of spending so much time in complaining about what you have not.

899. HIGHEST HONOURS.

YOU are not called to be a king over a nation; you are not called to be admiral of a navy; you are not called to be general in an army; but God has given you the highest honour. He has put into your hand the keys of the kingdom. Be thou faithful unto death, and Christ will give thee a crown.

900. SELF SACRIFICE.

WALTER SCOTT, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the Church of which my text speaks. Oh, how many sighs, and tears, and pangs, and agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw Him hang! Tell me, ye executioners who lifted Him and let Him down! Tell me, thou sun that didst hide, ye rocks that fell! "Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it" (Ephesians v. 25). If, then, the garden of the Church belongs to Christ, certainly He has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O blessed Jesus, this morning, walk up and down these aisles, and *pluck what Thou wilt of sweetness for Thyself.*

901. THE ROUGH SEA.

You might as well take a frail skiff, and put it down at the foot of Niagara, and then head it up toward the churning thunderbolt of waters, and expect to work your way up through the lightning of the foam into calm Lake Erie, as for you to try to pull yourself through the surf of your sin into the peace, and pardon, and placidity of the Gospel. You cannot do it in that way. Sin is a rough sea; and long-boat, yawl, pinnace, and gondola go down unless the Lord deliver; but if you will cry to Christ and lay hold of divine mercy, you are as safe from eternal condemnation as though you had been twenty years in heaven.

902. PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

THE pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines strung in one carcanet. Seek after God; find His righteousness, and all shall be well here; all shall be well hereafter.

903. ONE KINGDOM.

In this world, men prefer different kinds of government. The United States want a Republic. The British government needs to be a Constitutional Monarchy. Austria wants Absolutism; but when they come up from earth, from different nationalities, they will prefer one great monarchy—King Jesus, ruler over it.

904. AGREE TO DIFFER.

SOME persons like no noise in prayer—not a whisper—not a word; others, just as good, prefer, by gesticulation and exclamation, to utter their devotional aspirations. Now, let there be no dispute upon this subject. You like one way best, and I like the other way. I have no quarrel with my neighbours. They have quiet in their house; I have quiet in mine. They do not think that the prosperity of their house depends on upsetting the peace of mine; nor do I think that the prosperity of my house depends upon destroying

theirs. So it ought to be in the kingdom of Christ—different religious homes, but good neighbourhood. "Peace on earth and goodwill to men."

905. NOT ALL LOST.

THE merchant came home from the store. There had been great disaster there. He opened the front door, and said, in the midst of his family circle, "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined." His wife said, "I am left;" and the little child threw up its hands, and said, "Papa, I am here." The aged grandmother, seated in the room, said, "Then you have all the promises of God, beside, John." And he burst into tears, and said, "God forgive me that I have been so ungrateful. I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

906. CURIOSITY.

If you are a good swimmer, and you see a man drowning, leap for him and bring him ashore; but if you are merely going to jump in to see him drown, stand back! If you are going down into the slums of the city to rebuke crime, and on a ministry of mercy, and to tell the lost and abandoned how Christ died for them, then go; but if it is merely for the gratification of a base curiosity, I charge you, O stranger, to stand back!

907. TAKE YOUR PART.

WHEN, therefore, you wake up on a Sabbath morning in your hotel, a thousand miles from home, say, "Now, this is a glorious day. I am going to have rest for my body and soul, whether other people in this hotel do or not." Then start out for the churches. Amid all the hundreds of them, I think you will find something that will meet your taste in architecture, in music, in preaching—something all the way from ritualistic St. Albans to the plain Quaker meeting-house—there will be something to suit you. Then sit down at the communion-table, wherever you may be, if you are fit to sit at it. Do not wait for the *minister to ask you*. Your children do not ask whether

they may sit at your table, because they have a right to sit there. When I go into a strange church, I never think of waiting for the minister to ask me. It is my Father's house, and as I am one of the Lord's children, I go and sit there, whether they ask me or not. Also listen to the singing and join in it—if the choir will let you—and then listen to the glorious gospel of the Son of God; for Christ is the same—Christ on the banks of the East River and the Hudson River, as on the banks of the Ohio and Rio Grande.

908. USEFUL MONEY.

It is a grand thing to have plenty of money. The more you get of it, the better, if it come honestly and go usefully. For the lack of it, sickness dies without medicine, and hunger finds its coffin in the empty bed tray, and nakedness shivers for lack of clothes and fire. When I hear a man ranting tirade against money—a Christian man—as though it had no possible use on earth, and he had no interest in it at all, I come almost to think that the heaven that would be appropriate for him would be an everlasting poor-house.

909. TRUE SEEKING.

THERE are men who seem to think the only use of the sword of truth is to stick somebody. There is one passage of the Scriptures that they like better than all others, and that is this: "Blessed is the Lord which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." Woe to us if we come to God's Word as controversionalists, or as sceptics, or as *connoisseurs*, or as fault-finders, or merely as poets. Those only get into the heart of God's truth who come *seeking for Christ*. Welcome all such.

910. ANTIQUARIANS.

THE antiquarian will find in the Bible curiosities in agriculture, and in commerce, and in art, and in religion, that will keep him absorbed a great while. There are those who come to the Bible as you would to a cabinet of curiosities, and you pick up this and say: "What a strange sword that

is ;" and "What a peculiar hat this is ;" and "What an unlooked for lamp that is ;" and the Bible to such becomes a British Museum.

911. THE GRAND CONCERT.

THE first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Jullien, in the "Crystal Palace," stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion ; it was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But, oh ! the grander scene when they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south—"a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery ; and Jesus shall stand before that great host to conduct the harmony, with His wounded hand and His wounded foot ! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry : "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive blessing, and riches, and honour, and glory, and power, world without end. Amen, and amen." Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that. If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that.

912. MODERN FOOLS.

THEN there are others who come to this book *as sceptics*. They marshal passage after passage, and try to get Matthew and Luke in a quarrel, and would have a discrepancy between what Paul and James say about faith and works ; and they try the account of Moses concerning the creation by modern decisions in science, and resolve, that in all questions between the scientific explorer and the inspired writer, they will give the preference to the geologist. These men—these spiders I will say—suck poison out of the sweetest flowers. They fatten their infidelity upon the truths which have led thousands to heaven, and, in their distorted visions, prophet seems to war with prophet, and evangelist with evangelist, and apostle with apostle ; and if

they can find some bad trait of character in a man of God mentioned in that Bible, these carrion crows caw and flap their wings over the carcass. Because they cannot understand how the whale swallowed Jonah, they attempt the more wonderful feat of swallowing the monster whale of modern scepticism. They do not believe it possible that the Bible story should be true which says that the dumb ass spake, while they themselves prove the thing possible by their own utterances ! I am amused beyond bound when I hear one of these men talking about a future life. Just ask a man who rejects that Bible what heaven is, and hear him befog your soul. He will tell you, that heaven is merely the development of the internal resources of a man ; it is efflorescence of the dynamic forces into a state of ethereal and transcendental lucubation in close juxtaposition to the ever present "was," and the great "to be," and the everlasting "no !" Considering themselves to be wise, they are fools for time,—fools for eternity.

913. BATTLE OF LIFE.

THE clouds that cross our sky are not feathery and afar, straying like flocks of sheep in heavenly pastures, but wrathful, and sombre, and gleaming with terror ; they wrap the mountains in fire, and come down braying with their thunders through every gorge. The richest fruits of blessing have a prickly shell. Life here is not lying at anchor : it is weathering a gale. It is not sleeping in a soldier's tent without arms stacked : it is a bayonet charge. We stumble over grave-stones, and we drive on with our wheel deep in the old rut of graves.

914. TROPHIES.

LET us go forth and gather the trophies for Jesus. From Golconda mines we gather the diamonds ; from Ceylon banks we gather the pearls ; from all lands and kingdoms we gather precious stones ; and we bring the glittering burdens and put them down at the feet of Jesus, and say : "All these are Thine. Thou art worthy." We go forth again for more trophies, and into one sheaf we gather all the sceptres of the Cæsars, and the Alexanders, and the Czars, and the Sultans of all royalties and dominions, and then we

ring the sheaf of sceptres and put it at the feet of Jesus, and say : "Thou art King of kings, and these Thou hast conquered."

915. ANTIDOTES.

TROUBLE has wrinkled your brow and it has frosted your head. Falling in this battle of life, is there no angel of mercy to bind our wounds? Hath God made this world with so many things to hurt and none to heal? For this snake-bite of sorrow is there no herb growing by all the brooks to heal the poison? Blessed be God that in the Gospel we find this antidote.

916. VAIN RISKS.

OH, stranger ! to whom I speak for the first and the last time, leave to the police and the city missionary the exploration of underground New York. You do not go through the smallpox hospitals to see how they look ; you are afraid of the contagion. But you go and look upon a worse leprosy—a leprosy whose breath is as much worse as the death of the soul is worse than the death of the body.

917. UNDERGROUND.

I BELIEVE three-fourths of the young men who are ruined in our cities are ruined for the simple reason that they went to look at iniquity. They had at first no idea of participation. The fact is, that subterranean New York life is such a loathsome, fuming, seething, pestiferous depth, that it blasts the eye of the man who looks at it.

918. GRATITUDE.

I WAS reading this afternoon of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured ; and, it is said, after the battle was won—gloriously won—the king wanted to acknowledge the Divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words : "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and

all the great host of officers and men threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance, shall we not prostrate ourselves before Him to-night, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces, and crying: "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory."

919 MUSIC IN DEATH.

A CHRISTIAN woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How sweetly the choir rehearses to-night; they have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing." "Yes," she said, "I know they are. I hear them sing. How very sweetly they sing." Now, it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain, the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

920. MY MOTHER'S SPECTACLES.

WHEN my mother had been put away for the resurrection, we, the children, came to the old homestead, and each one wanted to take away a memento of her who had loved us so long and loved us so well. I think I took away the best of all the mementos. It was the old-fashioned round glass spectacles through which she used to read her Bible, and I put them on; but they were too old for me, and I could not see across the room. But through them I could see back to childhood and forward to the hills of heaven, where the ankles that were stiff with age have become limper again, and the spirit, with restored eyesight, stands in rapt exultation, crying: "This is heaven!"

921. CRADLE SONGS.

CHRIST ought to be the *cradle song*. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words, but they went into the fibre

of our soul, and will for ever be a part of it. . It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly every whither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "old mortality" has worn out his chisel in re-cutting your name on the tombstone, your great grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sang to your little ones gathered about your knee.

922. MUSIC AT HOME.

THERE is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes. And every Christian song sang by a mother in the ear of the child; shall have ten thousand echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

923. JESUS OUR BEST FRIEND.

JESUS! He is the best friend a man ever had. He is so kind. He is so loving, so sympathetic. I cannot see how you can stay away from Him. Come now, and accept His mercy. Oh, behold Him, as He stretches out the arms of His salvation, saying: "Look unto Me all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved, for I am God." Ye have this choice to make—everyone in the house will make it now. You will either be willows planted by the water-courses, or the chaff which the wind driveth away.

924. WATERLOO.

I SAW in the Kensington Gardens, London, a picture of Waterloo, a good while after the battle had passed, and the grass had grown all over the field. There was a dismounted cannon, and a lamb had come up from the pastures and laid sleeping in the mouth of that cannon. So the artist had represented it—a most suggestive thing. Then I thought how the war between God and the soul had ended, and, instead of *this* announcement, "The wages of sin is death," *there came* the words: "My peace I give unto thee;" and,

amid the batteries of the law that had once quaked with the fiery hail of death, I beheld the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

925. MONEY.

WHILE, my friends, we do admit there is such a thing as a lawful use of money—a profitable use of money—let us recognise also the fact, that money cannot satisfy a man's soul, that it cannot glitter in the dark valley, that it cannot pay our fare across the Jordan of death, that it cannot unlock the gate of heaven.

926. IS THAT FAIR?

I ASK any young man if it is fair to sit down at a banquet all your life long, and have everything you want, and then at the close, when you are utterly exhausted, say: "Lord Jesus, there are dregs in that cup, you may drink them. Lord Jesus, there are crumbs under the table, you may take them up." Is that fair to the best friend you ever had?

927. WHAT ARE YOU NOW?

I WANT you to notice that this laver in which the priests washed—this laver of looking-glasses—was filled with *fresh water every morning*. The servants of the tabernacle brought the water in buckets, and poured it into this laver. So it is with the Gospel of Jesus Christ: it has a fresh salvation every day. It is not a stagnant pool filled with accumulated corruptions. It is living water which is brought from the eternal rock to wash away the sins of yesterday—of *one* moment ago. "Oh," says some one, "I was a Christian twenty years ago!" That does not mean anything to me. What are you now?

928. ETERNITY.

You read in this Bible that the Israelites were all *surrounded*. There was the Red Sea before them, and *mountains* on either side, and Pharaoh's host right after them. You are as thoroughly surrounded—eternity before you,

eternity behind you, eternity on the right hand and eternity on the left hand, eternity above you, eternity beneath you. Oh, eternity ! what glory and despair ! What hallelujahs and wailing ! What glittering of crowns and rattling of chains ! Eternity ! where will we spend it ? Who will be our companions ? What will be our occupation ? Eternity ! Eternity ! Oh, shoreless sea ! Oh, interminable procession ! Oh, unending years ! Eternity ! who can count thy joys ? who can tell thy tears ?

929. THE THREE CHILDREN.

In Northern New Jersey, three winters ago, three little children wandered off from home in a snowstorm. Night came on. Father and mother said : "Where are the children ?" They could not be found. They started out in haste, and the news ran to the neighbours, and before morning it was said that there were hundreds of men hunting the mountains for these three children, but found them not. After a while a man imagined there was a place that had not been looked at, and he went and saw the three children. He examined their bodies. He found that the elder boy had taken off his coat and wrapped it around the other one, the baby, and then taken off his vest and put around the younger one. And then they all died, he probably the first, for he had no coat or vest. Oh ! it was a touching scene when that was brought to light. I was on the ground about a week ago, and it brought the whole scene to my mind ; and I thought to myself of a more melting scene than that—it is that Jesus, our elder brother, took off the robe of His royalty, and laid aside the last garment of earthly comfort, that He might wrap our poor souls from the blast.

930. THE FATHER'S KISS.

I REMARK upon the father's kiss. "He fell upon his neck," my text says, "and kissed him." It is not every father that would have done that way. He would have scolded him, and said : "Here, you went off with beautiful clothes, but now you are all in tatters. You went off healthy, and come back sick and wasted with your dissipations." *He did not say that.* The son, all haggard, and ragged,

and filthy, and wretched, stood before his father. The father charged him with none of his wanderings. He just received him. He just kissed him. His wretchedness was a recommendation to that father's love. Oh, that father's kiss! How shall I describe the love of God?—the ardour with which He receives a sinner back again? Give me a plummet with which I may fathom this sea. Give me a ladder with which I can scale this height. Give me words with which I can describe this love. The apostle says in one place, "unsearchable;" in another, "past finding out." Height overtopping all height; depth plunging beneath all depth; breadth compassing all immensity. Oh, this love! God so loved the world.

931. HEAVEN WITHOUT CHRIST.

I WOULD not exchange the poorest room in your house for the finest heaven that Huxley, or Stuart Mill, or Darwin ever dreamed of. Their heaven has no Christ in it. Heaven without Christ, though you could sweep the whole universe into it, would be a hell!

932. THE MEETING-PLACE.

WHERE shall we meet our loved ones? Let us make an appointment to meet at the well by the gate. Oh, heaven! Sweet heaven! Dear heaven! Heaven where our good friends are. Heaven where Jesus is. Heaven! Heaven!

933. MEETING.

You start for God and God starts for you, and this morning and this house is the time and the place when you meet; and, while the angels rejoice over the meeting, your long injured Father falls upon your neck with attestation of compassion and pardon. Your poor, wandering, sinful polluted soul, and the loving, the eternal Father, have met.

934. THE FATHER RAN.

WHEN the sea comes in at full tide, you might more easily with your broom sweep back the surges than you could drive back the ocean of your unforgiven transgressions. What are we to do? Are we to fight the battle alone, and

udge on with no one to aid us, and no rock to shelter us, and no word of encouragement to cheer us. Glory be to God, we have in the text the announcement: "When he was yet a great way off, his father *ran*." When the sinner starts for God, God starts for the sinner. God does not come out with a slow and hesitating pace. The infinite paces slip beneath His feet, and He takes worlds at a bound. "The father ran." Oh! wonderful meeting, when God and the soul comes together. "The father ran."

935. RAPID MOVEMENT.

How long does it take a father to leap into the middle of the highway if his child be there, and a swift vehicle is coming, and may destroy him? Five hundred times longer than it takes our heavenly Father to spring to the deliverance of a lost child. "When he was a great way off his father saw him."

936. RIGHT NAMES.

WHEN the priests entered the ancient tabernacle, one glance at the burnished side of this laver showed them their need of cleansing. So this Gospel shows the soul its need of divine washing. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." That is one showing. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." That is another showing. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the feet, there is no health in us." That is another showing. The world calls these "defects," "imperfections," or "eccentricities," or "erratic behaviour," or "wild oats," or "high living;" but the Gospel calls them sin—transgression—filth—the abominable thing that God hates.

937. WHY FEW CONVERSIONS?

THE very first thing the Gospel does is to cut down our pride and self-sufficiency. If a man does not feel his lost and ruined condition before God, he does not want any Gospel. I think the reason there are so few conversions in this day is because the tendency of the preaching is to make men believe they are pretty good anyhow—quite clever, *only wanting a little fixing up*, a few touches of divine

grace, and then you will be all right, instead of proclaiming the broad, deep truth that Payson, and Baxter, and Whitefield thundered to a race trembling on the verge of infinite and eternal disaster.

938. GOSPEL IN THE PROPHETS.

WE often hear about the Gospel in John, and the Gospel in Luke, and the Gospel in Matthew, but there is just as certainly a Gospel of Moses, and a Gospel of Jeremiah, and a Gospel of David. In other words, Christ is as certainly to be found in the Old Testament as in the New.

939. REVIVALS.

I KNOW there are those who do not believe in revivals, but I think that if there had been no revivals there would not have been a single church in England or America to-day. It would have been impossible to withstand the flood of sin and wretchedness; had it not been for those large gatherings, the Church of God could not have maintained its ground.

940. THE FATHER'S EYESIGHT.

I WONDER if God's eyesight can descry us when we are coming back to Him? The text pictures our condition—we are a great way off. That young man was not farther off from his father's house, sin is not farther off from holiness, hell is not farther off from heaven, than we have been by our sins away off from our God; aye, so far off that we could not hear His voice, though vehemently He has called us year after year. I do not know what bad habits you may have formed, or in what evil places you have been, or what false notions you may have entertained; but you are ready to acknowledge, if your heart has not been changed by the grace of God, that you are a great way off—aye, so far that you cannot get back of yourselves. You would like to come back. Aye, this moment you would start, if it were not for this sin, and that habit, and this disadvantage. But I am to tell you of the Father's eyesight. "He saw him a great way off." He has seen all your frailties, all your struggles, all your disadvantages. He has been longing for you

coming. He has not been looking at you with a critic's eye or a bailiff's eye, but with a Father's eye; and if a parent ever pitied a child, God pities you. You say: "Oh, I had so many evil surroundings when I started life." Your Father sees it. You say: "I have so many bad surroundings now, and it is very difficult for me to break away from evil associations." Your Father sees it, and if this moment you should start heavenward—as I pray you may—your Father would not sit idly down and allow you to struggle on up towards Him. Oh, no! Seeing you a great way off, He would fly to the rescue.

941. INSTRUMENTALITIES.

If this world could have been saved by human effort, it would have been done long ago. John Howard took hold of one oar, and Carey took hold of another oar, and Adoniram Judson took hold of another oar, and Luther took hold of another oar, and John Knox took hold of another oar, and they pulled until they fell back dead from the exhaustion. Some dropped in the ashes of martyrdom, some on the scalping-knives of savages, and some into the plague-struck room of the lazaretto; and still the chains are not broken, and still the despotisms are not demolished, and still the world is unsaved. What then? Put down the oars and make no effort? I do not advise that. But I want you, Christian brethren, to understand that the Church and the school, and the college, and the missionary society are only the instrumentalities; and if this work is ever done at all, God must do it, and He *will* do it, in answer to our prayer. "They rowed hard to bring it to the land, but they could not; wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

942. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

GLORY be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our shipwrecked and dying condition, and put us on the shoulder of His strength, and by the omnipotence of His Gospel, bear us on through all the journey of this life, and, at last, through the opening gates of heaven; He is mighty to save. Hear it, ye dying men and women. *Though your sin be long, and black, and inexcusable, and*

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outrageous, the very moment you believe I will proclaim pardon—quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitable, infinite.

943. THE HARD SUM.

SALVATION by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only uncorruptible treasures. Have you ever ciphered out in the rule of Loss and Gain the sum: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" However fine your apparel, the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made white in the blood of the Lamb.

944. WORTHLESS GOLD.

THERE are men in all occupations who seem to act as though they thought that a pack of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a title to heaven, and as though gold would be a lawful tender in that place where it is so common that they make pavements out of it.

945. TURNING POINTS.

SIN is an awful disease. I hear people say, with a toss of the head, and with a trivial manner: "Oh, yes, I'm a sinner." Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is drowsy. It is consumption. It is all moral disorders in one. Now, you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your own family. Sometimes the physician has called, and he has looked at the patient and said: "That case was simple enough; but the crisis has passed. If you had called me yesterday, or this morning, I could have cured the patient. It is too late now; the crisis has passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul—there is a crisis. Before that, life. After that, death. Oh, my dear brother, as you love your soul, do not let the crisis pass unattended to. There are some here who can remember instances in life *when*, if they had bought a certain property, they would have become very rich. A few acres that would have cost

hem almost nothing were offered them. They refused hem. Afterwards a large village or city sprang up on those acres of ground, and they see what a mistake they made in not buying the property. There *was* an opportunity of getting it. It never came again. And so it is in regard to a man's spiritual and eternal fortune. There is a chance; if you let that go, perhaps it never comes back. Certainly, that one never comes back.

946. FATHER AND SIX SONS.

GOD knows how anxious we are for our children. We cannot think of going into heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. From which of them could we consent to be eternally separated? Would it be the son? Would it be the daughter? Would it be the eldest? Would it be the youngest? Would it be the one that is well and stout, or the one that is sick? Oh, I hear some parent saying to-night: "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat, and I have pulled for their eternal rescue, but I can't get them to Christ." Then, I ask you to cry mightily unto God. We want more importunate praying for children, such as the father indulged in when he tried to bring his six sons to Christ, and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down in his prayers and said: "Oh, God, take away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ;" and the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fled unto God.

947. CHURCH ORDINANCES.

WE must seek God through *church ordinances*. "What," say you, "can't a man be saved without going to church?" [reply, there are men, I suppose, in glory, who have never seen a church; but the church is the ordained means by which we are to be brought to God; and if truth affects us when we are alone, it affects us more mightily when we are in an assembly, the feelings of others emphasizing our own

feelings. The great law of sympathy comes into play, and a truth that would take hold only with a grasp of a sick man, beats mightily against the soul with a thousand heart-throbs.

948. HYPER-CRITICISM.

WHEN I see people critical about sermons, and critical about tones of voice, and critical about sermonic delivery, they make me think of a man in prison. He is condemned to death, but an officer of the government brings a pardon and puts it through the wicket of the prison, and says: "Here is your pardon. Come and get it." "What, do you expect me to take that pardon offered with such a voice as you have, with such an awkward manner as you have? I would rather die than so compromise my rhetorical notions!" Ah, the man does not say that: he takes it; it is his life. He does not care how it is handed to him. And if that pardon from the throne of God is offered to our souls, should we not seize it, regardless of all criticism, feeling that it is a matter of heaven or hell?

949. EVER NEW.

THE Bible is the newest book in the world. "Oh," you say, "it was made hundreds of years ago, and the learned men of King James translated it hundreds of years ago." I confute that idea by telling you it is not five minutes old, when God, by His blessed Spirit, re-translates it into the heart. If you will, in the seeking of the way of life through Scripture study, implore God's light to fall upon the page, you will find that these promises are not one second old, and that they drop straight from the throne of God into your heart.

950. A SCOTCH MIST.

OH, how many wonderful things prayer has accomplished! Have you ever tried it? In the days when the Scotch covenanters were persecuted, and the enemies were after them, one of the head men among the covenanters prayed: "Oh, Lord, we be as dead men unless Thou shalt

help us. Oh, Lord, throw the lap of Thy cloak over these poor things." And instantly a Scotch mist enveloped and hid the persecuted from their persecutors—the promise literally fulfilled: "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

951. CHRIST PRESENT.

HAVE an altar in the parlour, in the kitchen, in the store, in the barn, for Christ will be willing to come again to the manger to hear prayer. He would come in your place of business, as He confronted Matthew, the custom-house officer.

952. A FLUTTERING BIRD.


You are in your house some summer day, and a shower comes up, and a bird affrighted darts into the window, and wheels around the room. You seize it. You smooth its ruffled plumage. You feel its fluttering heart. You say: "Poor thing! poor thing!" Now, a prayer goes out of the storm of this world into the window of God's mercy, and He catches it, and He feels its fluttering pulse, and He puts it in His own bosom of affection and safety. Prayer is a warm, ardent, pulsating exercise. It is the electric battery which, touched, thrills to the throne of God! It is the diving-bell in which we go down into the depths of God's mercy and bring up "pearls of great price." There was an instance where prayer made the waves of Gennesaret solid as Russ pavement.

953. REFRESHING PRAYER.

PRAYER is the cup with which we go to the "fountain of living water," and dip up refreshment for our thirsty soul.

954. GOD A FATHER.

GOD is not an autocrat or a despot seated on a throne, with His arms resting on brazen lions, and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a Father, seated in a bower, waiting for His children to come and *climb on His knee*, and get His kiss and His benediction.



955. TAKE YOUR SEAT.

If you want to get to Albany, you go to the grand central depôt, or to the steamboat wharf, and having got your ticket you do not sit down on the wharf or sit in the depôt; you get aboard the boat or train. And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to heaven—waiting, waiting, but not with intelligent waiting, or they would get on board the line of Christian influences that would bear them into the kingdom of God.

956. THOUGHTS SHAPED.

WHEN God would set fast a beautiful thought, He plants it in a tree. When He would put it afloat, He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide through the air, He moulds it into a bird.

957. SINGING WORKMEN.

It is a good sign when you hear workmen whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley.

958. TEARS.

OH, I have noticed, again and again, what a botch this world makes of it when it tries to comfort a soul in trouble. It says, "Don't cry." How can we help crying when the heart's treasures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother is gone, and companions are gone, and the child is gone, and everything seems gone. It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry. The world comes up and says: "Oh! it is only the body of the loved one you have put in the ground." But there is no comfort in that. That body is precious to us. Shall we never put our hand in that hand again, and shall we never see that sweet face again? Away with your heartlessness, O world! But come, Jesus, and tell us that when the tears fall, they fall into God's bottle. That the dear bodies of your loved ones shall rise radiant in the resurrection. And all the breakings down here shall be

liftings up there ; and " they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat ; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

959. FLY HIGH.


THE birds of the air are wiser than we ; in the fact that, in their migrations, *they fly very high*. During the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun ; but when they start for the annual flight southward, they take their places mid-heaven, and go straight as a mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would God we were as wise as the stork and the crane in our flight heavenward. We fly so low, that we are within range of the world, the flesh, and the devil. We are brought down by temptation, which ought not to come within a mile of reaching us.

960. MOZART.

I WAS reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians there with elaborate pieces of music. After a while, Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper before him, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said, "What are you playing. I see no music before you?" And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am making it up as I go along." It was very well for him ; but, oh ! my friends, we cannot extemporise heaven.

961. BELLS.

It is strange how out of the same bell you can get so many different sounds—glad or sad, just as the janitor rings it fast or slow. So when Independence Day comes he rings the bell merrily, and every stroke seems to say, "Independence," "Liberty;" and then when the long procession winds into the churchyard, that same bell tolls for the dead. *So it is with the Gospel bell. I lay hold of the rope to-day,*



and offer you pardon, peace, and heaven. How gladly the bell rings out, free! free! But there is another story to be told. Those who reject God, and wander away from Him, go into perpetual sorrow, and so I lay hold of the rope of the bell, and give it slow, sad, solemn pull, and it rings out through the darkness of the destroyed spirit, "Woe! woe!"

962. SING ON.

THE most serious undertaking of a bird's life is this annual travel from the Hudson to the Amazon, from the Thames to the Nile. Naturalists tell us that they arrive out there weary and plumage-ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way, the ground the lower line of the music, the sky the upper line of the music, themselves the notes scattered up and down between. I suppose their song gives elasticity to their wings, and helps on the journey, dwindling from a thousand miles into five hundred. Would God that we were as wise as they, mingling Christian song with our every-day work.

963. NO APPEAL.

If we lose our case in the Court of "Common Pleas," we take it to the "Circuit;" or, failing there, we take it to "Chancery," or "Supreme Court." If we are tried before a petit jury, and the case goes against us through some technicality of the law, we get a new trial. But, when the decision of the last day shall be given, there will be no appeal. If we are acquitted, though earth and hell should demand that we be tried over again, God will say, "No; that man is acquitted, and he is acquitted for ever." But if we are condemned, no new trial, no writ of *certiorari* taking it up to a higher jurisdiction. At the decision of the highest Judge of the highest bench, proclamation will go forth through the ages: "Acquitted once, acquitted for ever. Condemned once, condemned for ever."

964. MARY! MARY!

IN New York glittering life there was one amongst the gayest and the brightest. She had beauty, she had intelligence, she had wealth, but postponed until the last sickness

repentance for sin and preparation for eternity. The last sickness came. The doctor said, "You had better tell Mary—tell her very quietly and gently—that it is impossible that she can get well." They brought to her the intelligence, but delirium had come upon her, and she said, "Oh, you are mistaken, I am well—I am perfectly well; I could get up this minute if I wanted to, and walk forth." From that she went into a stupor, and from the stupor to the grave. It would only take three-quarters of an hour to go out where she sleeps to-night. Shall we go out and preach to her of this salvation? Shall we call, "Mary! Mary! fly to Christ!" Ah, it is too late! Her last chance is gone. "As the tree falleth, so it must lie. He that is holy, let him be holy still. He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."



965. GOD WILL EXPLAIN.

WHY is it that the good have it hard and the bad have it easy? Why that the Christian mother is deprived to-day of her only child, and the household of the godless left undisturbed? I appeal to the day of judgment. Tell me, O thou of the trumpet tongues, why these wrongs and outrages! Explain the neuralgias, and rheumatisms, and inquisitions! The world is dumb and can make no answer. I appeal to the day of judgment. Why Nero on the throne and Paul in the penitentiary? Why Nebuchadnezzar in the chariot and Daniel in the den? Why the defrauder building his villa on the Hudson River, while God's Christian sewing-women put their heads on a hard pillow in the back alley? Oh! day of judgment, explain this. On that day God will be vindicated, and men will cry out, "He is right—everlastingly right." "Thank God for those galling chains," will cry out the delivered captives. "Thank God for all those pangs," will cry out the recovered invalid. "Thank God for all those faggots," will exclaim the delivered martyr. Oh! if there were no such day promised at all, I think all the nations of earth would join in a petition to high heaven for such a day of glorious explanation.



966. MISSING.

AGAIN, I remark, in regard to the first crisis of which I speak, it will be *the ending of all our earthly associations.*

The nicely-folded letter of invitation will not reach us, and our foot will not sound in the rumbling of the dance. Of all the thousand voices on the money market, ours will not be heard. The ferry gates will open for us no more to go through. Amid the great populations that surge up and down the street we will not be jostled. Amid those with whom we weep, and laugh, and sing, there will not be one with whom we may shake hands, not one, not one. Amid all those who come to the worship of God, we will not bow the head, we will not lift the psalm. From all our commercial, all our social, all our political, all our religious, all our earthly associations, we will be snapped short off.

967. ONCE.

THERE is a very cheerful emphasis on that word "once." I know people who have so much grace, that death seems to be attractive to them, and they really talk as though they would be willing to die half a dozen times. It is not so with me. The idea is repulsive. I would like to get into Heaven without dying at all. I submit to the idea only because I have to. But, thank God, we die but once. We take seventeen thousand breaths in a day, but there will be only one last breath. For us, there will be only one passage of the Dead sea. "It is appointed unto men *once* to die."

968. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

I THINK it was in 1686 a vessel was bound for Portugal, but it was driven to pieces on an unfriendly coast. The captain had his son with him, and with the crew they wandered up the beach, and started on the long journey to find relief. After awhile, the son fainted by reason of hunger and the length of the way. The captain said to the crew, "Carry my boy for me on your shoulders." They carried him on; but the journey was so long, that after awhile the crew fainted from hunger and from weariness, and could carry him no longer. Then the father rallied his almost wasted energy, and took up his own boy, and put him on his shoulder, and carried him on mile after mile, *mile after mile*, until, overcome himself by hunger and weariness, he, too, fainted by the way. The boy lay down and died.

and the father, just at the time rescue came to him, also perished, living only long enough to tell the story—sad story, indeed. But glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take us up out of our shipwrecked and dying condition, and put us on the shoulder of His strength, and by the omnipotence of His Gospel, bear us on through all the journey of this life, and, at last, through the opening gates of heaven ! He is mighty to save.



969. A SINGING CHURCH.

THE Church of God will never become a triumphal church until it becomes a singing church.



970. OLD TESTAMENT ORATORIO.

ISAIAH stands head and shoulders above the other Old Testament authors in vivid descriptiveness of Christ. Other prophets give an outline of our Saviour's features. Some of them present, as it were, the side face of Christ, others the bust of Christ ; but Isaiah gives us the full-length portrait of Christ. Other prophets may excel in some things. Ezekiel more weird, David more pathetic, Solomon more epigrammatic, Habakkuk more sublime ; but when you want to see Christ coming out from the gates of prophecy in all His grandeur and glory, you involuntarily turn to Isaiah. So that if the prophecies in regard to Christ might be called the "Oratorio of the Messiah," the writing of Isaiah is the "Hallelujah Chorus" where all the batons wave and all the trumpets come in. Isaiah was not a man picked up out of insignificance by inspiration. He was known and honoured. Josephus, and Philo, and Sirach extolled him in their writings. What Paul was amongst the apostles, Isaiah was amongst the prophets.



971. MAN'S HELPLESSNESS.

You will be lost as sure as you sit there if you depend upon your own power. You cannot do it. No human arm was ever strong enough to unlock the door of heaven. No foot was ever mighty enough to break the shackle of sin.

No oarsman swarthy enough to row himself into God's harbour. Wind is against you ; the tide is against you ; the law is against you ; ten thousand corrupting influences are against you. Helpless and undone. Not so helpless a sailor on a plank mid-Atlantic. Not so helpless a traveller girdled by twenty miles of prairie on fire. Prove it, you say. I will prove it. John vi. 44 : "No man can come to Me, except the Father which hath sent Me draw him."

972. PARTED AT LAST!

THERE has got to be a good deal of praying before our families are brought to Christ. Ah ! it is an awful thing to have half a household on one side the line and the other part of the household on the other side the line. Oh, the possibility of an eternal separation ! One would think that such a thought would hover over the pillow, and hover over the arm-chair, and hover over the table, and that each clatter at the door would cause a shudder as though the last messenger had come. To live together in this world five years, or ten years, or fifty years, and then afterwards to live away from each other millions, millions, millions, millions of years, and to know and feel that between us and eternal separation there is only one heart-beat !

973. ROOM YET.

PLENTY of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of His love all ready to put upon your hand. Come, now, and sit down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in rags of sin take the robe of Christ. Ye who are swamped by the breakers around you, cry to Christ to pilot you into smooth, still waters.

974. TRUE PRAYER.

I DO do not care so much what posture you take in prayer, nor how large an amount of voice you use. You *might* get down on your face before God, if you did not *pray* right inwardly, and there would be no response. You *might* cry at the top of your voice, and unless you had a

believing spirit within, your cry would not go further up than the shout of a plough-boy to his oxen. Prayer must be believing, earnest, loving.

975. WISE FATHERS.

A MAN has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children, and giving them a drawing-master and a music-teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to, unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes, to fly the kite, and trundle the hoop, and chase the ball, and jump the rope with his children, ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness. If you want to keep your children away from places of sin, you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons, and advocate reforms, and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin, unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh! gather all charms into your house. If you can afford it, bring books, and pictures, and cheerful entertainments to the household. But, above all, teach those children, not by half-an-hour twice a year on the Sabbath-day, but day after day, and every day, teach them that religion is a great gladness, that it throws chains of gold about the neck, that it takes no spring from the foot, no blitheness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter; but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

976. TWO WORLDS.

THERE are two worlds—heaven and hell—and I cannot imagine a ghastlier ruin than that which shall come upon that minister, who, in this day, hides the fact that while there is a heaven there is a hell. If that Bible is true, then there are two worlds. They are just as different as possible: *the one is all light, the other is all darkness; the one is all holiness, the other is all sin.* I won't now stop to quote a

dozen passages I might to prove that there are two worlds. You certainly believe that there is a world of light—you have so many loved ones there you are willing to admit it. But those who go out into darkness will go there for ever. The long roll of the ages will not break the chain or illumine the darkness. No hope, no peace, no offer of mercy, no God. On the folds of the storm shall be written the words: "Destroyed without remedy;" and the sea of suffering, dashing up, shall surge on the ear the same doleful tones: "Destroyed without remedy;" and the heavens, echoing with the thunders that boom, and break, and burst over all that land of desolation, shall reverberate amid the mountains of death: "Destroyed without remedy."



977. COMMERCIAL SORROWS.

A PREACHER has no more right to ignore commercial sorrows than any other kind of sorrow. Any man who will, in this day, by voice, or pen, or type, inflame the public mind, or try to keep up the excitement of commercial circles, is the enemy of God and of good society.



978. TWO TONES.

THE same person may have two different tones of voice. Jesus has two tones of voice. He now addresses you with one tone. The time will come when, if you reject Him, He will address you in another tone. To-night, He says, with infinite gentleness and love: "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Reject His mercy, and at the last day He will say to those who have cast Him off, in another tone, a deeper tone, a condemning tone: "Because I called and ye refused, and stretched out My hand, and no man regarded it, therefore I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh."



979. LOST! LOST! LOST!

I WAS once sent for to see a dying man. I was told that he forbade any Christian man from coming into his room, yet I conceived it my duty to go. I entered the

room. He was sitting up in the bed, though he was marked for the last moment. He had a knife in his hand, and was eating an apple. As I entered the room he lifted the knife, as if to throw it at me. I said: "Stop! I have just come here as a neighbour, to talk to you a little. Put down that knife." Then I talked and prayed with him, but I saw it was of no use; he paid no attention, and interrupted what I said. I went away. A few weeks after that, one hot summer night, the people in all that neighbourhood got up and closed their windows. Why? That man of whom I spoke was dying, and in his last moment, with almost supernatural energy, he rallied himself, and cried out: "Lost! lost! lost!" and the sound rang through the village. No wonder they closed their windows on that hot summer night.

980. HEAVEN.

GATHER up all the pearls of the sea, and all the diamonds of the field, and all the gold of the mountain, and make them spell one word: "Heaven." Gather up all the flowers of the field and twist them into garlands, each word a garland, and let it spell "Heaven." Oh, it seems as if all the language was heaved up into that throne and set in that jasper work, and swung in that pearly gate, and we can almost hear the surf dash of the crystal sea, and the clapping of the cymbals in the eternal orchestra, and the sounding up of the hosanna, higher than the waves leaping above Eddystone lighthouse, dashing higher than the throne, and filling all the city of the sun as with "the voice of rushing waters."

981. PASSING AWAY.

THERE is something constantly reminding me that we are passing away. Riding along to-night, through the outskirts of the city—for I live in the outskirts—I heard the leaves rattling under the wheel, and I saw they were being shaken down by the wind. I thought, here are sermons preaching all along this road, from the text: "We all do fade as a leaf!" There is something in the passing of the seasons, something in the withering of the grass, something in the floating of the clouds, something in the

tramp, tramp, tramp of the pulse, that says: "passing away." We cannot look at a watch to see the time, but we hear in the tick: "passing away;" or look at the hand, but we see in its movement: "passing away."

982. ALL IN THE CHURCH.

I FEEL a sympathy with what a woman said to me. I was told to come to her dying couch, and administer the sacrament. I went with an elder. She said: "I want to belong to the Church. I am going up to be a member of the Church in heaven; but I don't want to go until I am a member of the Church on earth." So I gave her the sacrament. And then she said: "Now, I am in the Church, here is the baby, baptize him; and here are all the children, baptize them all. I want to leave them all in the Church." So I baptized them. Some years after, I was preaching one day in Chicago, and at the close of the services a lad came upon the platform, and said: "You don't know me, do you?" "No," said I. "My name is George Parish." "Ah," said I; "I remember I baptized you by your mother's dying bed, didn't I?" "Yes," he said: "You baptized all of us there, and I came up to tell you that I have given my heart to God. I thought you would like to know it." "I am very glad," I replied; "but I am not surprised. You had a good mother; that is almost sure to make a boy come to God if he has a good mother."

983. PSALM XXIII.

I HAD an uncle, a minister of the Gospel, who came into the house one day, and said to his daughter: "I believe my time has come." She said: "Are you sick?" "I don't know what's the matter with me," he replied; "but I am certain my time has come." He laid down upon a couch in perfect composure, closed his own eyes, folded his hands, and then began to say: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: *He leadeth me beside the still waters. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou*

preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness—and—mercy shall follow—me all—the days of my—life—and—I—will—dwell—in the house—of—the Lord—for ever." And when he had finished the psalm, he had finished life!

984. PRECIOUS JESUS.

THERE are some people about whose friendship you don't care, and there are others about whose friendship you are very anxious. Let me say there is no pardon or heaven without the friendship of Christ. If Christ were a repulsive being; if He had a hard hand—if His whole nature were repelling to you, I would not blame you for not coming to Him; but He is such a precious Jesus.

985. BLACK SHEEP.

I DON'T apologise for everything that is in the Church. You say there are a great many wrong things about. I know it. There are very mean men in the Church—very proud men—very inconsistent men. There are members of the Church that I wouldn't trust with a five cent piece. And yet I want you to understand that the vast majority of those who have connected themselves with the people of God are not of that sort. There are a great many mean bankers; does that make you ashamed to be a banker? There are mean merchants; does that make you ashamed to be a merchant? There are mean lawyers; does that make you ashamed to be a lawyer? No! The fact that there are dishonourable men in any profession is nothing against the profession; and the fact that there are inconsistent Christians is nothing against Christianity, and nothing against the Church.

986. UNPARDONED.

THERE was a man in New York, eighty years of age, who said to a clergyman who came in: "Do you think that a man at eighty years of age can get pardoned?" "Oh yes," said the clergyman. The old man said: "I can't; when I

was twenty years of age—I am now eighty years—the spirit of God came to my soul, and I felt the importance of attending to these things, but I put it off. I rejected God, and since then I have had no feeling.” “Well,” said the minister, “wouldn’t you like to have me pray with you?” “Yes,” replied the old man, “but it will do no good. You can pray with me if you like to.” The minister knelt down and prayed, and commended the man’s soul to God. It seemed to have no effect upon him. After awhile, the last hour of the man’s life came, and through his delirium a spark of intelligence seemed to flash, and with his last breath he said : “*I shall never be forgiven.*” “Oh, seek the Lord while He may be found.”

987. GOSPEL MEDICINE.

THE Gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine : it either kills or cures.

988. HARD WAYS.

I HAD a friend who went to the wicket-door of a prison to see a man who had been incarcerated. He said to the man : “Come, I want to speak to you.” The man had lost both feet ; they had been frozen off during a time of intoxication. He crawled up to the wicket, then he gathered himself up and stood as well as he could, his head still bandaged for wounds received from the police when he was arrested. And standing there, trembling with his debauchery and his crimes, he looked into the face of my friend, and said : “*The way of the transgressor is hard.*”

989. CRITICAL MOMENTS.

A GENTLEMAN told me that at the battle of Gettysburgh he stood upon a height, looking off upon the conflicting armies. He said it was the most exciting moment of his life ; now one army seeming to triumph and now the other. After awhile, the host wheeled in such a way that he knew in five minutes the whole question would be decided. He said the emotion was almost unbearable. There is just such a time to-day with you, oh, impenitent soul!—the forces of

light on the one side, and the siege-guns of hell on the other side, and in a few moments the matter will be settled for eternity. There is a time which mercy has set for leaving port. If you are on board before that, you will get a passage for heaven. If you are not on board, you miss your passage for heaven. As, in law courts, a case is sometimes adjourned from term to term, and from year to year, till the bill of costs eats up the entire estate, so there are men who are adjourning the matter of religion from time to time, and from year to year, until heavenly bliss is the bill of costs the man will have to pay for it.

990. THAT DAY.

ON that day, all our advantages will come up for our glory or for our discomfiture—every prayer, every sermon, every exhortatory remark, every reproof, every call of grace; and, while the heavens are rolling away like a scroll, and the world is being destroyed, your destiny and my destiny will be announced. Alas! alas! if on that day it is found that we have neglected these matters. We may throw them off now. We cannot then. We will all be in earnest then. But no pardon then. No offer of salvation then. No rescue then.

991. FREE ADMISSION.

THE diamond districts of Brazil are carefully guarded, and a man does not get in there except by a pass from the government; but the love of Christ is a diamond district we may all enter, and pick up treasures for eternity.

992. BEAUTY OF CHRIST.

OH, if men could only catch just one glimpse of Christ, I know they would love Him. Your heart leaps at the sight of a glorious sunrise or sunset. Can you be without emotion as the Sun of righteousness rises behind Calvary, and sets behind Joseph's sepulchre? He is a blessed Saviour! Every nation has its type of beauty. There is German beauty, and Swiss beauty, and Italian beauty, and English beauty; but I care not in what land a man first looks at Christ, he pronounces Him "chief among ten thousand, and

the One altogether lovely." Oh, my blessed Jesus! Light in darkness. The Rock on which I build. The Captain of Salvation. My joy. My strength. How strange it is that men cannot love Thee.

993. THE WORLD ON FIRE.

BECAUSE your property goes, do not let your soul go. Though all else perish, save that ; for I have to tell you of a more stupendous shipwreck than that which I just mentioned. God launched this world six thousand years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals ; but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and He will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril. But how many shall go down will never be known, until it shall be announced one day in heaven ; the shipwreck of a world ! So many millions saved ! So many millions drowned ! Oh ! my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls.

994. TRUE HEROISM.

THERE is such a thing as heroism in merchandise, and there are Waterloos of the counter. A man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick.

995. INCREASE OF JOY.

IF you have one joy now, and will become a Christian, you will have ten thousand joys then. The grace of God will not deplete you ; it will not rob you of a single satisfaction. There is not one thing in all the round of enjoyments that will be denied you. God gives especial lease to the Christian for all sunlight, for all friendship, for all innocent beverages, for all exhilarations. I will tell you

the difference. You go into a factory, and you see only three or four wheels turning, and you say to the manufacturer: "How is this? you have such a large factory, and yet three-fourths of the wheels are quiet." He says the water is low. A few weeks afterwards, you go in and find all the spindles flying, and all the bands working—fifty, or a hundred, or five hundred. "Why," you say, "there is a great change here." "Oh, yes," says the manufacturer, "the water has risen. We have more power now than before." I come into this man's soul, who has not surrendered himself to God, and I find there are faculties employed; but only a part of his nature is working. The water is low. After a while I come into that man's nature, and I find that all his capacities, all his energies are in full play. I say here is a great difference. The floods of divine grace have poured their strength upon that soul, and whereas only a few faculties were employed then, now all the energies and capacities of the soul are in full work. In other words, he who becomes a Christian is a thousand times more of a man than he was before he became a Christian.

996. GRACE A PULLEY.

GRACE does not come to the heart as we set a cask at the corner of the house to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God which we pull, bringing the blessing.

997. SIN NEVER PAYS.

SIN never pays. It mingles a cup of gall for your life; it twists a whip of scorpions for your back; and when you, at your last moments, stand on the cold mountains of death, it will come up and blow out the last taper that illumines your pathway, leaving you in the blackness of darkness forever.

998. LASTING RICHES.

I HAVE seen a man in a business strait go through, sustained by the grace of God. By disaster, in one night his fortune all went. When I saw him before, he was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars; now he was not worth a

farthing. Yet he was counting up his heavenly treasures. If God had knocked out the bottom of his earthly fortunes, that bottom was found to be the top of the chest in which are the jewels of heaven ! And if his riches took wings and flew away, in their flight they met the ravens of God coming down to hungry Elijah ! That man, to-day, on a salary of £250 as a clerk in the same store over which he had presided with great dignity, is happier than Henry VIII. was, on the day when Anne Boleyn came to the palace—than Napoleon III., at the time of his coronation—than any man who trusts in the wealth or honour of this world for his chief satisfaction. I expect the day will come when I can set the consolations of that Gospel on your counting-room desk. Under its light the bank protests, and the letters of angry creditors, reading like the full title-deed to the thrones and principalities of heaven. That is what I call an every-day religion.

999. RICHARD BAXTER.

WHILE we advocate all sports, and exercises, and modes of life that improve the physical organism, we have no respect for bone, and nerve, and muscle in the abstract. Health is a fine harp, but we want to know what tune you are going to play on it. We have not one daisy to put on the grave of a dead pugilist or mere boat-racer, but all the garlands we can twist for the tomb of the man who serves God, though he be as physically weak as Richard Baxter, whose ailments were almost as many as his books, and they numbered forty.

1000. PHYSICAL ENERGY.

By all means let us culture physical energy. Let there be more gymnasiums in our colleges and theological seminaries. Let the student know how to wield oar and bat, and in good boyish wrestle see who is the strongest. The health of mental and spiritual work often depends on physical health.

1001. HEENANISM.

THERE is just now an attempt at the glorification of muscle. The man who can row the swiftest, or strike a

ball the farthest, or drop the strongest wrestler, is coming to be of more importance. Strong muscle is a grand thing to have, but everything depends on how you use it. If Heenan had become a Christian, he would have made a capital professor in Polemic Theology. If the Harvard or Yale student shall come in from the boat-race and apply his athletic strength to rowing the world out of the breakers, we say: "All hail" to him. The more physical force a man has the better; but if Samson finds nothing more useful to do than carrying off gate-posts, his strong muscle is only a nuisance.

1002. GOOD SEED NOT LOST.

A GOOD many years ago a lad, fifteen years of age, heard, in England, John Flavel preach from the text: "If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maranatha." The lad grew up, came to this country, and lived to be one hundred years of age, not having found Christ. One day he stood in the field, and the memory of that sermon of John Flavel crossed his mind, and the thought of how that minister of Christ, at the close of the service, said: "How can I pronounce the benediction, when there may be some here who love not the Lord Jesus Christ, and are Anathema, Maranatha." The remembrance of that minister brought the old man to Christ, at one hundred years of age, and eighty-five years after he had heard that Gospel sermon. Oh! it is a grand thing to preach earnestly, faithfully, and successfully this glorious Gospel.

1003. EARNEST RELIGION.

How few people talk religion; they whine about it. What charm is there for a wide-awake, warm-hearted, enthusiastic man, amid the cold formalities of the Church of God? He sees through them; he sees they are a sham. Friday morning you go into a merchant's store and buy a bill of hosiery. How his face lights up. How cheerful he is. How fascinating he is while he is selling the bill of goods. You go away, saying: "That is one of the most agreeable men I ever met in my life." That very Friday evening you go into the prayer-meeting where that same *Christian merchant* worships, and you find him getting up

and recommending the religion of Jesus Christ, with a funeral countenance and a doleful phraseology, enough to make an undertaker burst into tears. How few people there are who talk cheerfully about the religion of Jesus.

1004. DYSPEPSIA.

A VERY prominent literary man apologised to us the other day for his merciless attack on one of our books, saying that he felt miserable that morning, and must pitch into something, and our book being the first one on the table, he pitched into that. Our health decides our style of work. If this world is to be taken for God, we want more sanctified muscle. The man who comes to his Christian work having had sound sleep the night before, and the result of roast beef in his organism, can do almost anything. Luther was not obliged to nurse his appetite with any Plantation Bitters, but was ready for the coarsest diet, even the "Diet of Worms."

1005. ALWAYS YOUNG.

WE never get over being boys and girls. The good, healthy man, sixty years of age, is only a boy with added experience. A woman is only an old girl. Summer is but an older spring. August is May in its teens. We shall be useful in proportion as we keep young in our feelings. There is no use for fossils except in museums and on the shelf. I like young old folks.

1006. THE BEST COUNSELLOR.

INSTEAD of going at such a time to worldly resources, why did you not go to God? Why did you not lock the door of your private office, and get down on your knees, and say, "Oh, Lord, Thou seest my business trouble. There is that note at the bank. I have no money to meet it. There is my rent, it has become due; what shall I do about it? There are my unsaleable goods at the warehouse. Lord Jesus, help me out of this trouble." God would have done it as certainly as He sits upon the throne and offers help to men who want it. You did not go for it.

and you did not get it. If you had made your religion do that, it would have been worth something. Your religion, instead of being a robe to wrap around you and keep you warm in the chill blasts of trial, has been merely a string of beads around your neck, very beautiful to look at, and that is all. In the last panic in New York, amid all the excitement, there was a man found in Wall Street, in his back office, with a loaded pistol lying on the table when he was writing a farewell letter to his family. What did that man most need? Was it the counsel of the brokers? The help of the note-shavers? No! He wanted the comfort and the peace of Christ's religion.

1007. THE NEW YEAR.

WE enter now upon another year. It will be an eventful year. You and I may not live to see its close, for God can spare you, and me, and ten thousand better persons than we are, and still carry on His work: but His church will be prospered. Having risen up as you have, to the work of giving the Gospel to the masses of Brooklyn, nothing can put you to confusion. We need no pillar of cloud by day to lead us, for God's angels are sworn to defend us, and success in the future is as certain as though on that wall I saw coming out in letters of fire, while I speak: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

1008. THE OLD YEAR.

FIFTY-TWO times the shuttle has flown, in each flight weaving a week with a golden border of Sabbath. Three hundred and sixty-four times the clock has struck twelve for the noon, and twelve for the night. In that time, how many marriage garlands have been twisted, how many graves dug, how many sorrows suffered, how many fortunes won, how many souls lost, how many immortals saved!

1009. BEREAVEMENT.

OH! how many households have been broken up by bereavement. From most other sorrows you can run away.

You can go home, but how if a part of the home itself is gone? Then it is not so easy. Then everything reminds you of your loss. Suppose you should sit down at a piano, put a piece of music on the rack, then put your foot on the pedal, and your fingers on the keys, the music would start off magnificently. But suppose you struck one key, and the chord did not respond because it was broken. Why, that ruins the entire accompaniment. Well, sometimes in life you have been going on in great joy and hilarity, when suddenly you have thought of a voice, just one voice that has been hushed, of one heart that is still, and the silent key spoiled all the music.

1010. A CHILD'S THEOLOGY.

OUGHT our religion to repel or attract? My little child, four years old, said to her mother: "Ma, ma, I saw in a book a picture of a man and a picture of God, and the man looked awfully frightened because he saw God. Now," she says, "if I had been there, and God had come in, I would not have been frightened; I would have just gone right up, and put my arms around His neck, and kissed Him." Well, I thought that was pretty good theology. In other words, religion ought to invite our caresses, instead of driving the world howling away, as though it were something disagreeable, repulsive, and to be hated.

1011. EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

I HAVE tried in this church to preach an every-day religion. The vast majority of my congregation are in business life. It would have been absurd for me to talk about abstract trials when I saw by the paper that gold was going down and men were losing their fortunes. We must bring a Gospel comfort just suited to the condition of the people to whom we preach. Here is a physician who comes into a sick room where there is a case of diphtheria. Does he apply to it medicines for cholera, or yellow fever, or marasmus? Oh, no! it is a specific for diphtheria. And if we want to make the Gospel successful in the hearts of men in the way of comfort, we must bring that particular phase of it which is thoroughly adapted to the case. So I have,

from time to time, tried to bring you a Gospel that would be appropriate in Wall Street, and in Broadway, and in Schermerhorn Street, and in Montague Street.

1012. THE CHURCH A FAMILY.

EVERY church was intended by God to be a large family circle—of fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters. What kind of a family-circle would that be, where the brothers did not recognise each other, and the parents were characterised by frigidity and heartlessness? Sons and daughters of God, have you no higher appreciation of the larger Christian brotherhood in which you are gathered in churches? Who is that that used to sit before you in the church? Don't know. Who is that that used to sit at your right hand and at your left hand? Don't know. You ought to have known. It is a sin not to be acquainted with those who sit by us in the house of God year after year. Do not stand upon the formalities of society. In the name of Christ, I declare to you the privilege of giving the right hand of fellowship to every one who comes to the same church.

1013. OPPOSITION.

IN proportion as you are faithful, will you be abused. In other words, the faster a ship goes, the more angrily will the waters boil. So, there are some secular and religious newspapers of this day that are full of spite and full of venom. You say you do not understand it. There is no mystery to me about it. It is natural. It is the history of the church of God all the world over in all ages.

1014. DISAPPOINTMENTS.

It is a simple fact that there are but few men who take the comforts of religion into their business. You get sick, or a member of your family dies; you say, "Send for the minister!" But suppose you are in a business corner; suppose the sheriff is after you; suppose your best friend betrays you; suppose there are three or four men in the front office with duns for debts *that you cannot meet*; suppose that you can no more sleep

at night than if you were on the top of a mast in a Mediterranean hurricane ; suppose with flushed cheek you walk the floor at night, your head aching as though it would split open—why, then, do you not send for religious consolation ? No, you do not. You send for some poor, miserable skin-flint, and ask him if he will lend you a thousand dollars, at two per cent. a month, and he will not do it ! You go to a friend you helped in time of trouble, and want to get his name on your note, and he will not give it ; and, in utter despair and wild with trouble, you say : “ If it were not for my wife and children I would jump off the dock.”

1015. GOOD AND BAD MINISTERS.

I KNOW a man who professes to be a minister of Christ, who is in his third settlement. The two previous churches that he served have come to extinction as the result of that ministry, and there is not much prospect that the third will long survive. While, on the other hand, there are ministers of Christ who have for thirty and forty years stood in the same places, and the tie of affection and confidence between pastor and people has all the time strengthened.

1016. ADAPTATION.

THERE are churches being depleted and blasted by a ministry not adapted to them. A minister has no more right to kill a church than a church has a right to kill a minister.

1017. TRY TO SAVE.

SUPPOSE a vessel were driven on the rocks, and while fifty people were struggling in the surf, one man gets safely to the beach and runs up to the fisherman's hut, and sits down, and warms himself, regardless of those who are still struggling in the water—what a cruel thing that would be. How much better, like the survivors of the *Atlantic* shipwreck, toiling with both hands until the left hand gave out, and until the right hand gave out, and then with their teeth seizing the clothing of the suffering ones and pulling them ashore. And what do you suppose God thinks of us, if,

having escaped from the floods of sin, and darkness, and death, we are culturing an unchristian selfishness while there are hundreds and thousands all around about us still struggling in the wave. I say let us have a kindly sympathy and helpfulness towards those who are all around us.

1018. THREE TUNES.

I NOW take the harp of Gospel comfort, and play three tunes: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning"—that is one; "All things work together for good to those who love God"—that is two; "And the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes"—and that is the third.

1019. MINISTERS' CALLS.

A MINISTER living amid people who do not believe in him, cannot be useful. When a congregation wish that their pastor would be called to some other position, he really has a call to go. When they have the idea that he is influenced by selfish and wordly motives, his usefulness is done, and he as really has a call to go as he had a call to come.

1020. SPIRITUAL CHURCH-CLEANING.

How to get out of the old rut without twisting off the wheel, or snapping the shafts, or breaking the horse's leg, is a question not more appropriate to every teamster than to every Christian worker. Having once got out of the old rut, the next thing is to keep out. There is nothing more killing than ecclesiastical humdrum. Some persons do not like the Episcopal Church because they have the same prayers every Sabbath, but have we not for the last ten years been hearing the same prayers over and over again? the product of a self-manufactured liturgy that has not the thousandth part of the excellency of those petitions that we hear in the Episcopal Church. In many of our churches *sinner*s hear the same exhortations that they have been *hearing* for the last fifteen years, so that the impenitent man

knows, the moment the exhorter clears his throat, just what is going to be said; and the hearer himself is able to recite the exhortation as we teach our children the multiplication table forward or backward. We could not understand the doleful strain of a certain brother's prayer till we found out that he composed it on a Fast-day during the yellow fever in 1821, and has been using it ever since. There are laymen who do not like to hear a sermon preached the second time, who yet give their pastors the same prayer every week at the devotional meeting, that is, fifty-two times in the year, with occasional slices of it between meals. If they made any spiritual advancement, they would have new wants to express and new thanksgivings to offer. But they have been for a decade of years stuck fast in the mud, and they splash the same thing on you every week. We need a universal church-cleaning, by which all canting and humdrum shall be scrubbed out.

1021. CHURCH ICICLES.

THERE are churches that are Arctic seas—iceberg grinding against iceberg. The attendants upon them come as men come into the ferry-boat, sitting down beside each other—no nod of recognition, no hand-grasping of fellowship, no throb of brotherly and sisterly affection. They come in, they sit down, they go out. From Saturday to Monday morning they are ferried over by Christian ordinances, and that is all there is of it. Now, my dear brother, if you are cold, and hard, and selfish, then the higher the wall you build around your soul, the better. You would do well to be exclusive; but if there is in you anything kind, anything lovely, anything noble, anything useful, let it shine out.

1022. EPITAPHS.

LET not poetizers practise on the tombstones. Our uniform advice to all those who want acceptable and suggestive epitaphs is, take a passage of Scripture. That will never wear out. From generation to generation it will bring down upon all visitors a holy hush, and if before that stone has crumbled, the day comes for waking up of all the graveyard sleepers, the very words chiselled on the marble may be the ones that shall ring from the trumpet of the archangel.

1023. KEEPING FRESH.

IF we would keep fresh, let us make occasional *excursions into other circles than our own*. Artists generally go with artists, farmers with farmers, mechanics with mechanics, clergymen with clergymen, Christian workers with Christian workers. But there is nothing that sooner freshens one up than to get in a new group, mingling with people whose thought and work run in different channels. For a change, put the minister on the hay-rack, and the farmer in the clergyman's study.

1024. LOSS OF THE "VILLE DU HAYRE."

I CANNOT realise that that steamer is gone. Did you ever see her? She was a beautiful vessel. I was on her deck one day (she was lying at the wharf), examining the marvels of her structure and the beauty of her cabins. She was the most beautiful steamer I ever saw; and now, at the bottom of the Atlantic, is that dead steamer. The furnaces all out. The pulsating machinery still. Passengers still in their berths, sleeping their last sleep! No hand on the helm. No foot pacing the look-out. Sea monsters floating in and out of the gashed sides of the steamer. Along the gangway, on the stairs, and in the cabins, the bodies of men, and fair maidens, and beautiful children, waiting for the resurrection. Oh! the dead steamer, buried in coffin of coral, under garlands of sea-weed, in the cemetery of dead ships, beside the *Arctic*, and the *Pacific*, the *Cambria*, and the *President*, and the *City of Boston*. Toll all the cathedral bells of Madrid, and Paris, and Geneva, and New York.

1025. UNPREPAREDNESS.

WHAT an awful thing it must have been, at two o'clock in the morning, on that ship for those not ready! The longest time spoken of, between the collision and the plunge, was twelve minutes. Alas! for the impenitent people on board that vessel! Only twelve minutes to do the whole work of a lifetime, and make preparation for countless ages of *eternity*. Twelve minutes! Twelve minutes! I think they took ten of them in hoping that they would get off

into the lifeboats or on the *Lochearn*, climbing down the mast. I think that ten minutes were taken in that way, hoping to get off. Then, there were only two minutes left; but even these two minutes must be split up; one minute to look over a wasted life, and the other minute to look forward to the great eternity.

1026. ALONE.

DID you not notice that one strangely thrilling telegram that came last week? A husband and father sent out a wife and daughter on their excursion. They took the *Ville du Havre*. The wife went down in the wreck, the daughter was rescued, and she telegraphed to her father in New York: "I am saved! *Alone!*" Oh, will that be the history of any family in this house to-day? Will you at last reach heaven and the rest be lost? Having so many opportunities of bringing your friends and your families into the kingdom of God, will it be announced at the last that you are "*saved—alone!*"

1027. A SURPRISE.

THE Sabbath is a good day in which to live or die. Day of resurrection. Day of jubilee. Day of ascension to their soul. Yet how strange it did seem that, fifteen minutes before, those men down in the cabins heard not the trumpets before the throne, heard not the rush of the chariots of salvation, heard not the hallelujah of the redeemed! Oh! wake up, ye men of God, down in the cabins, within fifteen minutes of glory! The gates are opening, the hospitalities of heaven are preparing, the kings and queens of God are coming down to the gate to greet you. Wake up! men of God, down in the cabins of the *Ville du Havre*.

1028. "SUDDEN DEATH, SUDDEN GLORY."

I LEARN from this accident at sea, that there are some *Christians nearer to glory than they think*. To many of the passengers on that ship, death was translation. They arrived at a better port than France could have afforded them. They did not know, when they went to sleep that night, that they were so near the jasper sea, so near the

throne of Christ, so near re-union with the friends gone before, so near to the end of all pain, and struggle, and trial. If they had had any appreciation of the coming joy, they could not have slept a wink that night. They would have said: "In one hour I shall be with Christ, in glory." Heaven was a surprise to them. Some of them were ministers of the Gospel. I suppose that the same Jesus they had preached in Madrid, and Paris, and Geneva, stood by them on the parting deck. I suppose that when the *Lochearn* crashed in on the one side, the Lord Jesus Christ walked the water on the other side.

1029. VARIETY.

LET us read books not in our own line. After a man has been delving in nothing but theological works for three months, a few pages in the Patent-office Report will do him more good than Doctor Dick on "The Perseverance of the Saints." Better than this, as a diversion, is it to have some department of Natural History or Art, to which you may turn—a case of shells or birds, or a season ticket to some picture-gallery. If you do nothing but play on one string of the bass viol, you will wear it out and get no healthy tune. Better take the bow and sweep it clear across in one grand swirl, bringing all four strings and all eight stops into requisition.

1030. CHURCH SOCIALITY.

THE church sociable ought to be the most cheerful of all places. Let there be in it a time to laugh. Do not with long faces overshadow the young people. You go to church and to the prayer-meeting to worship: then worship, and have nothing but worship. You go to the sociable: then have nothing but sociality. Yet, there are church re-unions so entirely formal, that the liveliest thing in all the evening is the long metre doxology. Be cheerful, be kind, be sympathetic with all with whom you are associated. If fish go in shoals, and if sheep go in flocks, and if flowers go in tribes, and if stars swing in galaxes, then let all those who worship in the same church move together in loving and shining bands. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

1031. EPITAPHIOLOGY.

THE story of a lifetime cannot be chiselled by the stonecutter on the side of a marble slab. But it is not a rare thing to go a few months after by the sacred spot, and find that the bereft friends, unable to get from the pastor an epitaph sufficiently eulogistic, have put their own brain and heart to work and composed a rhyme. Now the most unfit sphere on earth for an inexperienced mind to exercise the poetic faculty is in epitaphiology. It does very well in copy-books, but it is most unfair to blot the resting-place of the dead with unskilled poetic scribble. It seems to us that the owners of cemeteries and graveyards should keep in their own hand the right to refuse inappropriate and ludicrous epitaphs. Nine-tenths of those who think they can write respectable poetry are mistaken. We do not say that poesy has passed from the earth, but it does seem as if the fountain Hippocrane had been drained off to run a saw-mill. It is safe to say that most of the home-made poetry of graveyards is an offence to God and man.

1032. NATURE.

LET us go much into the presence of the natural world if we can get at it. Especially if we live in great thoroughfares, let us make occasional flight to the woods and the mountains. Even the trees in town seem artificial. They dare not speak where there are so many to listen, and the hyacinth and geranium in flower-pots in the window seem to know they are on exhibition. If we would once in a while romp the fields, we would not have so many last year's rose-leaves in our sermons, but those just plucked, dewy and redolent. We cannot see the natural world through the books or the eyes of others. All the talk about "babbling brooks" is a stereotyped humbug. Brooks never "babble." To babble is to be unintelligent and imperfect of tongue. But when the brooks speak, they utter lessons of beauty that the dumbest ear can understand. We have wandered from the Androscoggin, in Maine, to the Tombigbee, in Alabama, and we never found a brook that "babbled." The people babble who talk about them, not knowing what a brook is. We have heard about the nightingale and the

morning lark till we tired of them. Catch for your next prayer-meeting talk a chewink or a brown thresher. It is high time that we hoist our church-windows, especially those over the pulpit, and let in some fresh air from the fields and mountains.

1033. LITERARY ABSTINENCE.

It is as much an art not to read as to read. With what pains, and thumps, and whacks at school, we first learned the way to put words together. We did not mind so much being whipped by the schoolmaster for not knowing how to read our lesson, but to have to go out ourselves and cut the hickory switch with which the chastisement was to be inflicted, seemed to us then, as it does now, a great injustice. Notwithstanding all our hard work in learning to read, we find it quite as hard now to learn how not to read. There are innumerable books and newspapers from which one had better abstain. There are but very few newspapers which it is safe to read all through, though we know of one that it is best to peruse from beginning to end, but modesty forbids us stating which one that is. In this day readers need as never before to carry sieves. It requires some heroism to say you have not read such and such a book. Your friend gives you a stare which implies your literary inferiority. Do not, in order to answer the question affirmatively, wade through indiscriminate slush. We have to say that three-fourths of the novels of the day are a mental depletion to those who read them. The man who makes wholesale denunciation of fiction pitches overboard "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Parables of our Lord. But the fact is, that some of the publishing houses that once were cautious about the moral tone of their books, have become reckless about everything but the number of copies sold. It is all the same to them whether the package they send out be corn-starch, jujube paste, or hellebore. Let parents and guardians be especially watchful. Have a quarantine at your front door for all books and newspapers. Let the health doctor go aboard, and see whether there is any sickness there before you let it come to wharfage. Whether young or old, be cautious about what you read in the newspapers. You cannot, day after day, go through *three columns of murder trial* without being a worse man

than when you began. Skip that half-page of divorce cases. Keep out of the mud. Such cases, through the unclean reading they afford to millions of people, lead their thousands into abandoned lives, and pitch them off the edge of a lost eternity. With so much healthful literature of all sorts, there is no excuse for bringing your minds in contact with evil. If there were a famine, there might be some reason for eating garbage, but the land is full of bread. When we may, with our families, sit around the clean warm fire-hearth of Christian knowledge, why go hunting in the ash-barrels for cinders?

1034. MEETINGS THROWN OPEN.

ONE of the grandest results of the Fulton Street prayer-meeting is the fact that all the devotional services of the country have been revolutionized. The tap of the bell of that historical prayer-meeting has shortened the prayers and exhortations of the Church universal. But since it has become the custom to throw open the meetings for remark and exhortation, there has been a jubilee among the religious bores who wander around pestering the churches. We have two or three outsiders who come about once in six weeks into our prayer meeting, and if they can get a chance to speak, they damage all the interest. They talk long and loud in proportion as they have nothing to say. They empty on us several bushels of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" But they seldom get a chance, for we never throw the meeting open when we see they are there. We make such a close hedge of hymns and prayers that they cannot break into the garden. One of them we are free of because, one night, seeing him wiggle-waggle in his seat as if about to rise, we sent an elder to him to say that his remarks were not acceptable. The elder blushed and halted a little when we gave him the mission, but setting his teeth together he started for the offensive brother, leaned over the back of the pew, and discharged the duty. We have never seen that brother since, but once in the street, and then he was looking the other way. By what right such men go about in ecclesiastical vagabondism to spoil the peace of devotional meetings it is impossible to tell. Either that nuisance must be abated or we must cease to "throw open our prayer-meetings for exhortation."

1035. HOW TO MAKE WORK EASY.

THE same amount of Christian work is exhilarating to one man and exhausting to another. In the one case it is a tonic and the other leeches. Why the difference? In order to work easy, the undertaking must be congenial. But you say that much of what is expected of us is repulsive to the natural soul. Our reply is: "Get your heart right and the work will be pleasant. No need of your trying to do Christian work unless you are a Christian." Do not fret about results. All Christendom engaged in the redemption of one man would make a failure. God only is sufficient. Our work is to bring the soul under the proper influences. We are responsible for means and not for results. Fretfulness is not augmentation, but depletion. The successful Christian workers are without exception cheerful. They do the best they can, and then leave the matter with God. We excuse an occasional fit of the "blues," but when the disease becomes chronic, the man has all he can do to take care of himself, and has no time for the improvement of others. If you have the salt rheum, and a man offer you a box of salve that he says will certainly cure you, and you observe that he has on his hand the same disease unhealed, you say: "No, I thank you: if your medicine were worth anything, you would cure your own hands." So there is no use in a morbid man of gloomy heart attempting to raise others out of spiritual misfortunes, because his shadowed soul is a slander on his medicine. A man must have both his feet solidly planted on the Rock before he can pull sinking men out of the floods.

1036. BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.

WE all keep doing over again what we did in childhood. You thought that long ago you had finished with "Blind-man's-buff," and "Hide-and-seek," and "Puss-in-the-corner," and "Tick-tack-to," and "Leap-frog," but all our lives are passed in playing those old games over again. In these holiday times, you say: "What a racket those children make in the other room! When Squire Jones's boys come over to spend the evening with our children, it seems as if they would tear the house down!" "Father, be patient!" the wife says; "we once played

'Blind-man's-buff' ourselves." Sure enough, father is playing it now, if he only knew it. Much of our time in life we go about blindfolded, stumbling over mistakes, trying to catch things that we miss, while people stand round the ring, and titter, and break out with half-suppressed laughter, and push us ahead, and twitch the corner of our eye-bandage; after awhile we vehemently clutch something with both hands, and announce to the world our capture; the blindfold is taken from our eyes, and, amid the shouts of the surrounding spectators, we find we have, after all, caught the wrong thing. What is that but "Blinds-man's-buff" over again?



1037. TICK-TACK-TO.

You say: "Jenny and Harry, go to bed. It seems so silly for you to sit there making two parallel lines perpendicular, and two parallel lines horizontal, and filling up the blanks with crosses and o's, and then crying out: 'Tick-tack-to.'" My dear man, you are doing every day in business just what your children are doing in the nursery. You find it hard to get things into a line. You have started out for worldly successes. You get one or two things fixed, but that is not what you want. After a while you have had two fine successes. You say: "If I can have a third success, I will come out ahead." But somebody is busy on the same slate, trying to hinder you getting the game. You mark: he marks. I think you will win. To the first and second success which you have already gained, you add the third, for which you have long been seeking. The game is yours, and you clap your hands, and hunch your opponent in the side, and shout:

"Tick-tack-to,
Three in a row."



1038. BALL-PLAYING.

IN one sense life is a great "game of ball." We all choose sides, and gather into denominational and political parties. We take our places on the ball-ground. Some are to pitch: they are the Radicals. Some are to catch: they are the Conservatives. Some are to strike: they are those fond of polemics and battle. Some are to run: they are

the candidates. There are four goals: youth, manhood, old age, and death. Some one takes the bat, lifts it, and strikes for the prize, and misses it; while the man who was behind catches it and goes in. This man takes his turn at the bat, sees the flying ball of success, takes good aim, and strikes it high, amid the clapping of all the spectators. We all have a chance at the ball. Some of us run to all the four goals, from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, from old age to death. At the first goal, we bound with uncontrollable mirth; coming to the second, we run with a slower but stronger tread; coming to the third, our step is feeble; coming to the fourth, our breath entirely gives out. We throw down the bat on the black goal of death, and in the evening, catchers and pitchers go home to find the family gathered and the food prepared. So may we all find the candles lighted, and the tables set, and the old folks at home.

1039. LEAP-FROG.

THE funniest play that I ever joined in at school, and one that sets me a-laughing now as I think of it, so that I can hardly write, is "Leap-frog." It is unartistic and homely. It is so humiliating to the boy who bends himself over, and puts his hands down on his knees; and it is so perilous to the boy who, placing his hands on the stooping shoulders, attempts to fly over. But I always preferred the risk of the one who attempted the leap rather than the humiliation of the one who consented to be vaulted over. It was often the case that we both failed in our part, and we went down together. For this, Jack Snyder carried a grudge against me, and would not speak, because he said I pushed him down on purpose. But I hope he has forgiven me by this time, for he has been out as a missionary. Indeed, if Jack will come this way, I will right the wrong of olden times by stooping down in my study, and letting him spring over me, as my children do. Almost every autumn I see that old-time school-boy feat repeated. Mr. So-and-so says: "You make me governor, and I will see that you get to be senator. Make me mayor, and I will see that you become assessor. Get me the office of street-sweeper, and you shall have one of the brooms. You stoop down and let me jump over you, and

then I will stoop down and let you jump over me. Elect me deacon, and you shall be trustee. You write a good thing about me, and I will write a good thing about you." The day of election in Church or State arrives. A man once very upright in his principles and policy begins to bend. You cannot understand it. He goes down lower and lower, until he gets his hands away down on his knees. Then an active politician or ecclesiastic comes up behind him, puts his hand upon the bowed strategist, and springs clear over into some great position. Good thing to have so good a man in a prominent place. But after a while he himself begins to bend. Everybody says: "What is the matter now? It cannot be possible that he is going down too." Oh! yes; turn-about is fair play. Jack Snyder holds it against time to this day, because, after he had stooped down to let me leap over him, I would not stoop down to let him leap over me. One half the strange things in Church and State may be accounted for by the fact, that, ever since Adam bowed down so low as to let the race, putting its hands on him, fly over into ruin, there has been a universal and perpetual tendency to political and ecclesiastical "Leap-frog."

1040. STAGNATION versus SENSATIONALISM.

WITH two offensive words we head this article. We do not know which word is the worst. It is the national habit in literature and religion to call that sensationalism which we ourselves cannot do. If an author writes a book that will not sell, he is apt to charge the books of the day which do succeed as being sensational. There are a great many men who, in the world and the Church, are dead failures, who spend their time in letting the public know that they are not sensationalists. The fact is, that they never made any stir while living, nor will they in dying, save as they rob the undertaker of his fees, they not leaving enough to pay their dismission expenses. We hate sensationism in the pulpit, so far as the word means the preaching of everything but the Gospel; but the simple fact is, that whenever and wherever faith, and repentance, and heaven, and hell are proclaimed with emphasis, there will be a sensation. The people in our great cities are hungry for the old Gospel of Christ. If our

young men in the ministry want large audiences, let them quit philosophising, and hair-splitting, and botanising, and without gloves take hold of men's sins and troubles, and there will be no lack of hearers. Stagnation is worse than sensationalism. We have always noticed that just in proportion as a man cannot get along himself, he is fearful of some one else making an excitement. Last week, a mud-turtle down by the brook opened its shell, and discoursed to a horse that was coming down to drink. The mud-turtle said to the horse: "Just as I get sound asleep, you are sure to come past and wake me up. We always used to have a good quiet time down here in the swamp till you got in the habit of thumping along this way. I am conservative, and like to keep in my shell. I have been pastor of thirteen other mud-turtles, and we always had peace till you came, and next week at our semi-annual meeting of mud-turtles, we shall either have you voted a nuisance, or will talk it over in private, eight or ten of us, which will probably be the more prudent way." Then the mud-turtles shell went shut with a snap, at which the horse kicked up his heels as he turned to go up to the barn to be harnessed to a load of corn that was ready for the market. Let us all wake up and go to work. There are in the private membership of our churches, and in the ministry, a great many men who are dead, but have never had the common decency to get buried. With the harvest white and "lodging" for lack of a sickle, instead of lying under the trees criticising the sweating reapers who are at work, let us throw off our own coats, and go out to see how good a swathe we can cut.

1041. CHANGE OF REMEDY.

THE startling announcement is made by the retiring chaplain, that the Binghamton Asylum for Inebriates is a failure, only three out of eighty-two patients being permanently cured of the drunkenness for which they were there treated. We hope our information is false. But there is another style of treatment we suggest as worth trying. We seek for it thorough investigation. Last summer, in a religious meeting held in Fourth Ward, New York, we heard men say that they had been drunkards, but had been, by the grace of God, not only pardoned, but also entirely

cured of the thirst for strong drink. We believe them. The time will come when religion will do many things that we will not now let it do. If there are cases, and we are ready to point them out, where conversion has not only set the heart right, but revolutionised the body, why not declare a new era? What inebriate asylums cannot do, the Lord is ready to accomplish. Give our religion elbow-room, and it will reclaim intemperance, purify libertinism, empty jails, and make poverty a curiosity to look at. The age of miracles will come back when the Church of God will allow it.

1042. BURDENS UNSTRAPPED.

THE world is full of tired people, merchants tired of business, farmers tired of raising crops, mechanics tired of building houses, housekeepers tired of preparing food, operatives tired of the rushing wheels. Pass along the road or street, and see how very tired three-fourths of the people look. How shall they get rested? Some say: "By fewer hours of work!" But some of them have no work at all. Others might prescribe easy sofas, and more arm-chairs, and soft beds. But some of the people, who have the weariest look, have plenty of good furniture and luxurious upholstery. Now we offer a pillow not curtained with Gobelin tapestry, nor stuffed with the down of angels' wings. But a man who puts his head on it gets rid of his cares, and aches, and anxieties. It is a pillow stuffed with the promises: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee." We have friends who, because they cannot sleep well, put under their head at night a pillow of hops; but they never have tried the better pillow filled with the myrrh and frankincense from the Lord's garden. Men and women tired out with the world, try it!

1043. A LIE, ZOOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

WE stand agape in the British Museum, looking at the monstrous skeletons of the mastodon, megatherium, and iguanodon, and conclude that all the great animals thirty feet long and eleven feet high are extinct. Now, while we do not want to frighten children, or disturb nervous people,

we have to say that, the other day, we caught a glimpse of a monster, beside which the lizards of the Saurian era were short, and the elephants of the mammalian period were insignificant. We saw it in full spring, and on the track of its prey. Children would call the creature "a fib;" rough persons would term it "a whopper;" polite folks would say it was "a fabrication;" plain and unscientific people would style it *a lie*. Naturalists might assign it to the species *Tigris regalis* or *Felis pardus*. We do not think that anatomical and zoological justice has been done to *the lie*. It is to be found in all zones. Livingstone saw it in Central Africa; Dr. Kane found it on an iceberg, beside a polar bear; Agassiz discovered it in Brazil. It thrives about as well in one clime as another, with perhaps a little preference for the temperate zone. It lives on berries, or bananas, or corn, or grapes, or artichokes; drinks water, or alcohol, or tea. It eats up a great many children, and would have destroyed the boy who afterwards became the father of his country, had he not driven it back with his hatchet. (See the last two hundred Sunday-school addresses.) The first peculiarity of this *Tigris regalis* or *Felis pardus*, commonly called a Lie, is

ITS LONGEVITY.—If it once get born, it lives on almost interminably. Sometimes it has followed a man for ten, twenty, or forty years, and has been as healthy in its last leap as in the first. It has run at every President from General Washington to General Grant, and helped to kill Horace Greeley. It has barked at every good man since Adam, and every good woman since Eve, and every good boy since Abel, and every good cow since Pharaoh's lean kine. Malarias do not poison it, nor fires burn it, nor winters freeze it. Just now it is after your neighbour; to-morrow, it will be after you. It is the healthiest of all monsters. Its tooth knocks out the "tooth of time." Its hair never turns white with age, nor does it limp with decrepitude. It is distinguished for its longevity.

THE LENGTH OF ITS LEGS.—It keeps up with the express-train, and is present at the opening and the shutting of the mail-bags. It takes a morning run from New York to San Francisco, or over to London before breakfast. It can go a thousand miles at a jump. It would despise seven-league boots as tedious. A telegraph-pole is just knee-high to this monster, and from that you can judge its speed of

locomotion. It never gets out of wind, carries a bag of reputations made up in cold hash, so that it does not have to stop for victuals. It goes so fast, that sometimes five million people have seen it the same morning.

KEENNESS OF NOSTRIL.—It can smell a moral imperfection fifty miles away. The crow has no faculty compared with this for finding carrion. It has scented something a hundred miles off, and before night "tree'd" its game. It has a great genius for smelling. It can find more than is actually there. When it begins to sniff the air, you had better look out. It has great length, and breadth, and depth, and height of nose.

ACUTENESS OF EAR.—The rabbit has no such power to listen as this creature we speak of. It hears all the sounds that come from five thousand key-holes. It catches a whisper from the other side of the room, and can understand the scratch of a pen. It has one ear open towards the east, and the other towards the west, and hears everything in both directions. All the tittle-tattle of the world pours into those ears like vinegar through a funnel. They are always up and open, and to them a meeting of the sewing society is a jubilee, and a political campaign is heaven.

SIZE OF THE THROAT.—The snake has hard work to choke down a toad, and the crocodile has a mighty struggle to take in the calf; but the monster of which I speak can swallow anything. It has a throat bigger than the whale that took down the minister who declined the call to Nineveh, and has swallowed whole presbyteries and conferences of clergymen. A Brobdignagian goes down as easy as a Lilliputian. The largest story about business dishonour, or female frailty, or political deception, slips through with the ease of a homœopathic pellet. Its throat is sufficient for anything round, or square, or angular, or octagonal. Nothing in all the earth is too big for its mastication and digestion, save the truth, and that will stick in its gullet.

IT IS GREGARIOUS.—It goes in a flock with others of its kind. If one takes after a man or woman, there are at least ten in its company. As soon as anything bad is charged against a man, there are many others who know things just as deleterious. Lies about himself, lies about *his wife*, lies about his children, lies about his associates, *lies about his house*, lies about his barn, lies about his store —swarms of them, broods of them, herds of them. Kill

one of them, and there will be twelve alive to act as its pallbearers; another to preach its funeral sermon, and still another to write its obituary. These monsters beat all the extinct species. They are white, spotted, and black. They have a sleek hide, a sharp claw, and a sting in their tail. They prowl through every street in the city, craunch in the restaurants, sleep in the hall of Congress, and in the grandest parlour have one paw under the piano, another under the sofa, one by the mantel, and the other on the door-sill. Now, many people spend half their time in hunting lies. You see a man rushing anxiously about to correct a newspaper paragraph; or a husband, with fist clenched, on the way to pound some one who has told a false thing about his wife. There is a woman in the next street who heard, last Monday, a falsehood about her husband, and has had her hat and shawl on ever since, in the effort to correct wrong impressions. Our object in this zoological sketch of a lie, is to persuade you of the folly of such a hunting excursion. If these monsters have such long legs, and go a hundred miles at a jump, you might just as well give up the chase. If they have such keenness of nostril, they can smell you across the state, and get out of your way. If they have such long ears, they can hear the hunter's first step in the woods. If they have such great throats, they can swallow you at a gape. If they are gregarious, while you shoot one, forty will run upon you like mad buffaloes, and trample you to death. Arrows bound back from their thick hide; and as for gunpowder, they use it regularly for pinches of snuff. After a shower of bullets has struck their side, they lift their hind foot to scratch the place, supposing a black fly has been biting. Henry the Eighth, in a hawking party, on foot, attempting to leap a ditch in Hertfordshire, and with his immense avoidupoise weight went splashing into the mud and slime, and was hauled out by his footmen, half dead. And that is the fate of men who spend their time hunting for lies. Better go to your work, and let the lies run. Their bloody muzzles have tough work with a man usefully busy. You cannot so easily overcome them with sharp retort as with adze and yard-stick. All the howling of Californian wolves at night do not stop the sun from kindling victorious morn on the Sierra Nevadas, and all the *ravenings* of defamation and revenge cannot hinder the *resplendent dawn* of heaven on a righteous soul.

1044. GREAT SINNERS.

YOU are a sinner. The Bible says it, and your conscience affirms it. Not a small sinner, or a moderate sinner, or a tolerable sinner, but a *great* sinner, a protracted sinner, a vile sinner, an outrageous sinner, a condemned sinner. As God, with His all-scrutinizing gaze, looks upon you to-day, He cannot find one sound spot in your soul. Sin has put scales on your eyes, and deadened your ear with an awful deafness, and palsied your right arm, and stunned your sensibilities, and blasted you with an infinite blasting. The Bible, which you admit to be true, affirms that you are diseased from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot. You are unclean. You are a leper. Believe not me, but believe God's word, that over and over again announces, in language that a fool might understand, the total and complete depravity of the unchanged heart. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

1045. FACE OF JESUS.

CHRIST is our only defence at the last. John Holland, in his concluding moment, swept his hand over the Bible, and said, "Come, let us gather a few flowers from this garden." As it was eventime he said to his wife: "Have you lighted the candles?" "No," she said: "We have not lighted the candles." "Then," said he: "It must be the brightness of the face of Jesus that I see."

1046. ROOM IN THE REFUGE.

COME in, black Hottentot and snow-white Caucasian; come in, mitred official and diseased beggar; let all the world come in. Room in Castle Jesus! Sound it through all lands; sound it by all tongues. Let sermons preach it, and bells chime it, and pencils sketch it, and processions celebrate it, and bells ring it: *Room in Castle Jesus.*

1047. QUEEN VICTORIA.

JUST after Queen Victoria had been crowned—she being *only* nineteen or twenty years of age—Wellington handed her a death warrant for her signature. It was to take the

life of a soldier in the army. She said to Wellington : " Can there nothing good be said of this man ? " He said : " No ; he is a bad soldier, and deserves to die." She took up the death warrant, and it trembled in her hand, as she again asked : " Does no one know anything good of this man ? " Wellington said : " I have heard that there are some people who speak well of him." " Thanks," said the queen ; " a thousand thanks for that. Here is his pardon ;" and she handed across the table the soldier's pardon.

1048. WHY NOT?

OH, why do you not put out your arm and reach it? Why do you not fly to it? Why be riddled, and shelled, and consumed under the rattling bombardment of perdition, when one moment's faith would plant you in the glorious refuge?

1049. CHRIST'S POWER TO SAVE.

IN Christ our sins are pardoned, discomfited, blotted out, forgiven. An ocean cannot so easily drown a fly, as the ocean of God's forgiveness swallow up, utterly and forever, our transgressions. He is able to save unto the uttermost.

1050. BOUNDLESS MERCY.

CHRIST is on a throne of grace. Our case is brought before Him. The question is asked : " Is there any good about this man ? " The law says : "*None.*" Justice says : "*None.*" Our own conscience says : "*None.*" Nevertheless, Christ hands over our pardon, and asks us to take it. Oh ! the height and depth, the length and breadth of His mercy.

1051. THE GOSPEL MORNING.

THE Gospel morning will come like the natural morning. At first it seems only like another hue of the night. Then a pallor strikes through the sky as though a company of ministering spirits, pale with tedious watching through the night, had turned, in their flight upward, to look back upon the earth. Then a faint glow of fire, as though on a barren

beach a wrecked mariner was kindling a flickering flame. Then chariots and horses of fire, racing up and down the heavens ; then perfect day—"Who is she that cometh forth as the morning?"

1052. A REDEEMED WORLD.

I SING a world redeemed. In the rush of the winds that set the forest in motion, like giants wrestling on the hills, I see the tossing up of the triumphal branches that shall wave all along the line of our King as He comes to take empire. In the stormy diapason of the ocean's organ, and the more gentle strains that in the calm come sounding up from the crystal and jasper keys at the beach, I hear the prophecy: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea."

1053. JESUS NEAR.

I PREACH a Jesus here ; a Jesus now ; a fountain close to your feet, a fiery pillar right over your head ; bread already broken for your hunger ; a crown already gleaming for your brow. Hark to the castle gates rattling back for your entrance. Hear you not the welcome of those who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us !

1054. THE WOUNDED HAND.

JESUS, the Great Captain of salvation, puts forth His wounded hand to-day to cheer you on the race to heaven. If you despise it, the ghastliest vision that will haunt the eternal darkness of your soul will be the gaping, bleeding wounds of the dying Redeemer.

THE END.



